

ATLAS COMICS LIBRARY NO.5

POLICE ACTION





POLICE ACTION

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These stereotypes were wrong then and are wrong now. Rather than remove this content,
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to create a more inclusive future together.

ATLAS COMICS LIBRARY NO. 5

POLICE ACTION

COMPRISING ALL SEVEN ISSUES OF
POLICE ACTION (1954)
AND THE SOLE ISSUE OF *POLICE BADGE* #479 (1955)



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(All issues published under the corporate entity Atlas News Company Inc.)

Question marks that follow a name indicate that the credit is an educated guess or unconfirmed.

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COVER: Joe Maneely



3 "RIOT SQUAD"

Words: unknown, Art: Robert Q. Sale

9 "HOMICIDE!"

Words: unknown, Art: John Forte

15 TEXT STORY: "THE EVIDENCE"

unknown

17 "THE PERFECT CRIME"

Words: Carl Wessler, Art: Paul Reinman

23 "THE FIRST DAY"

Words: unknown, Art: Gene Colan

29 POLICE ACTION #2 (MAR/54)

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Words: unknown, Art: John Forte

37 "OVER THE WALL"

Words: unknown, Art: Werner Roth

43 TEXT STORY: "FOR THE DEFENSE"

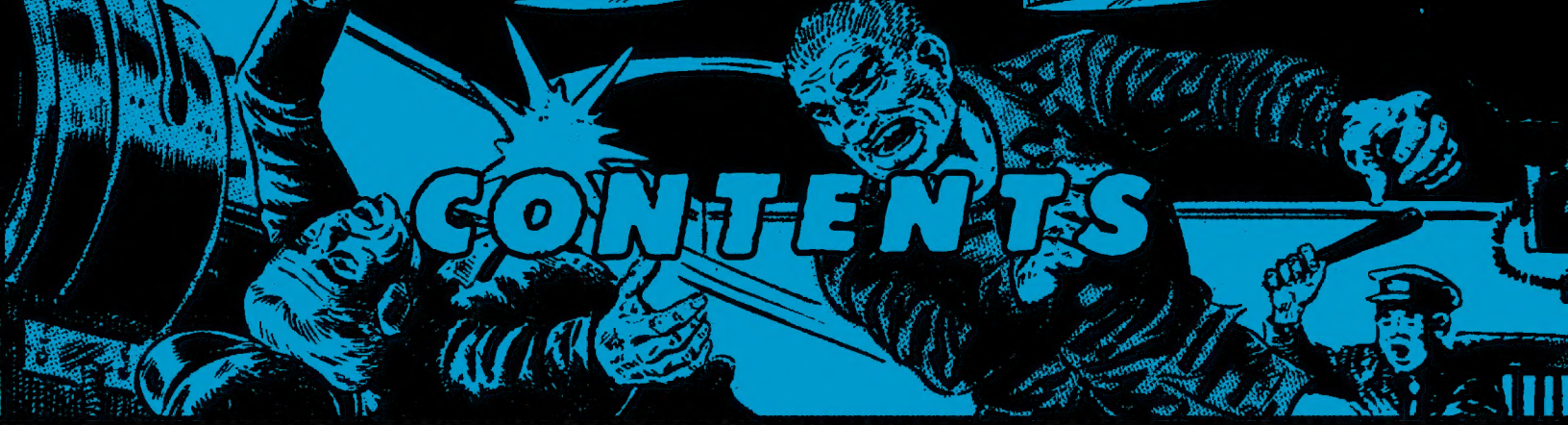
unknown

45 "HIRED HOOD!"

Words: unknown, Art: Mannie Banks

51 "NO ESCAPE!"

Words and Art: unknown



57 **POLICE ACTION #3 (MAY/54)**

COVER: Pencils: Syd Shores (?), Inks: John Forte (?)



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65 **"ROAD BLOCK"**

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72 **TEXT STORY: "THE SMALL BLACK BAG"**

Words: unknown, Illustration: Jay Scott Pike panel

74 **"JAWS OF DEATH"**

Words: unknown, Art: Joe Maneely

79 **"HE CAN'T STOP RUNNING"**

Words: unknown, Art: Tony DiPreta

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100 **TEXT STORY: "SWEET REVENGE"**

Words: unknown, Illustration: George Tuska panel

102 **"THE MAN IN BLACK!"**

Words and Art unknown

107 **"TOUGH GUY!"**

Words: unknown, Art: Tony DiPreta



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COVER: Joe Maneely



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Words: unknown, Pencil Art: Dick Ayers, Ink Art: Ernie Bache

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128 **TEXT STORY: "PERFECT TIMING"**

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130 **"HOW?"**

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135 **"THE HOSTAGE!"**

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Words: unknown, Illustration: George Tuska (?) panel

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164 **"THE RAT-HOLE!"**

Words: unknown, Art: Vic Carrabotta



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- 173 **"TRUSTY!"**
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- 180 **"HIDE-OUT!"**
Words: unknown, Art: Paul Reinman
- 186 **TEXT STORY: "BLACKMAIL!"**
unknown
- 189 **"THE WORLD'S LARGEST THEFT!"**
Words: unknown, Art: Werner Roth
- 194 **"THE PERFECT ALIBI"**
Words: unknown, Art: Bob Powell

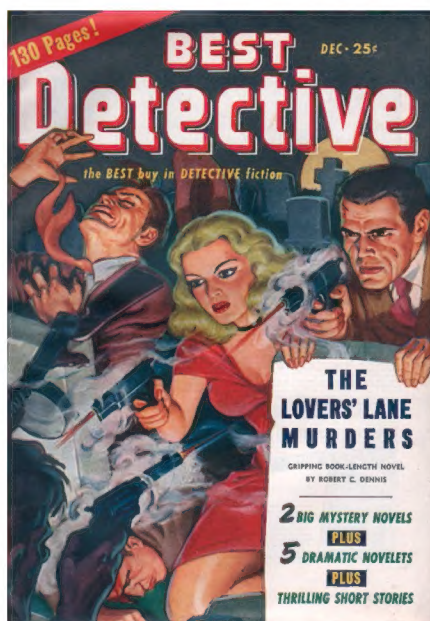
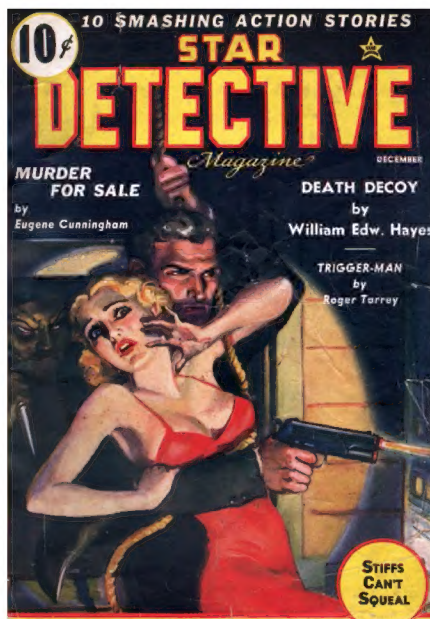
POLICE BADGE #479
(published under the corporate entity Prime Publications, Inc.)

201 **POLICE BADGE #479 #5 (SEPT/55)**
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- 203 **"ROOKIE COP!"**
Words: unknown, Art: Don Heck
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— THE ATLAS CRIME WAVE —

DR. MICHAEL J. VASSALLO

From the witnessing of public executions in the Middle Ages and the salacious promise of English broadsheets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the penny dreadfuls and Beadle dime novels of the nineteenth century to the true-crime boom of today, the public's lurid fascination with crime and punishment has been a constant thread woven throughout the fabric of civilization. The twentieth century continued to feed this appeal as cheap publishing exploded, delivering *The Police Gazette* to the newsstands at the same time that Prohibition delivered gangsters and organized crime to the daily tabloids. Add sensationalized true-crime magazines, radio dramas, pre-Code Hollywood, crime pulps, comic strips and comic books, and you have a swirling miasma of violent depravity and human cruelty served up in digestible, often episodic, portions. The nation's top crime fighter (ably assisted by local police forces) was the FBI, headed by J. Edgar Hoover, and their exploits against crime played out in the daily newspapers, newsreels, and gangster films. The public's interest was insatiable!

Chester Gould's *Dick Tracy* (1931) had readers hanging onto the edge of every day's installment. Alex Raymond's *Secret Agent X-9* (1934) was penned by noir author Dashiell Hammett himself. In the newly christened "comic books," Major Malcolm Wheeler-Nicholson's *New Comics* hosted Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster's *Federal Men* (1936) and there was *Calling All Cars* (1936) in *More Fun Comics*. *Detective Comics* spawned *Slam Bradley* (1937) and *Steve Malone, District Attorney* (1938), leading to the debut of a new street-level super hero, The Batman (1939), while MLJ's *Pep Comics* introduced The Shield, a "G-Man Extraordinary." MLJ also had Jack Cole's *Manhunters* in *Top-Notch Comics* (1939) and *Crime on the Run* in *Blue Ribbon Comics* (1939).

Martin Goodman met Louis Silberkleit at Eastern Distributing Corporation, where Silberkleit was Circulation Manager (Silberkleit had arrived there from a similar position at Hugo Gernsback's Experimenter Publishing Company, which went bankrupt in 1929). Goodman had handled the

Gernsback account at Eastern and when Eastern itself went under in 1932, Silberkleit and his younger protégé started their own small distribution company, Mutual Magazine Distributors, financially helped along by the Shade Publishing Company (the Philadelphia based Shade brothers George, Harry, and John were new publishers of *Paris Nights*). Silberkleit was President and General Manager and his wife Lillian was Secretary/Treasurer. Mutual operated out of 98/100 Park Place in Manhattan and lost money from the start. In 1933, Silberkleit launched Newsstand Publications Inc. with Goodman as editor, releasing their first pulp, *Western Supernovel Magazine* Vol. 1, #1 (May/33). Almost immediately, the book was re-named *Complete Western Book Magazine* with the second issue.

Let's pause here to consider the newsstands of the 1920s and early 1930s, the golden era of the American pulp magazine. Westerns, romance, weird, the debut of science fiction, and for our purposes here, crime and detective, all flourished. Street & Smith's *Detective Story Magazine* ushered in the crime pulp genre in 1915 (a continuation of its *Nick Carter Stories*). By the time of Newsstand Publications' 1933 launch, among two score of shorter-lived titles, we saw heavyweights like *Mystery Magazine* (1917), *Black Mask* (1920),



OPPOSITE: An array of Martin Goodman's crime pulp magazines: *Gang World* Vol. 1, #1 (Dec/33), Spencer Publications; *Star Detective Magazine* Vol. 1, #6 (Dec/36), Western Fiction Publishing, cover art J.W. Scott; *True Crime Magazine* Vol. 1, #1 (July/36), Western Fiction Publishing, cover art J.W. Scott; *Detective Short Stories* Vol. 1, #2 (Nov/37), Manvis Publications, cover art J.W. Scott; *Complete Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (May/38), Western Fiction Publishing, cover art Norman Saunders; *The Angel Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (July/41), Manvis Publishing, cover art Norman Saunders; *All Star Detective* Vol. 1, #2 (Dec/41), Manvis Publications, cover art J.W. Scott; *Best Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (Dec/47), Exclusive Detective Stories Inc., cover art probably by Peter Driben; *Justice* Vol. 1, #2 (July/55), Non-Pareil Publishing Corp. [digest].

RIGHT: *Black Book Detective Magazine* Vol. 1, #2 (July/33), Newsstand Publications Inc. The debut crime publication edited by Martin Goodman.



Detective Tales (1922), *Detective Fiction Weekly* (1924), *Clues* (1926), *The Underworld* (1927), *Dragnet Magazine* (1928), *Gangster Stories* (1929), *Illustrated Detective Magazine* (1929), *Racketeer Stories* (1929), *Dime Detective Magazine* (1931), and most importantly, *The Shadow* (1931).

Following its Western pulp launch in 1933, Newsstand Publications turned to the popular crime pulp market and looked to see what buzz-word titles were selling. Finding that *Black Mask* was enormously popular, Newsstand released *Black Book Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (June/33). As covered in the June 1933 issue of the writer's trade journal *Author & Journalist* ...

"*Black Book* is the title of the new gangster and underworld magazine announced in April by Newsstand Publications, Inc., 53 Park Place, NY, edited by Martin Goodman, a companion to *Western Supernovel*. It uses short stories of 3000 to 6000 words and a book-length novel of 40,000 to 250,000 words. Payment for material is from one to one and a half cents per word on acceptance."

One year later, with the debt-ridden collapse of Mutual, Silberkleit left Newsstand to Goodman, pulling his money out and immediately starting Winford Publications, a company that would eventually (along with Chesterfield

Publications, Northwest Publications, Close-Up, and Blue Ribbon Magazines) become Columbia Publications, MLJ, and ultimately, Archie Comics.

Goodman started Western Fiction Publishing (keeping Newsstand) and lost *Black Book Detective* after ten issues to Ranger Publications, a pulp chain headed by former Newsstand employee A. Lincoln Hoffman. Hoffman had come over from Dell Publications in the fall of 1933, just as a second crime title, *Gang World*, began (a revival of an earlier Popular Publications pulp that ran from 1930 to 1932). Silberkleit and Hoffman left almost simultaneously, (although Hoffman and his pulps shared office space with Goodman for a while), Hoffman taking *Black Book Detective* and *Gang World* with him.

And with *Black Book Detective Magazine* and *Gang World* gone, Goodman began his march through the world of crime publications. Non-comics crime publications consisted of four main formats from the 1930s through the 1950s: pulp, magazine, digest, and paperback. Goodman would publish in all four. Starting with *Star Detective Magazine* (May/35), Goodman's A Star Magazine and Red Circle pulp lines would have only marginal success, releasing ten mostly short-lived titles and a total of fifty-seven pulp issues between 1935 and 1947. Titles included *True Crime Magazine* (July/36), *Detective Short Stories* (Aug/37), *Complete Detective* (May/38), *Top-Notch Detective* (Sept/38), *Detective Mysteries* (Nov/38), *The Angel Detective* (July/41), *All Star Detective* (Dec/41), *Best Detective* (Dec/47), and the digest *Justice* (May/55).

But what Goodman lacked in crime-pulp success, he more than made up with his flourishing crime-magazine line! In late 1939, just as *Marvel Mystery Comics* #2 was hitting the newsstands, Goodman canceled his meandering crime/shudder pulp *Complete Detective* following its sixth issue, Vol. 1, #6 (Oct/39), changing the format to a true-crime magazine and now calling it *Complete Detective Cases* Vol. 2, #1 (Dec/39). Edited by Gene Fornshell and illustrated with lurid, black-and-white, crime-scene and staged photos, *Complete Detective Cases* jumpstarted a deluge of similar titles. *Amazing Detective Cases* (June/40) and *National Detective Cases* (Mar/41) quickly followed (the latter appearing simultaneously with *Captain America Comics* #1) and these became known as Goodman's "Big 3" true-crime magazines.

It should also be noted that for a period of thirteen months, from cover date Nov/40 to Dec/41, Joe Simon became art director of these magazines, leading to the frequent appearance of illustrations by Simon and Jack Kirby and by Kirby alone. Now edited by Robert E. Levee, these publications were notorious for their crime-depiction depravity, at a time when editor requests to the writer's trade publications demanded "strong sex angles, horror and gore elements" in the stories.

The success of this true-crime trio of magazines spawned a second wave of three companion titles, *Exposé Detective* (Jan/42), *Exclusive Detective Cases* (Sept/42), and *Leading Detective Cases* (Mar/43), the latter launched in a large "bed-sheet" format for its first issue. Editors here included Joseph Alvin Kugelmass and Robbie Solomon. All six titles were published through the end of the decade until a third wave

ABOVE: *Complete Detective Cases* Vol. 2, #1 (Dec/39), Postal Publications. Edited by Gene Fornshell, this is the debut of Martin Goodman's true-crime magazine line, spun off the canceled crime pulp *Complete Detective* Vol. 1, #6 [Oct/39], and the first of what ultimately will be ten true-crime magazine titles. This issue was on sale with *Marvel Mystery Comics* #2 [Dec/39].



burst onto the newsstands: *10 True Crime Cases* (Dec/47), *Exposed Crime Cases* (Mar/48), and *Best Detective* (Apr/48), all edited by Robert E. Levee.

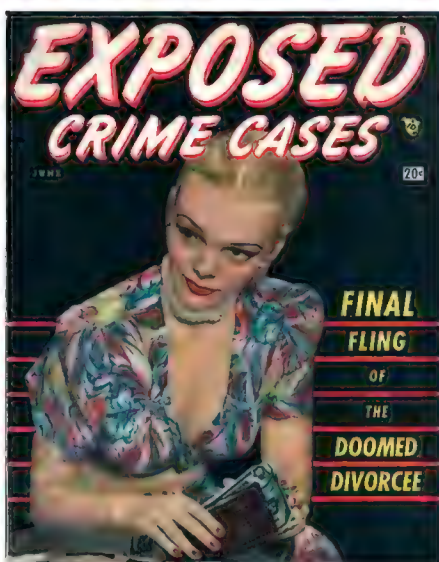
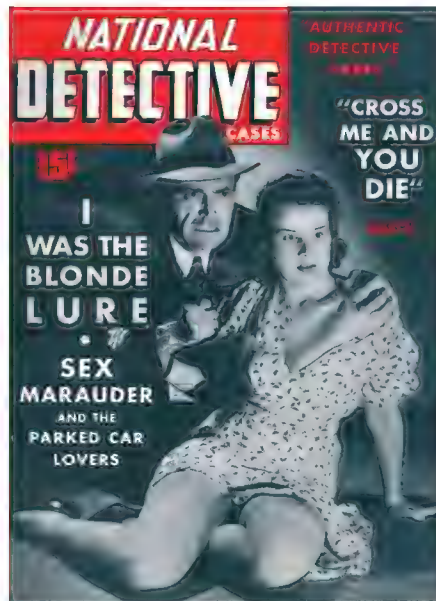
By 1950 all these titles had been canceled save *Complete Detective Cases*, which lasted until 1953, and *Amazing Detective Cases*, which ran until 1960 (before being sold by Goodman to another publisher). The visual hallmark of these magazines was their enticing covers of fetching, often scantily clad women in the throes of being menaced by assailants seen and unseen, first in black-and-white, then in color. For a short period spanning cover dates Nov/41 to Nov/42, eleven

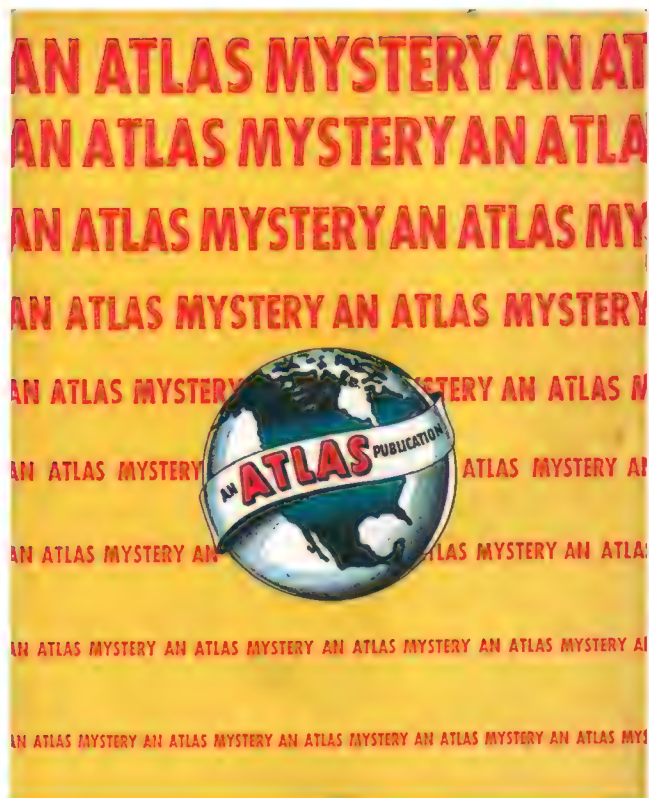
issues across three different titles featured beautifully painted pin-up bondage-type covers by artists Peter Driben (6), Cardwell Higgins (3), and Norman Saunders (2). (In the mid 1950s, Goodman made one last crime-magazine effort, *Complete Police Cases*, a quarterly title that ended at the Atlas implosion in the spring of 1957).

In 1942, with his Red Circle pulp line nearly dead, but flush with profits generated by his war-time Timely comic books and the recent success of these true-crime detective magazines, Goodman tried the digest paperback format. These were not traditional paperback sized (then just getting a footing), but a larger, stiff-covered 7 1/2" x 5 1/4" size popularized by Hillman Publications, which had an entire line of these under the banners *Hillman Novel of the Month*, *Adventure Novel Classic*, *Detective Novel Classic*, *Mystery Novel of the Month*, and several that covered the Western genre.

Goodman always had a pipeline to cheap sources of novels to reprint. He told author James Lincoln Collier in an unpublished 1960s interview, "I found that the Doubleday

ABOVE: Six examples of Martin Goodman's forty-title venture into crime paperback digests. The dates are 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1948, three of them published under Select Publications Inc. and the rest under Red Circle Magazines Inc., Bard Publishing Corp., and Vital Publications Inc. (a Julien J. Proskauer entity). Three of the covers are by Peter Driben, and the others are by Cardwell Higgins, Norman Saunders, and George Klein.





Doran Syndicate would sell me novels for a hundred dollars apiece. Some of them had been in hard covers, some had been originally written for *Collier's* at fancy prices."

Goodman took the plunge, allocated the paper (there were wartime paper restrictions, but Goodman had connections with paper brokers), and released forty titles under three banners, *Crime Novel Selection*, *Best Novel of the Month*, and the eponymously named *Atlas Mystery*, the last sporting a huge Atlas globe on the back cover.

The first wave (1942-1945) was published under a new publishing entity, Select Publications, Inc., accompanied by a slew of short-lived or rarely used entities like Margood Publishing Corp., Sphere Publications, Inc., Euclid Publishing Corp., Red Circle Magazines, Inc., Hercules Publishing Corp., Bard Publishing Corp., Zenith Publishing Corp., Cornel Publishing Corp., London Publishing Corp., Gem Publications, Inc., and Mohawk Publishing Corp. Most of these entities were launched and used for the very

ABOVE: Crime digest back cover sporting "An Atlas Mystery" blurb with prominent Atlas Globe (1943).

OPPOSITE: An array of nine different Goodman true-crime magazines: *Amazing Detective Cases* Vol. 1, #1 (June/40), Crime Files Inc.; *National Detective Cases* Vol. 1, #1 (Mar/41) [on sale with *Captain America Comics* #1], Universal Crime Stories Inc.; *Exposé Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (Jan/42), Current Detective Stories Inc.; Peter Driben cover art; *Exclusive Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (Nov/42), Current Detective Stories Inc.; Peter Driben cover art; *Leading Detective Cases* Vol. 1, #1 (Mar/43), Universal Crime Stories Inc.; *10 True Crime Stories* Vol. 1, #1 (Dec/47), Exclusive Detective Stories Inc.; *Exposed Crime Cases* Vol. 1, #2 (June/48), Current Detective Stories Inc.; *Best Detective* Vol. 1, #1 (Apr/48), Universal Crime Stories Inc.; *Complete Police Cases* Vol. 1, #1 (Fall/54), Zenith Publishing Corp.

first time right here in the crime digest line and used later for both comic books and magazines. At least one, Mohawk Publishing Corp., was used here once and never used again.

The second wave (1948) was released in conjunction with Julien J. Proskauer's Vital Publications (publisher of four Nick Carter crime digests in 1945-46), included four more crime titles (plus one Western), and ran under the "An Atlas Mystery" banner.

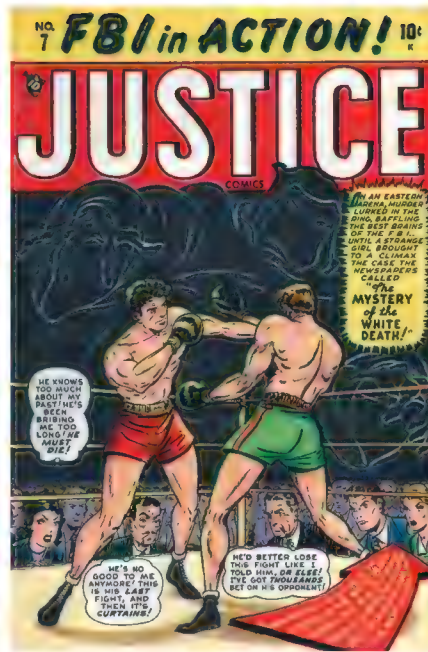
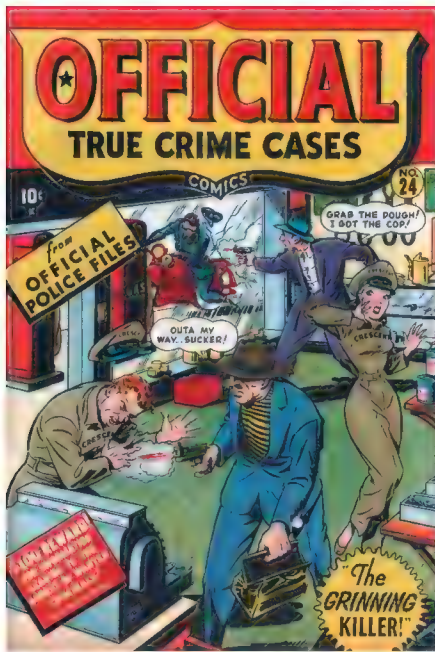
Cover artists for the entire line included Cardwell Higgins (10), Peter Driben (9), Norman Saunders (3), Lee Ames (2), and two Timely-connected artists: George Klein (2) and David Gantz (1). Goodman would soon fold this into an actual paperback line, Red Circle Books/Lion Books, which would include a lot of crime content, but that's a story for another day.

But in the midst of all this, the real father of the crime comic book was publisher Lev Gleason, who made the decision to change his *Silver Streak Comics* to an all-crime-format, *Crime Does Not Pay* in 1942. Helmed by Charles Biro and Bob Wood, these tales reveled in violence and brutality, offering up climaxes where the good guys always won. (Biro's editorship had a huge influence on Timely's Stan Lee. Gleason's *Boy Comics* featured a teenage super hero and the line ran letter pages with banter between the editor and the readers, something Lee would later incorporate into his editorship of 1960s Marvel titles).

Gleason's success finally reached the rest of the industry by 1946, when costumed heroes were in a postwar decline and other publishers were ready to launch new crime titles and to convert super-hero content to crime content.

It's important to understand that nearly all larger comic-book publishers had magazine arms that were reveling in postwar true-crime titles. The ability to split off genre content to a new format — in our case, comic books — was extremely easy. In early 1947, Simon and Kirby introduced harder-edged crime content to Hillman's *Clue Comics*, the success of which changed the name to *Real Clue Crime Comics*. Simultaneously, the same team launched *Headline Comics* and later *Justice Traps the Guilty* for Prize Comics. (My personal opinion is that these are the finest crime comic books ever produced.) Publisher after publisher followed suit. A full accounting of the industry's crime-comic history of 1947-1953 is beyond the scope of this essay, but I do want to include some highlights.

Jack Cole was hired by Magazine Village, which published *True Crime Comics* (May/47) and featured the notorious "Murder, Morphine and Me!" in Vol. 1, #2. Orbit began the long-running *Wanted Comics* (many issues featuring John Buscema's primary work after leaving Timely in late 1949). Bill Gaines' EC Comics released the one-shot *Blackstone The Magician Detective* (Fall/47), with the large blurb "Fights Crime" right under the title. Picked up from Street & Smith's defunct comic-book line and written by Walter Gibson, Timely would take over the title and publish three issues of its own. The beautiful *Moon Girl* changed to *Moon Girl Fights Crime* with #8 (Summer/49). EC also converted *International Comics* to *International Crime Patrol* with its fifth issue (Spring/48) (before changing it again to *Crime Patrol*)



and added *War Against Crime* (Spring/48), both of which changed to horror titles *The Crypt of Terror* and *The Vault of Horror*, respectively, in 1950. *Crime Suspense Stories* likewise launched in 1950, and Gaines even used crime as one of his short-lived Picto-Fiction titles, *Crime Illustrated*, in 1955-56.

Martin Goodman was the industry's largest trend-follower. Recall his famous 1937 *Literary Digest* quote, "If you get a title that catches on, then add a few more, you're in for a nice profit." As the super-hero wave waned (and his second wave of true-crime magazines likewise beginning to ebb), many of the hero titles went to a quarterly publishing schedule and even a momentary hiatus. Falling sales on his once popular *Sub-Mariner Comics* saw issue #23 (Summer/47, published May 19) followed by *Official True Crime Cases* #24 (Fall/47, published June 30). Then, after issue #25 (Winter/47-48, published September 17), *Sub-Mariner Comics* returned with its own #24 on November 18, 1947. Similarly, he put his funny-animal title *Wacky Duck* on hiatus following issue #6 (Summer/47, published March 5), and changed it to *Justice Comics* #7 (Fall/47), published on October 22.

So what we see here are two new Timely crime titles appearing with Fall/47 cover dates, although on the stands four months apart. In fact, two issues of the debut title, *Official True Crime Cases* were released before *Justice Comics* even appeared! Both of these titles had beautiful covers by

Syd Shores, although the story content quality initially varied, largely relying upon a gaggle of young, inexperienced Timely staff artists, mixed with more seasoned Timely veterans. As I make my way through the history of Timely/Atlas crime comics, it should be noted that these two debut titles were the most successful. *Official True Crime Cases* immediately will change title to *All True Crime* with #26 and publish a sizable run of 27 issues through 1952. *Justice Comics* would be the longest lasting of all, publishing 46 issues up to the beginning of the Comics Code, before changing to the Code-approved *Tales of Justice* with #53 (May/55) and continuing until the Atlas implosion with #67 (Sept/57), for a total of 60 crime issues.

And the rest? Only the Jungle genre had fewer Atlas titles and issues than the Crime genre, but Atlas was still one of the most prolific and prominent publishers of crime comics industrywide. Following those two 1947 titles, the crime line expanded in 1948. First came *Crimefighters* (Apr/48), *Lawbreakers Always Lose* (Spring/48), the one-shot *Crime Exposed* (June/48), and *Complete Mystery* (August).

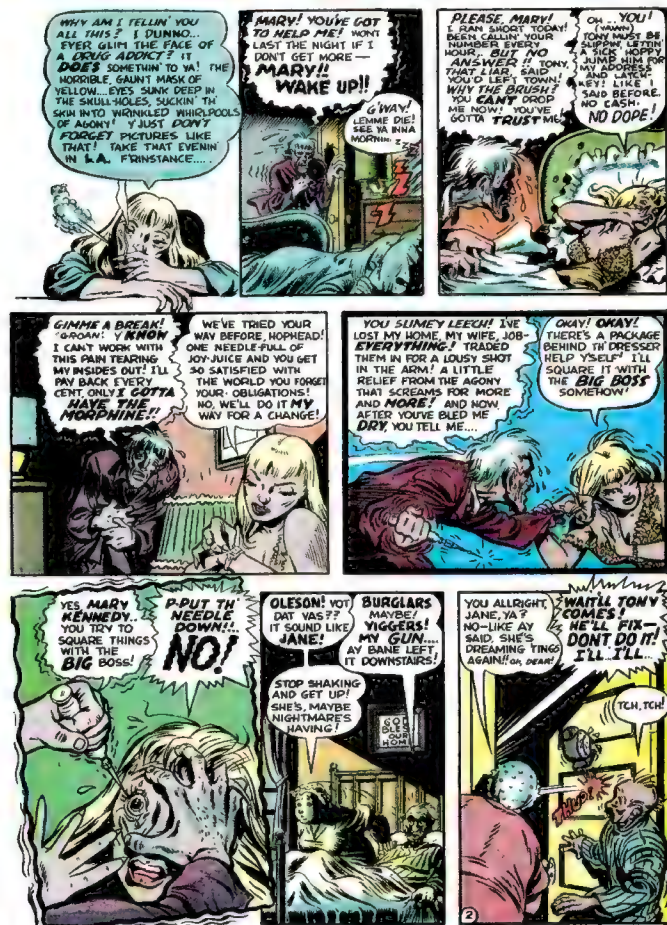
Complete Mystery requires a little bit of expounding. Around this very time, Timely was experimenting with longer, nearly book-length stories. The debut issue of *Justice Comics* featured a 46-page story broken down into five chapters. (Cover artist Syd Shores penciled the first two pages and the last two panels on page 46 only!). While it would revert to a multi-story anthology with the next issue, the pattern was used elsewhere. The esoteric *Ideal A Classical Comic* (July/48) also sported book-length stories per issue of 38, 38, 36 and 34 pages each, stories purportedly from literary sources. (Issue #2's "The Corpses of Dr. Sacotti" can be considered a crime/mystery story.) So when *Complete Mystery* was published, the precedent had been set. Each issue was drawn by a Timely era star: Young Gene Colan pencils issue #1, Syd Shores #2, and Carl Burgos #3 & #4. Stan Lee writes 3 of the 4 issues, during a period he was doing no other writing whatsoever (he would begin writing

ABOVE: The co-debuts of Timely/Atlas crime comic books. *Official True Crime Cases* #24 (#1) [Fall/47] and *Justice Comics* #7 (#1) [Fall/47]. Cover art by Syd Shores; *Complete Mystery* #1 [Aug/48], book-length crime story penciled by Gene Colan.

OPPOSITE: *True Crime Comics* #2 [May/47], Magazine Village. Cover and page 1 and 2 of Jack Cole's infamous "Murder, Morphine and Me!"; *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 29, 1948, p.7, "The Comics ... Very Funny" by Fredric Wertham, M.D. Cole's "injury-to-eye" panel blown up for maximum effect. [Special thanks to Steve Saffel for the three Jack Cole scans!]

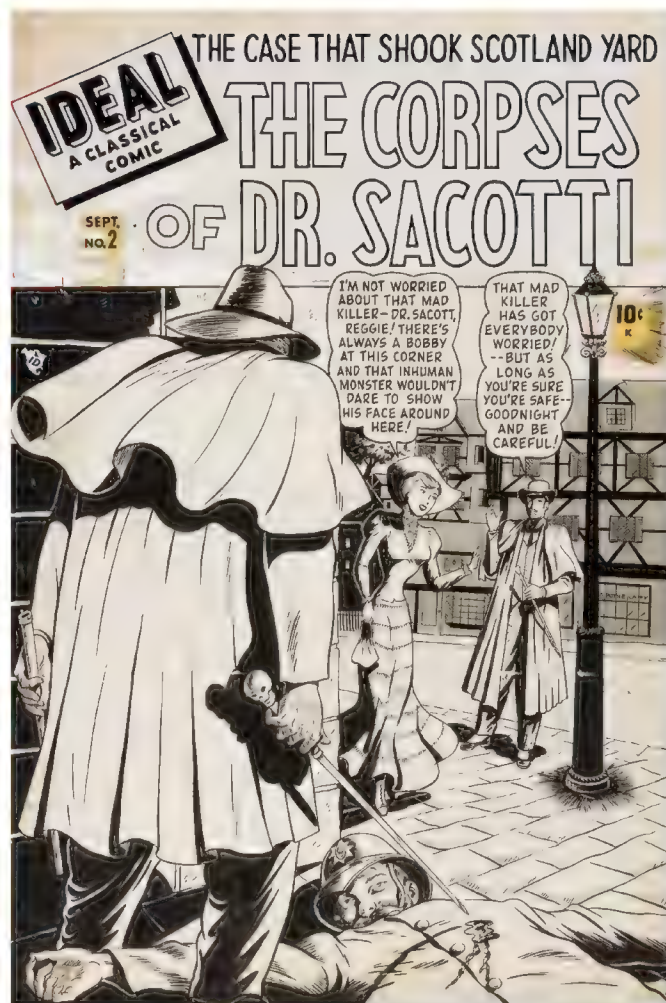
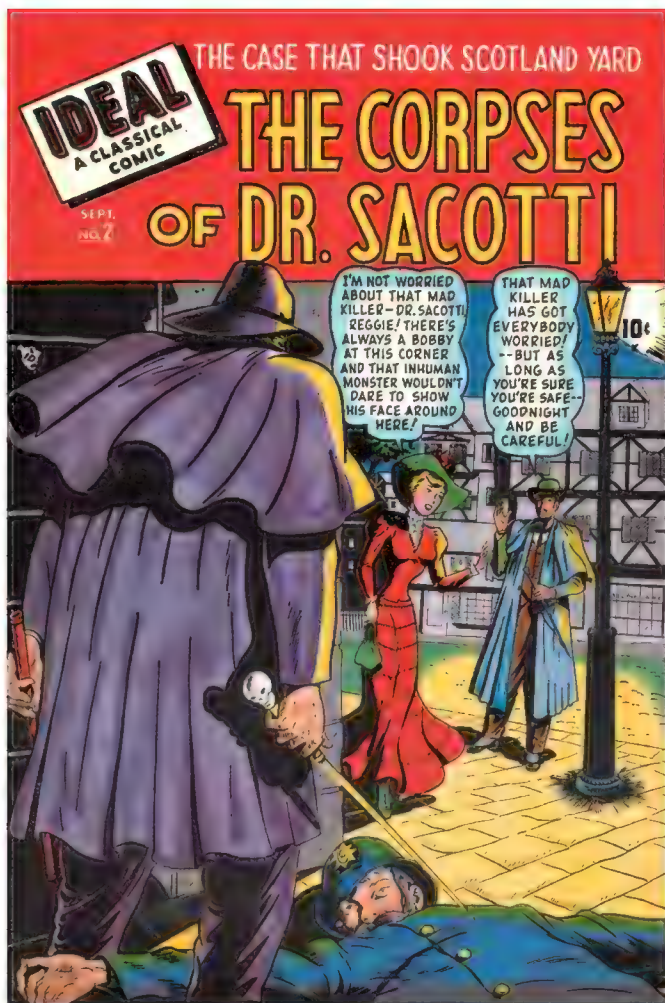


IN ORDER TO PROTECT THE IDENTITY OF INNOCENT PERSONS INVOLVED IN THE TRUE STORIES OF THIS TRUE MAGAZINE, THE NAMES OF SOME CHARACTERS ARE FICTITIOUS!



THERE IS ONLY ONE TRUE CRIME COMICS - THIS IS IT!

-"True Crime Comics," Magazine Village, Inc.



humor in earnest in 1949). With its fifth issue, *Complete Mystery* became *True Complete Mystery*, and took on the usual multi-story anthology format, the longer story experiment a failure.

In 1949, a second crime-comic push began. The first title was *Casey, Crime Photographer*, a licensed title from CBS where the popular radio show had been running since 1943 (and running in other media since the 1930s). Timely's *Casey* ran four issues with photo covers and the primary artist was Vern Henkel. Next, the debut Timely/Atlas horror/mystery title, *Amazing Mysteries*, switched to crime content for its final two issues (#34 and #35), both also sporting photo covers. Lastly, a second licensed title was released, *Suspense*, again, based on the CBS radio show and with photo covers. These two licensed books (as well as *My Friend Irma*) were arranged by then CBS Assistant Publicity Director Arthur Perles, a former Goodman crime-pulp editor and the brother of Goodman's friend and business lawyer Jerry Perles. *Suspense* would switch to the more popular horror content with its very next issue.

The third crime-comic wave began in 1950 and continued into 1951. Nine crime titles (three were spy titles, but I lump them in with the crime genre until they convert to war content during the Korean War). In succession, *Crime Cases* (Aug), *Crime Can't Win* (Sept), *Spy Cases* (Sept), *Crime Must Lose* (Oct), *Amazing Detective Cases* (Nov), *Crime Exposed*

(for the second time) (Dec), *Private Eye* (Jan), *Spy Fighters* (Mar), and *Kent Blake of the Secret Service* (May).

Amazing Detective Cases, as noted, was Goodman's longest-running true-crime magazine, lasting from Vol. 1, #1 (June/40) to Vol. 10, #2 (July/50). Well, here is where it gets a little bumpy. The true-crime format of the title went on hiatus and the numbering picked up with #3 (minus the volume) and continued as a comic book, for eight crime issues through #10, before converting to a pre-Code horror title for its final four issues #11-14. Then, it converts back to a true-crime magazine, without missing a beat, as Vol. 10, #3 (Winter/53), before continuing into the 1960s.

All the above crime titles have moderate runs of nine to fourteen issues each, with the spy titles lasting a bit longer into 1953. From mid-1952, through all of 1953, Atlas' only crime title was *Justice Comics*, the genre having been decimated by Dr. Fredric Wertham's anti-comics crusade. In 1954, there was one last gasp. The subject of this book, *Police Action* (Jan) would be followed by a revived *Crime Fighters* (Sept) and the launch of another spy title, *Spy Thrillers* (Nov), the latter canceled after four issues and replaced by the single-issue, Code-approved, *Police Badge* #479 #5 in 1955.

ABOVE: *Ideal A Classical Comic* #2 [Sept/48], book-length crime novel, printed cover and original art. Artist unknown. Note the policeman's chest wound and blood removed on the published cover.



In 1956, a single post-Code crime title was tried again — *Caught* (Aug)— but the writing was on the wall and it lasted only five issues.

I've covered the Wertham's anti-comics crusade in depth in *Adventures Into Terror Vol. 1* and *Atlas Artist Edition#2: Al Williamson*. But because crime comics were Wertham's No. 1 bogeyman, I'll briefly re-hash the history and dovetail it toward Timely/Atlas.

Comic books had complaints lodged against them almost from the moment they appeared. While newspaper comic strips were widely read and their creators admired, stapled four-color booklets inspired concern in certain dogmatic circles. In 1940, Sterling North, the literary editor of the *Chicago Daily News*, railed against comic books as a "threat" and a "poisonous mushroom growth." Super heroes during the Second World War may have helped in the propaganda war effort by fighting Axis villains, but by postwar 1947 the rise of genre comics, specifically crime comics (again, pioneered by Lev Gleason's successful *Crime Does Not Pay*), began to cast a long shadow among the purveyors of morality.

In March of 1948, German-born, Bellevue Hospital child psychiatrist Dr. Fredric Wertham, began his crusade against comic books, blaming them for the postwar rise in juvenile delinquency. Wertham hated all comic books, but his most strident criticism was focused on crime comic books (which, in his taxonomy, included super hero titles).

ABOVE: *Exposé Detective* Vol. 1, #3 [July/42], Current Detective Stories Inc. Printed and original painted cover art by Cardwell Higgins.



In rapid succession, four events jumpstarted his crusade. On March 19, 1948, Wertham sponsored a symposium, *The Psychopathology of Comic Books*. Then three major articles in national magazines (*The Saturday Review of Literature* and *Collier's Weekly*) further dragged comic books and their publishers through the mud.

Martin Goodman's answer to these print attacks was a series of four full-page editorials touting the literacy and wholesomeness of Timely's comic books, additionally informing the public that NYC Board of Education psychiatrist, Dr. Jean Thompson, was vouching for their books, displaying her name at the bottom of page one of every issue.

For every Wertham there was another professional who disagreed. In 1948, the *New York Times* published a series of articles spotlighting this debate. In "Parents are Warned Not to Blame Comics for Juvenile Crime," Mr. Edwin J. Lukas, executive director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, declared comic books twentieth-century scapegoats, shifting parents' own responsibilities away from themselves in the matter of juvenile delinquency. Another *New York Times* article, "Status of the Comic Book," laid out the entire breadth of comic books and challenged parents to become involved with their children's reading, emphasizing the many positive attributes of comic books.

By 1953, the tempest came to a head. The November issue of *Ladies Home Journal* published a summary of a forthcoming book attacking the comic book industry, "What Parents Don't Know about Comic Books," by Wertham. Found in nearly every home in the country, and printed in a large



Life Magazine format, the imagery bowled mothers over with detailed descriptions of crime, brutality, and sadism, all channeled by Wertham into an explanation for the shocking rise in juvenile crime. Jack Cole's infamous "injury to eye" panel from *True Crime Comics* #2 (May/47) was blown up to exaggerated proportions. Wertham even criticized the title of Goodman's, *Lawbreakers Always Lose*, complaining that the word "Lawbreakers" was too large compared to "Always Lose," thus subliminally encouraging delinquency.

The result of all the bad press and innumerable newspaper and magazine articles, was the formation in September of the Comics Magazine Association of America, headed by Judge Charles F. Murphy. Guidelines were enacted governing the contents, story, art, and advertising in comic books. A voluntary "comics code," was adopted on October 26, 1954 by the newly formed Comics Code Authority. The result was a cataclysmic shift in comic-book publishing, as many smaller and mid-size publishers were forced to close down, leading to a huge artistic talent drain from the industry. Bill Gaines' EC Comics was forced to drop all his horror and crime comics, a move that would shortly lead to the end of his four-color comic-book line (with *Mad Comics* switching to a magazine format). Goodman's Atlas was the rare exception, watering down the content in the face of the Comics Code and actually increasing output to take advantage of the vacuum left by the shrinking industry.

Here are the statistics: From 1947 to 1957, Timely/Atlas published 24 different crime titles (4 were spy titles) and 264 total anthology issues of anywhere from 4 to 6 stories per issue. The peak year was 1951 with 63 issues published. For the most part, a Who's Who of Timely/Atlas artists drew these stories. Unlike other genres, the crime comic is an area where a lot of data on the writers is available. The most prolific Timely/Atlas crime writer was Carl Wessler, who scripted 159 stories from 1951 to 1953. This was a large

percentage of all stories during these years. All of this data comes from his own work records, as the stories themselves are unsigned. Hank Chapman wrote eight known, signed stories, but there are suspected to be more unsigned. Clayton Martin wrote 4 crime stories out of a total of well over 100 stories that he scripted for Atlas between 1951 and 1957. Stan Lee wrote 3 aforementioned book-length stories in *Complete Mystery* for Timely and one single Atlas crime story. And Irv Werstein is known to have written 1 story. Though unattributed, Don Rico, Ernie Hart, Robert Bernstein, and Al Sulman all likely contributed scripts to this genre.

Which finally brings us to the subject of this volume, *Police Action*. I chose this title because I wanted a crime title "starting" in the prime Atlas period of recognizable artists. Most of the other mentioned crime titles began in the late Timely era where much of the story art is unidentifiable and before the genre's prime period. That's not to dismiss such material, but I wanted to hit the ground running.

Police Action ran seven issues, but when Atlas canceled its last spy title, *Spy Thrillers*, in 1955, it switched to a planned new series (or feature), *Police Badge* #479, which ended up being a coda, canceled after a single issue (more about this shortly). Having "Police" in the title makes it a good fit for a nice eight-issue volume of police-inspired stories (as well as a place to reprint a cool, obscure, esoteric issue that otherwise would never have been seen again).

Police Action ran only four stories per issue, so each had room to stretch. Only one story has a writer credit. The cover artists fall into two camps: Joe Maneely and Sol Brodsky/Carl Burgos. Story art encompassed a wide variety of twenty-one different artists, of which two are unknown and five appear more than once. The run had some top names (Colan, Maneely, Powell), but the vast majority were solid, mid-tier Atlas veterans. Many, many stories are set in the 1930s, numerous plots revolving around the protection racket and truck hijacking. Violence is everywhere, criminals all get caught (and many die), and the overall takeaway is that crime, as they say, does not pay.

ABOVE: An Atlas Mystery crime digest, *H as in Hangman*, Cornell Publishing Corp. [1943]. Printed and two preliminary drawings by Carl Wessler Higgins.



Maneely led the way with a busy cover for issue #1, depicting a violent shoot-out between the police and tenement-barricaded criminals. This depicts the lead story, "Riot Squad," by Robert Q. Sale, about a gang war between rivals Fago Collins and Joey Angel. Sale was a Maneely acolyte, known for some of the most violent Atlas pre-Code panels. His protagonists were often twisted distortions with bulging eyes and screaming mouths. Sale entered the industry with Lev Gleason (*Daredevil*, *The Claw*, *Crime Does Not Pay*), bounced around the industry and broke in at Atlas on crime titles in early 1951. In addition to pre-Code horror, his best known Atlas work was in the war genre, including a four-year run on *Combat Casey* with writer Hank Chapman. He died in 1962.

John Forte is next with "Homicide," a whodunit told in a muted fashion. Paul Reinman illustrated "The Perfect Crime," written by Carl Wessler, an international case of intrigue conducted by the Paris Sûreté. Reinman's work in the early 1950s was sublime, the greatest of his career. He was a master of light and shadow, and his storytelling strong. The issue ends with Gene Colan's "The First Day," about a rookie cop on the beat in the neighborhood of his youth: Hell's Kitchen. While Colan hadn't perfected his signature "painting with a pencil" style yet, here he's inking his own work and it retains his cinematic noir storytelling sensibilities.

ABOVE: An Atlas Mystery crime digest, *Rattle His Bones*, London Publishing Corp. [1943]. Printed cover and color preliminary by Cardwell Higgins.



Sol Brodsky was the cover artist on issue #2 and John Forte returned to render "The Fugitive!" a well-drawn, interesting morality play with a twist, about a police officer pursuing a local childhood bully, now a fugitive murderer leaving a wake of mayhem. Werner Roth is next with "Over the Wall," an exciting tale about a near-successful jailbreak. We've seen Roth's work already in several Fantagraphics Atlas Library volumes, most notably, his Jet Dixon of the Space Squadron feature in *In the Days of the Rockets* and pre-Everett issues of *Venus*. Roth's stylized, vulgar-featured convicts, reek with nefariousness.

The rarely seen Mannie Banks drew "Hired Hood!" the story of prize-fighter Kid Lawson, banned from the sport for throwing a fight. Lawson graduates to becoming an enforcer for a mob trucking company, ultimately challenged by prize-fighting police officer Joe Tremont, who is disgusted by Lawson's dishonoring of the sport. Banks is a bit of an enigma, having drawn a total of only seven stories for Atlas, all around this time period (as well as a tiny amount elsewhere: Lev Gleason, Comic Media), before vanishing from the industry. The last story is "No Escape," by an unidentified artist. United States Custom Investigator William Spears tracks a jewel thief four thousand miles, from Texas to Cartagena, Colombia.

Issue #3's cover is an interesting study. The penciler appears to be Syd Shores, but the inking defies accurate identification, although it hints at John Forte. George Olesen drew "The Mobster," a straightforward parable about a young tough who fancies himself a mob boss, with deadly results. Olesen did a smidgen of work around the industry



in the early 1950s but is more known for his syndicated work on *The Phantom* for nearly forty years. Seymour Moskowitz is next with "Road Block," the story of a prison breakout. Moskowitz worked on only fifteen stories for Atlas in 1954-55.

ABOVE: *Gang World* Vol. 2, #2 (May/34), Spencer Publications, Inc. (Lincoln Hoffman). Printed cover and original cover painting by John Drew [attributed].

Surprisingly, five of them involved inking Joe Kubert! I sent copies of these Kubert/Moskowitz stories to Kubert in May of 1999, asking him for comments/recollections, and his response was that he didn't recall the situation leading up to the bizarre pairing.

Maneely was the artist on "Jaws of Death," a murder mystery of late-night slashings set in Victorian London. Maneely worked minimally in the genre, drawing only eight Atlas crime stories (and ten covers). The issue wraps up with Tony DiPreta's "He Can't Stop Running," where a scar-faced killer comes up against the police officer who scarred him when they were kids.

Issue #4's cover was a Brodsky/Burgos collaboration and the lead story, "Prison Break," was by the team of Dick Ayers and Ernie Bache. This story is one of the best, not so much in the plot—a fairly pedestrian story of a thug and a prison break and its outcome—but in Ayers' pacing of his narrative with off-kilter panels, almost cartoony visuals, and a great sense of excitement. (He also lettered all his own stories.) Ayers broke in at Magazine Enterprises on *Funnyman* and *Ghost Rider*, landing at Timely in 1949 on a still unidentified seven-page crime story, then at Atlas in late 1951 with the pre-Code horror story "Ghouls Rush In" in *Adventures Into Terror* #9 (Apr/52). From 1952 through 1954, most (but not all) of his stories were inked by Bache. You can tell which are which by the signature. "Dick Ayers" is all Ayers, while "Ayers" is Ayers/Bache. Ayers became one of the most prolific artists Atlas ever had, drawing nearly 600 stories in all genres, including *Human Torch* (during the Atlas hero revival), *Buzz Brand* (in *Young Men*), and long runs on *Wyatt Earp* and *Rawhide Kid*. His work continued in the pre-hero era, replacing Christopher Rule to become Jack Kirby's primary inker on innumerable monster and Western stories, finally becoming the de facto Kirby inker on the earliest Marvel hero titles, giving the early *Fantastic Four* its weight and charm, as well as drawing *Giant-Man and the Wasp* and taking over *Sgt. Fury and his Howling Commandos* from Kirby.

Art Peddy drew "Mob Violence," about a crime boss disguised as a legitimate businessman. This is one of only two Peddy Atlas crime stories among the forty-six Atlas total he drew from 1952-1956, primarily in the horror/fantasy genre. In the 1950s, he shared a studio with Ross Andru, Mike Esposito, and Bernie Sachs, and my guess is some of his Atlas work was possibly inked by Sachs. An unknown artist follows with "The Man in Black," a tale of double deceit by a confidence man and woman. Tony DiPreta returns with "Tough Guy," where some Hell's Kitchen kids see the truth about phony tough guys and heroic policemen.

Issue #5 has our second Maneely cover, an exciting moment frozen in time as the police bust up a safe-cracking venture. Maneely captures the scene at the apex of the action. The Ayers/Bache team leads off for the second straight issue with "Trapped!" where a washed-up silent-film star attempts to get his revenge on a talkie producer by starting a protection racket among Hollywood producers. Ed Robbins is next with "The Specialists!" a pure exemplar of "crime does not pay," as a bickering team of criminal specialists (ringleader, safe



cracker, muscle, second-story men, driver) clash during their last caper. Robbins's history with Timely goes back to the Golden Age, where he produced *The Thunderer*, *The Black Avenger*, *Jimmy Jupiter*, and *Eustis Hayseed* out of the Funnies Inc. shop. In the Atlas era, he drew about ten stories between 1952 and 1954, primarily pre-Code horror and war. This was his only Atlas crime story.

"How?" is a bit of an interesting art job. The French Sûreté investigates a ventriloquist who is making a fortune (which he subsequently loses gambling) by robbing rich society parties. The inking here is clearly by Christopher Rule (who we've seen before in several previous Atlas Library volumes). The pencils appear to be Ed Moline, a Goodman publication veteran, who also contributed Western pulp illustrations to Goodman's Red Circle pulp line. Moline drew about forty stories for Atlas from 1951 to 1954, breaking in with a run on *Texas Kid*.

The issue ends with Mort Lawrence's "The Hostage!" in which a novice prison warden instituting humanitarian changes to the prison he's being assigned is tested by incorrigible prisoner Bull Turner, who instigates a riot in an attempt to escape. Lawrence contributed a handful of Timely hero stories during the 1940s and for Atlas drew about seventy-five stories between 1952 and 1955, including a short stint on *Battle Brady* following the death of studio mate Norman Steinberg. For much of his Atlas work, he shared a studio with Shores and Steinberg.

Issue #6's cover looks like Burgos, although I think I see Sol Brodsky here in some capacity. Reinman leads off with his second story, "The World Within!" This tale was

seemingly influenced by EC's social justice approach, basically telling a public-service story about a model prisoner and a prison system "devoted to the rehabilitation of the men and women who are paying their debt to society." "The Con Who Went Straight!" follows with art by Jay Scott Pike. An ex-con with a fresh start is tempted back by his old criminal cohorts. John Forte drew "Five Fingers!" a tale of Sicily and the return of the Black Hand.

The issue ends with Vic Carrabotta's "The Rat-Hole!" A former trucker decides there's more money to be made by hijacking his former employer's trucks and fencing the cargo. Carrabotta was sent to Atlas and Stan Lee in early 1952 on the recommendation of Kirby, who could not use him at Mainline. Although quite green, Carrabotta's first story was "The House on the Hill" in *Astonishing* #13 (May/52), which was followed by nearly 100 stories through 1956 in primarily fantasy and war titles. Only four were crime stories.

Issue #7 is again a Brodsky/Burgos cover. Bob Forgione leads with "Trusty," another story about a progressive prison warden giving a position of trust to a hardened criminal with a violent record. Forgione was an assistant to Jerry Robinson, inking much of Robinson's Atlas work. He worked out of Robinson's studio along with a young Steve Ditko, and both absorbed Robinson's influence, which can be seen in their respective solo work. Forgione drew about 150 stories for Atlas (many inked by Jack Abel), including a long run on *Iron Mike McGraw* in *Marines in Battle*. Forgione was

ABOVE: Crime digest *Dead Giveaway*, Bard Publishing Corp. [1944]. Printed cover and color preliminary by Cardwell Higgins.



one of a handful of artists to return between 1959 and 1961, drawing eight stories during that period.

Reinman's story "Hide-Out," has a policeman tracking down a robbery gang consisting of his childhood neighbors. Roth's second story, "The World's Largest Theft!" is quite an interesting propaganda piece. Not really a story, it's an expository depiction of the way the Communist takeover of China occurred, aided and abetted by "the big man" to the north. This entry, more suited to one of the Atlas war titles, is dark, furtive and depressingly rendered by Roth, and the last panel has a note from the unnamed editor warning against the advance of Communism.

Bob Powell ends the title's run with "The Perfect Alibi!" Twin brothers commit robberies, unable to be arrested due to their perfect alibis. Powell had an extensive career in comics at Street & Smith, and every other major company before finally showing up at Timely for a short stint in 1949-50, then returning to Atlas in late 1953, where he drew about 140 stories in all genres, including a run on *Combat Casey*. Powell's art (for much of the later 1940s and 1950s) was actually done by four different artists (the Bob Powell Studio), Powell and his assistants Howard Nostrand, George Seifringer, and Marty Epp.

Which brings us to our little coda for this volume, *Police Badge* #479 #5. As I mentioned, this issue was a tack-on to the

canceled four-issue *Spy Thrillers* title, a book that straddled the Comics Code's implementation. *Spy Thrillers* featured the exploits of *Rick Davis of the Secret Service* by Joe Sinnott (pre-Code issues #1 and #2) and Ross Andru/Mike Esposito (post-Code issues #3 and #4).

With the final post-Code spy title defunct, a new title (perhaps planned to be ongoing) began: *Police Badge* #479, picking up the numbering as #5 and featuring a beautiful, colorful cover by Maneely depicting rookie patrolman Jim Hudson, on the neighborhood beat. (Hudson is the spitting image of Jim Hammond, the alter ego of the original Human Torch, who was *also* a patrolman when he wasn't "torching" around. Coincidence much? I don't know if this fact was ever retconned, but it makes a good possibility).

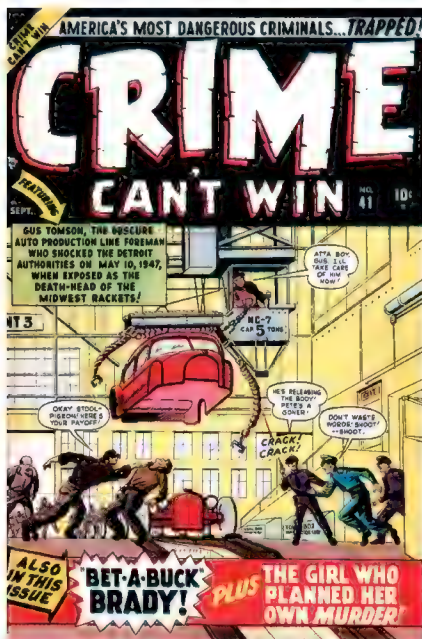
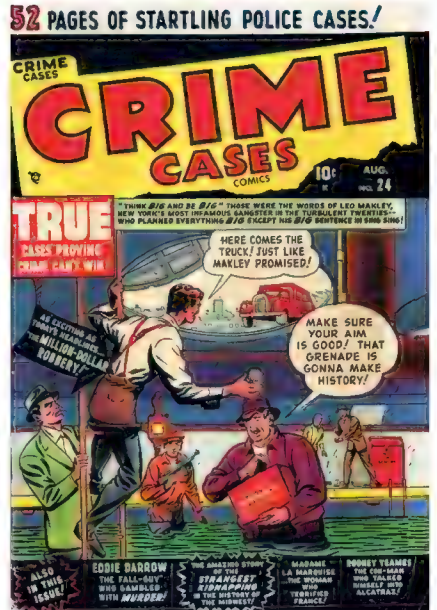
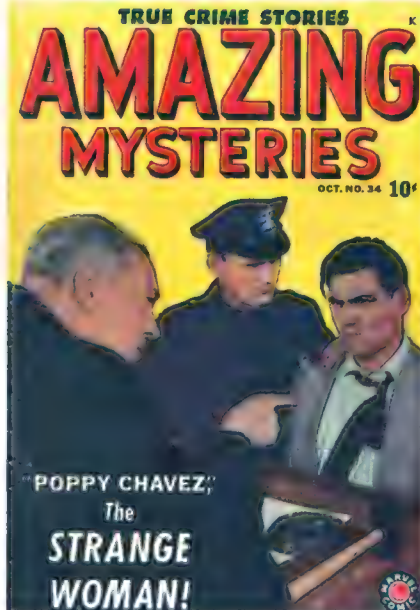
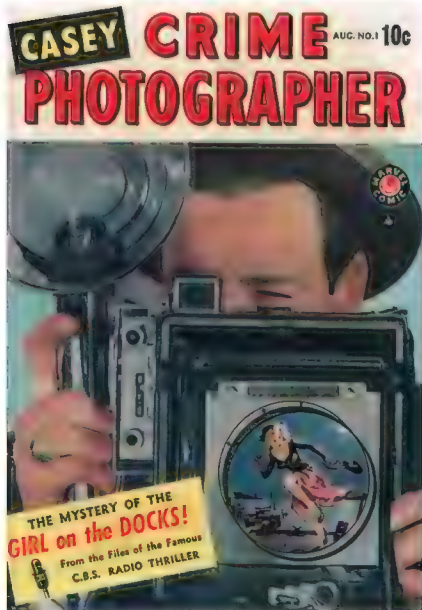
Don Heck drew the first two stories and Maneely the last, a stolen diamonds caper. The filler, "Calling all Cars," was by Manny Stallman. Being a post-Code issue, the edge is off these stories. There's no gunplay at all. Presented instead were two excellent Heck stories where we get inside the head of a rookie police officer following in the footsteps of his late father. Heck's work was superb, out of the Caniff school, and inked by his best inker ... himself. His use of light and shadow was exquisite and his panel compositions excellent. His art style made him one of the most popular pre-Code horror-cover artists of the 1950s, iconic images gracing the covers of Comic Media's *Horrific* and *Weird Terror*. When the company went under, he moved over to Atlas and, from late 1954 to the Atlas implosion, produced close to a hundred stories in all genres, including a beautiful run on *Torpedo Taylor* in *Navy Combat*, *Cliff Mason*, *White Hunter* in *Jann of the Jungle*, and *The Kid from Dodge City* in *The Kid from Dodge City*. Heck then became the No. 3 man behind Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko leading up to Marvel's Silver Age. He later launched *Iron Man* and followed Kirby on *The Avengers*.

And that wraps up our first foray into Atlas crime comics. I enjoyed these stories a great deal. They were well-written "tales of justice," proving that crime does not pay and illustrated by a spectrum of Atlas regulars, each stylistically unique. Hopefully, I'll be able to present more in future volumes of the Fantagraphics Atlas Library.

One last note: In 1975, Goodman launched his doomed Atlas/Seaboard line of titles. In addition to redundant super-hero imitations of the Marvel line, he chose to also produce a crime title, naming it ... *Police Action*! This new *Police Action* featured Lt. Sam Lomax of the NYPD by Mike Sekowsky, and Luke Malone, Manhunter by Mike Ploog. Issues #2 & #3 were completely scripted by Gary Friedrich. It seems you can't keep a good *Police Action* down!

ABOVE: The cover of *Black Book Detective Magazine* Vol. 1, #4 [Oct/33].

OPPOSITE: An array of Timely/Atlas crime comics: *Crimefighters* #1 (1948); *Crime Exposed* #1 (June/48), cover art probably by Gene Colan; *Lawbreakers Always Lose* #3 (Aug/48), cover art by Syd Shores; *Casey Crime Photographer* #1 (Aug/49); *Amazing Mysteries* #34 (#3) Oct/49; *Crime Cases Comics* #24 (#1) (Aug/50), cover art probably by Werner Roth; *Crime Can't Win* #41 (#1) (Sept/50), cover art probably by Carl Burgos; *Amazing Detective Cases* #3 (#1) (Nov/50); *Private Eye* #1 (Jan/51), cover art probably by George Tuska.



ATLAS

POLICE ACTION

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POLICE ACTION

10c

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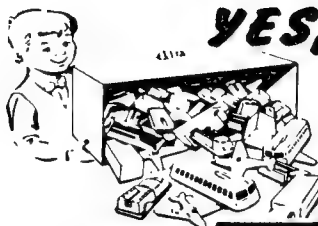


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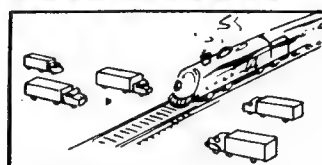
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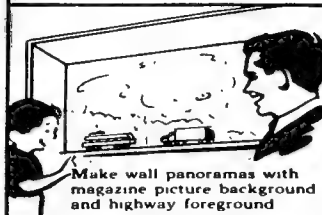
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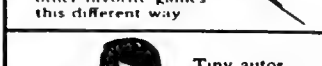
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RIOT SQUAD

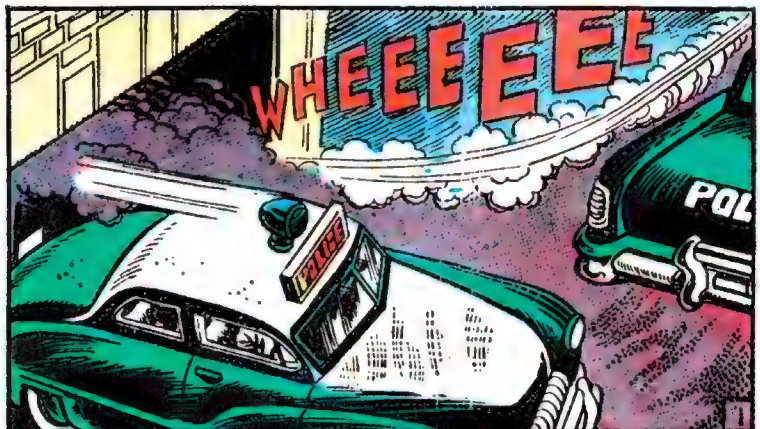
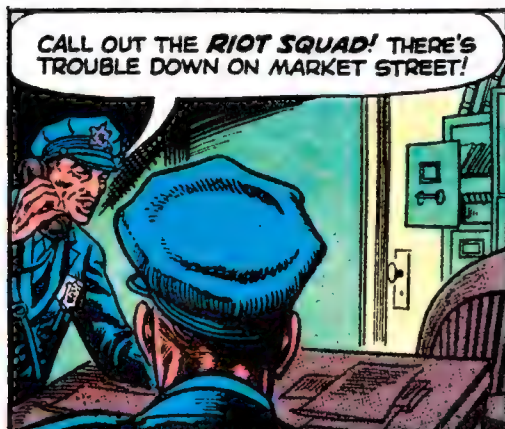
THE UNDERWORLD IN THIS BIG EAST COAST CITY WAS RULED BY THE IRON FIST OF FAGO COLLINS... **HE** WAS THE COLOSSUS OF CRIME IN THIS METROPOLIS! BUT THERE'S ALWAYS THE GREEDY KILLER WHO WANTS TO BE THE TOP MAN...AND WHEN TWO RIVALS GO GUNNING FOR EACH OTHER, THE CITY WAKES UP ONE MORNING TO FIND BLACK HEADLINES SPREAD ACROSS THE NEWSPAPERS...**GANG WAR!** AND **THAT'S** WHEN THE **RIOT SQUAD**, POISED FOR ANY EMERGENCY, FLIES INTO ACTION!



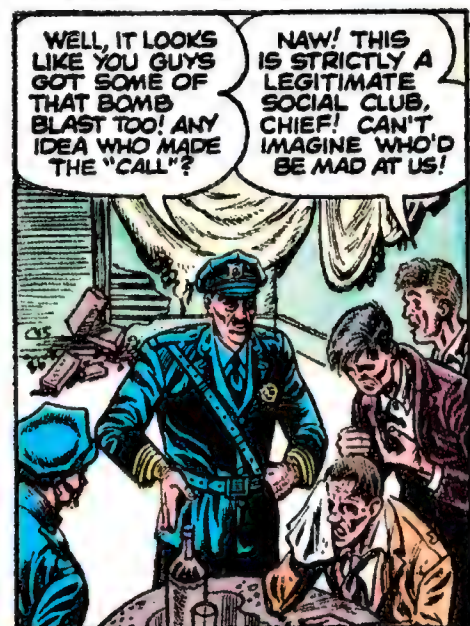
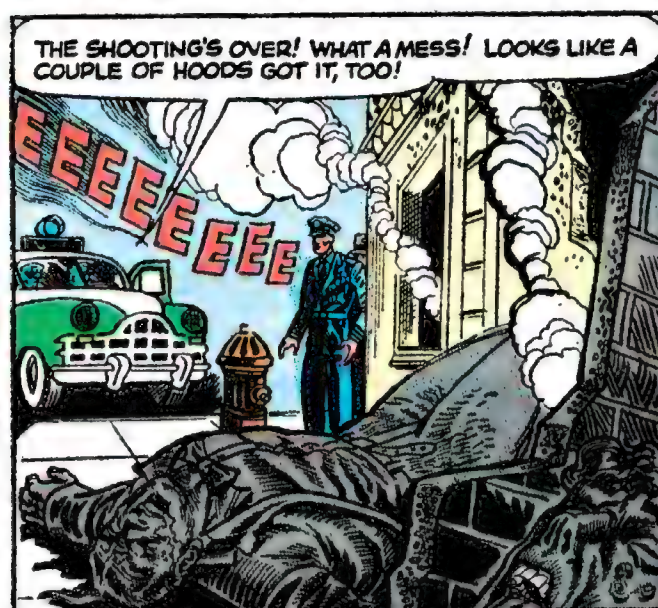
POLICE ACTION #1

AN EXPLOSION AND CHATTERING GUNS! THE COP ON THE BEAT MADE A HURRIED CALL TO HEADQUARTERS, AND...

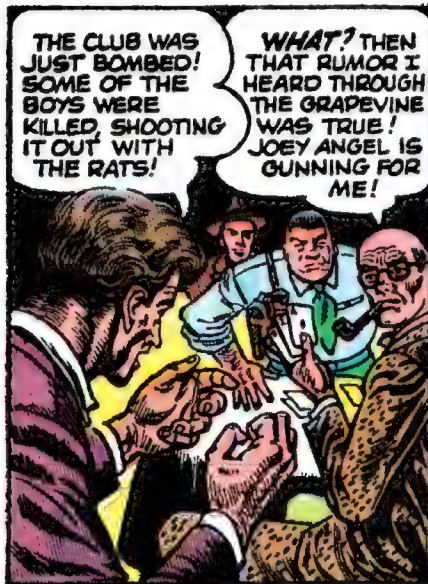
WITH SIRENS SCREAMING, POLICE CARS AND EMERGENCY VEHICLES ROARED FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS...THE RIOT SQUAD WAS ON THE JOB!



MINUTES LATER, THE RIOT SQUAD WAS ON THE SCENE...



FAGO COLLINS GOT THE NEWS A SHORT TIME LATER...



IN THE VIOLENT DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, JOEY ANGEL'S HOODLUMS PAID SURPRISE VISITS TO FAGO COLLINS' VARIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS! THE SECRET GAMBLING DENS...THE SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD STORES THAT WERE FORCED TO KEEP COLLINS' SLOT MACHINES...THE HIDDEN BETTING PARLORS!



AND WHEN THE RIOT SQUAD GOT THE REPORTS ON THE SHOOTINGS AND ASSORTED MAYHEM, THEY WASTED NO TIME RACING TO THE SCENE! BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS JUST MINUTES TOO LATE TO CAPTURE THE KILLERS!



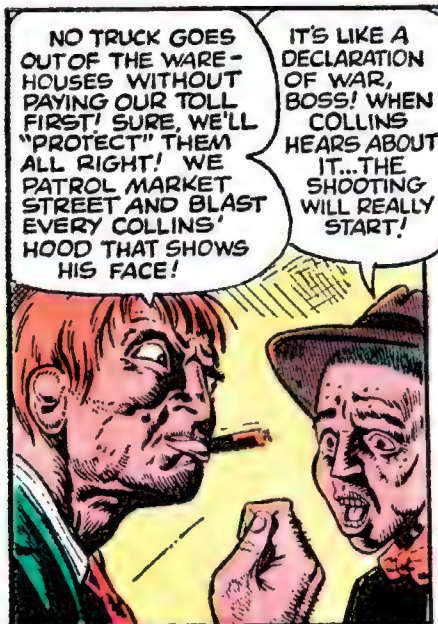
THE POLICE CAPTAIN WAS RIGHT...A FULL-SCALE WAR **WAS** BREWING! UP TO NOW, JOEY ANGEL'S SKIRMISHES WERE ONLY INTENDED TO HARASS AND INTIMIDATE THE ENEMY! NOW HE WAS HOLDING HIS FINAL COUNCIL OF WAR!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! WE'VE WRECKED COLLINS' JOINTS AND MADE HIS PRESTIGE SUFFER! THE "PROTECTION" CLIENTS SHOULD BE RIPE TO COME OVER TO **US** NOW!



SO IT'S TIME TO **MOVE IN ON MARKET STREET!** WE START WITH THE FOOD WHOLESALERS! THEY **PAY US**...NOT COLLINS FROM NOW ON!



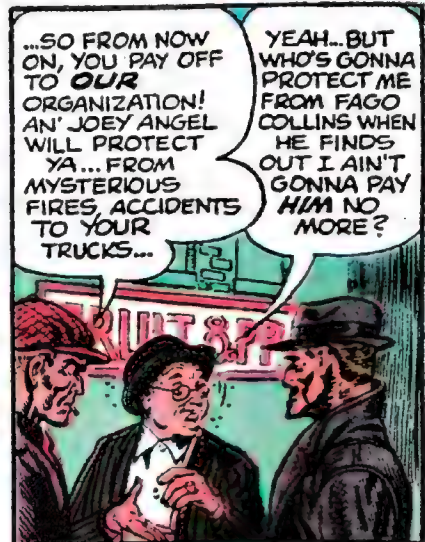
NO TRUCK GOES OUT OF THE WARE-HOUSES WITHOUT PAYING OUR TOLL FIRST! SURE, WE'LL "PROTECT" THEM ALL RIGHT! WE PATROL MARKET STREET AND BLAST EVERY COLLINS' HOOD THAT SHOWS HIS FACE!

IT'S LIKE A DECLARATION OF WAR, BOSS! WHEN COLLINS HEARS ABOUT IT...THE SHOOTING WILL REALLY START!



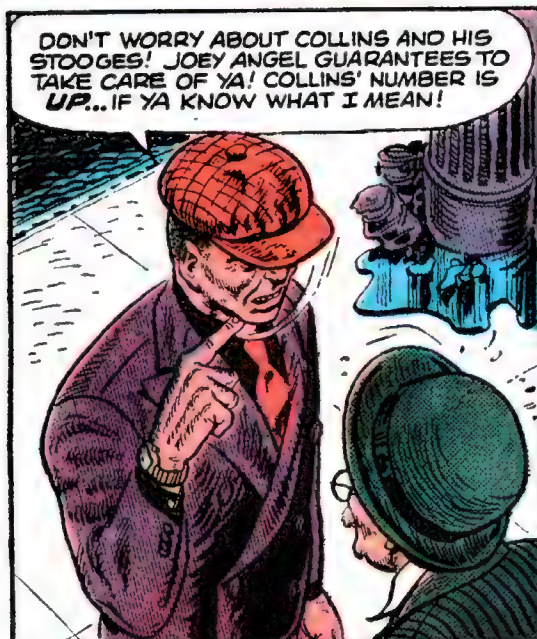
THAT'S RIGHT, DANNY! AND WHEN THE SHOOTING'S ALL OVER, YOURS TRULY, JOEY ANGEL, WILL BE **TOP MAN** IN THIS TOWN!

AND SO JOEY ANGEL'S NEW PLAN OF ATTACK AGAINST HIS RIVAL WAS PUT INTO MOTION...



...SO FROM NOW ON, YOU PAY OFF TO **OUR** ORGANIZATION! AN' JOEY ANGEL WILL PROTECT YA...FROM MYSTERIOUS FIRES, ACCIDENTS TO YOUR TRUCKS...

YEAH...BUT WHO'S GONNA PROTECT ME FROM FAGO COLLINS WHEN HE FINDS OUT I AIN'T GONNA PAY HIM NO MORE?

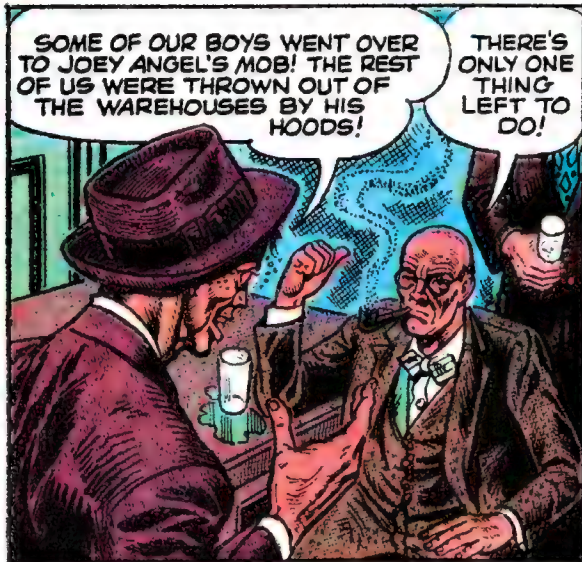


DON'T WORRY ABOUT COLLINS AND HIS STOOGES! JOEY ANGEL GUARANTEES TO TAKE CARE OF YA! COLLINS' NUMBER IS **UP**...IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE FRIGHTENED FRUIT AND PRODUCE WHOLESALERS SWITCHED THEIR "BUSINESS" TO THE MOB OF JOEY ANGEL! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR COLLINS' COLLECTORS TO FIGURE OUT THE SCORE!



COLLINS COULD SEE HIS CRIME EMPIRE CRUMBLING ALL AROUND HIM WHEN HE HEARD THE "BATTLE" REPORT...



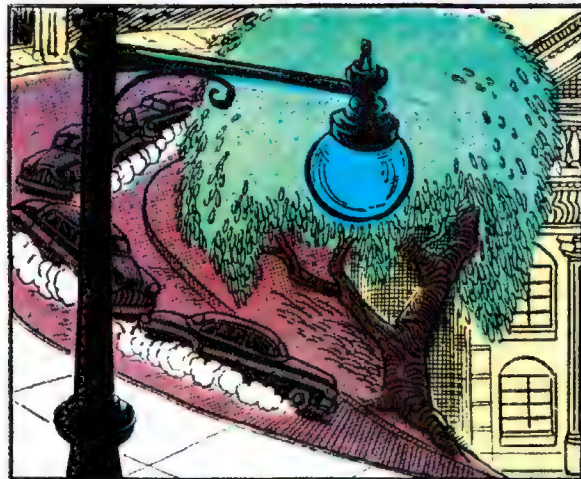
SOME OF OUR BOYS WENT OVER TO JOEY ANGEL'S MOB! THE REST OF US WERE THROWN OUT OF THE WAREHOUSES BY HIS HOODS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!



PILE ALL THE ARMAMENT INTO THE SEDANS! GUNS... GRENADES... BOMBS! WE'RE GOING AFTER JOEY ANGEL!

JOEY ANGEL WAS THE KIND OF GANG BOSS WHO BELIEVED IN LIVING IN STYLE! IT WAS EARLY AFTERNOON WHEN A "FLEET" OF FIVE BIG SEDANS, LOADED WITH ARMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, MADE ITS SLOW APPROACH TO THE MANSION...



A COP SPOTTED THE "FLEET" FIRST...



THE COLLINS MOB! THE CAPTAIN TOLD US TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN FOR TROUBLE! THIS LOOKS LIKE IT!



PATROLMAN HADLEY... THE COLLINS MOB JUST STOPPED OUTSIDE JOEY ANGEL'S PLACE!

IT WAS THE CALL THE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN WAITING FOR, FOR WEEKS!

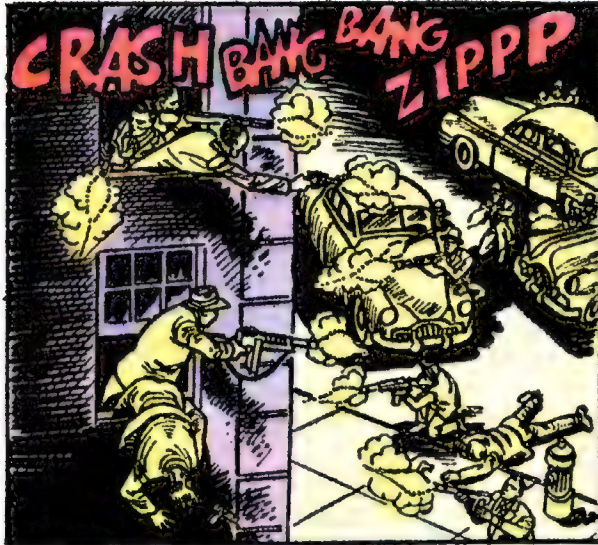


GENERAL ALARM! CALL OUT THE RIOT SQUAD! ALL HADES IS ABOUT TO BREAK LOOSE!

THE RIOT SQUAD WAS ALERTED! BARE SECONDS LATER, THE TOUGH, TRAINED MEN WHO COULD HANDLE ANY EMERGENCY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE FROM WHERE THE DISTRESS CALL HAD COME!



JUST AS THE CHIEF OF POLICE HAD FORESEEN, THE RIVAL GANG LEADERS WERE NOW SHOOTING IT OUT... "FOR KEEPS"!



THE RIOT SQUAD ARRIVED! THE FIGHTING MEN WERE OUT OF THE CARS ALMOST BEFORE THEY CAME TO A FULL STOP! THEIR GUNS WERE READY FOR ACTION!



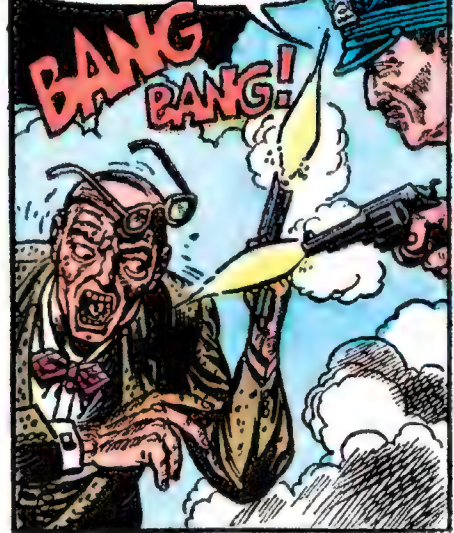
IT WAS ALMOST AS IF A SIGNAL HAD BEEN GIVEN! THE THUGS OF BOTH RIVAL MOBS TURNED THEIR GUNS FROM EACH OTHER, TRANSFERRING THEIR ATTENTION TO THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! FOR THE MOMENT, THE POLICE REPRESENTED THEIR GREATEST DANGER!



THE ROAR OF THE REVOLVERS, TOMMY GUNS, AND GRENADES COULD BE HEARD A MILE AWAY FROM THE BATTLE SCENE!



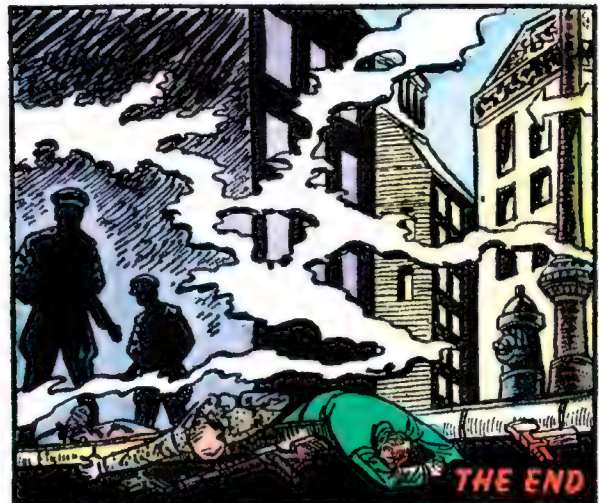
YOU'VE FIRED YOUR LAST SHOT, COLLINS!



JOEY ANGEL FOLLOWED FAGO COLLINS IN DEATH BY SECONDS! A RIOT SQUAD POLICEMAN'S AIM HAD BEEN ACCURATE!



IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE HEADLINES! THE AMBULANCE CREWS WILL BE BUSY CARTING THIS SCUM TO THE MORGUE! FAGO COLLINS AND JOEY ANGEL GOT NICE COLD SLABS WAITING FOR THEM! IT'S THE WAY KILLERS LIKE THEM ALWAYS END UP!



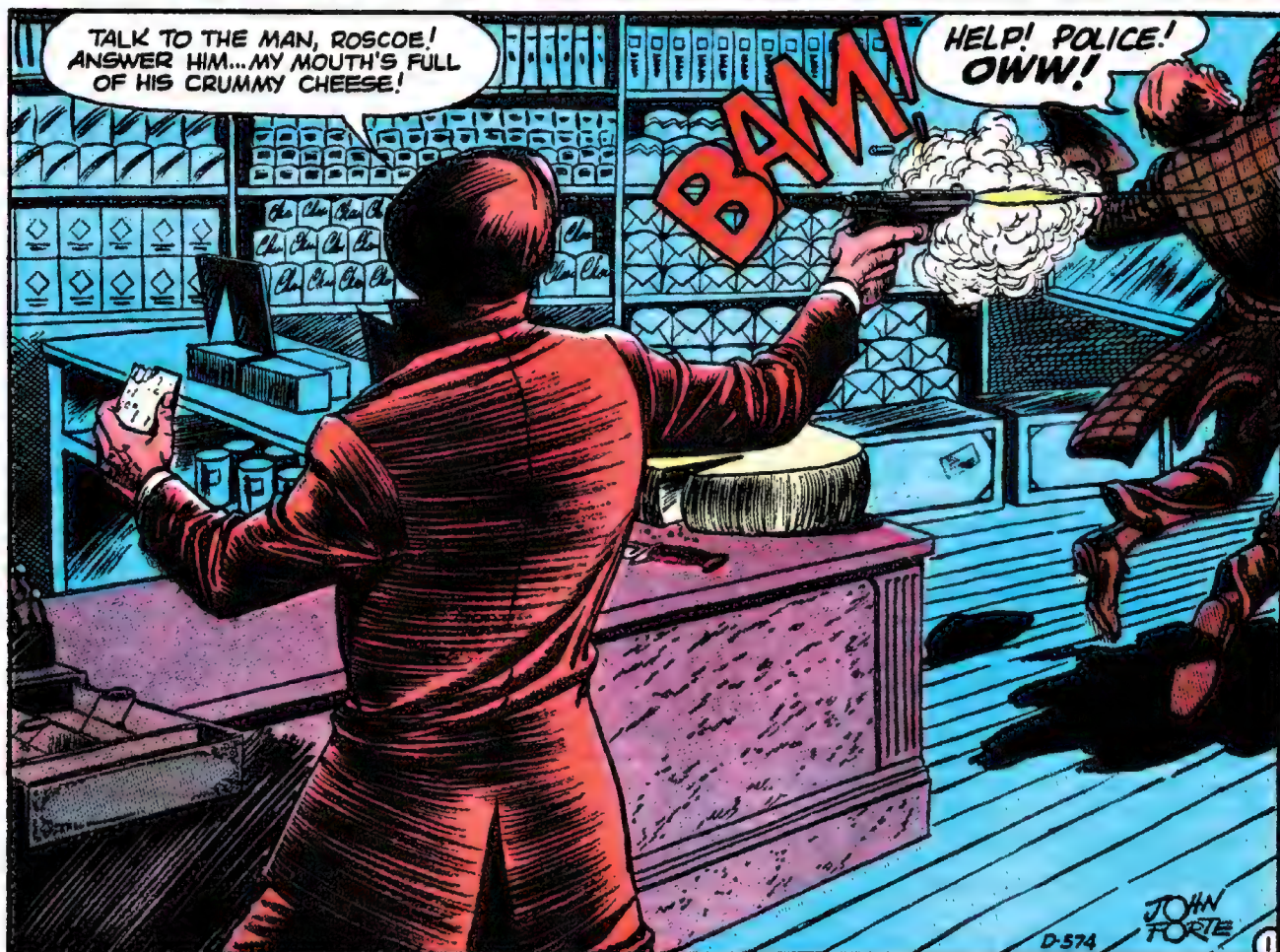
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

HOMICIDE!

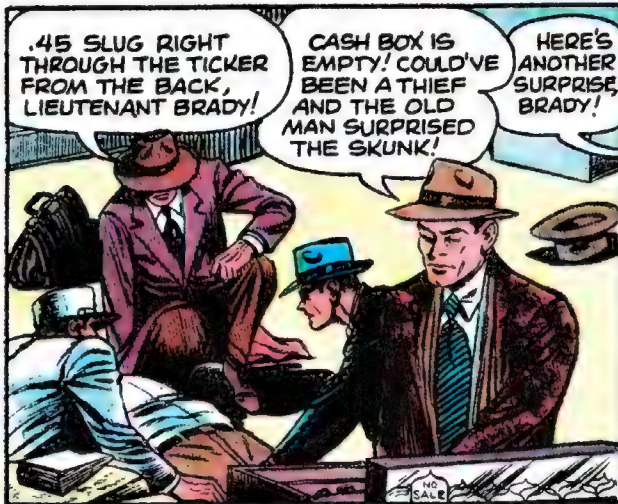
THE STEEL JIMMY IS COLD IN THE BARE HANDS OF THE SHIVERING FIGURE AS HE FORCES OPEN THE DOOR OF A DELICATESSEN STORE...

WITH THE STEALTH OF AN ANIMAL, THE FIGURE SNEAKS INSIDE AND TIPTOES TOWARD THE CASH REGISTER AND CLEANS IT OUT...

THEN HIS WATERY EYES SEE FOOD... AND HIS HANDS RIP AT THE CHEESE! JUST AS HIS TEETH SINK INTO THE FOOD, THE DOOR OPENS...



TEN MINUTES LATER, DETECTIVE JAMES BRADY OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD IS AT THE SCENE! WITH HIM ARE POLICE TECHNICIANS AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER...



.45 SLUG RIGHT THROUGH THE TICKER FROM THE BACK, LIEUTENANT BRADY!

CASH BOX IS EMPTY! COULD'VE BEEN A THIEF AND THE OLD MAN SURPRISED THE SKUNK!

HERE'S ANOTHER SURPRISE, BRADY!



YOU'RE NOT A SURPRISE ANY MORE, NELSON...YOU'RE A NUISANCE!

I'LL PRINT THAT, LIEUTENANT, UNLESS YOU SOLVE THIS CASE AND TAKE UP ALL THE SPACE ON PAGE ONE! ANY CLUES, BRADY?



A BIG ONE... THIS HUNK OF CHEESE!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SO HARD UP FOR A SUSPECT THAT YOU'RE PINNING THIS MURDER ON THE MICE!



NO... ON A RAT! THE RAT THAT BIT INTO THIS CHEDDAR AND LEFT HIS TEETH MARKS IN IT!

HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WASN'T THE OWNER SAMPLIN' HIS OWN STOCK?



BECAUSE THE OLD GUY HASN'T ANY TEETH! HAVE HEADQUARTERS MAKE A MOULAGE CAST OF THIS CHEESE, MIKE, BEFORE IT DRIES UP AND RUINS THE EVIDENCE!

YES, SIR!



LIEUTENANT! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING BACK HERE! FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW LEADING FROM THE STORE'S BACK WINDOW!

LET'S TRACK THEM... BUT DON'T TRAMPLE THE PRINTS! I WANT A CAST OF THEM!



THEY END HERE! HE MUST'VE WALKED THE FENCE!

FIRST YOU BLAME THE MICE...NOW YOU PICK ON A CAT!



QUIET, NOSY...
AND GET OUT OF
THE WAY OR...

AHHH!

BAM

THE BLAST FROM LT. BRADY'S SERVICE REVOLVER IS LIKE AN ECHO AS HE FIRES AT THE WHISP OF SMOKE WHICH BETRAYS THE SOURCE OF THE SNEAK SHOT...



OWW!

YOU GOT HIM,
LIEUTENANT!

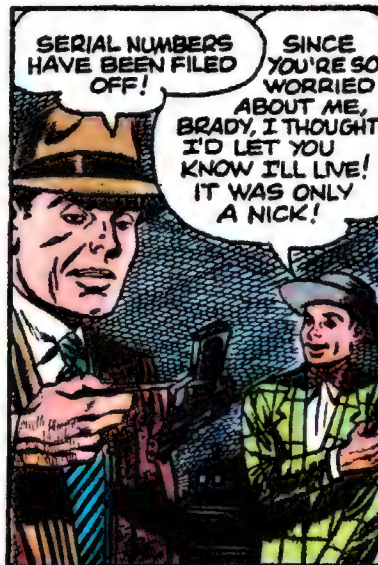
THE POLICE ARE CAUTIOUS AS THEY ADVANCE! BUT WHEN THEY GET TO THE SHACK...

WHILE SOME OF THE POLICE CONTINUE THE PURSUIT, LT. BRADY EXAMINES THE GUN...



HE'S GONE!

BUT HE LEFT HIS
BLOOD AND HIS
#45 CALIBER
COURAGE BEHIND!



SERIAL NUMBERS
HAVE BEEN FILED
OFF!

SINCE
YOU'RE SO
WORRIED
ABOUT ME,
BRADY, I THOUGHT
I'D LET YOU
KNOW I'LL LIVE!
IT WAS ONLY
A NICK!



DON'T LOOK NOW,
BRADY...BUT THOSE
FOOTPRINTS IN THE
SNOW ARE MELTING!
BESIDES, EVEN I
KNOW YOU CAN'T
MAKE PLASTER
CASTS OF PRINTS
IN SNOW!

BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING
YOU *DON'T*
KNOW, NOSY!

LT. BRADY GOES INTO THE STORE AND TAKES A CAN OF JOINERS GLUE OFF THE SHELF...

WHEN IT'S MELTED, BRADY LETS IT COOL WHILE HE LAYS SHORT LENGTHS OF STORE STRING ACROSS ONE OF THE PRINTS IN THE SNOW...

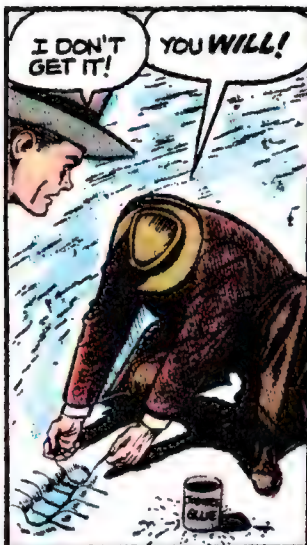
THEN BRADY POURS THE SLIGHTLY CONGEALED GLUE OVER THE FOOT-PRINT COVERING THE STRINGS AND THE BOTTOM OF THE PRINT...

THE COLD SNOW HARDENS THE GLUE BEFORE IT CAN MELT THE SNOW...AND BRADY HAS A PERFECT MOULAGE CAST OF THE PRINT BY PULLING UP THE STRINGS!



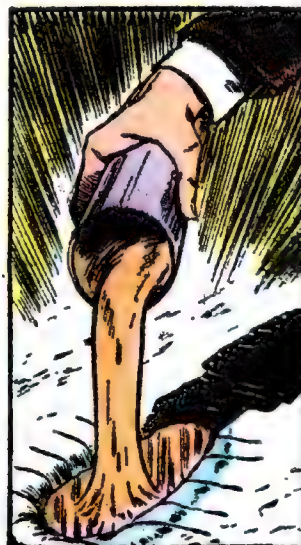
ROASTED
GLUE IS
GOOD?

NO...BUT
MELTED
GLUE *IS*!



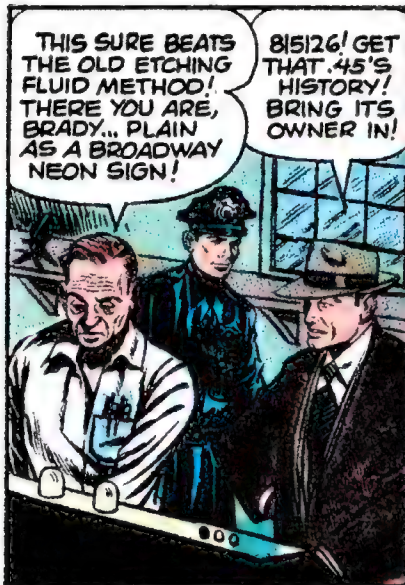
I DON'T
GET IT!

YOU *WILL*!



WELL,
I'LL
BE...

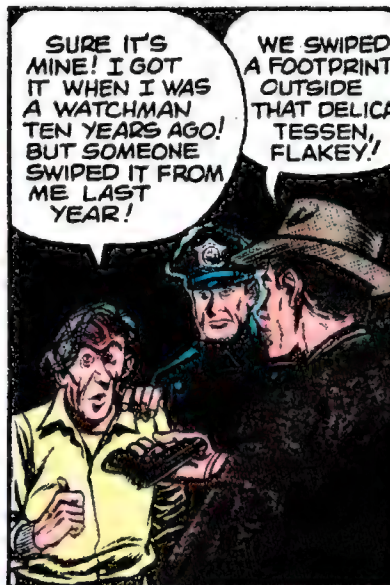
AT THE STATION, THE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE .45 ARE RESTORED IN A FEW MINUTES BY THE ELECTROLYTIC METHOD...



THIS SURE BEATS THE OLD ETCHING FLUID METHOD! THERE YOU ARE, BRADY... PLAIN AS A BROADWAY NEON SIGN!

815126! GET THAT .45'S HISTORY! BRING ITS OWNER IN!

815126 BELONGS TO A RATTY CHARACTER NAMED FLAKEY PETERS... BUT FLAKEY HAS AN ALIBI WHEN HE'S BROUGHT IN...



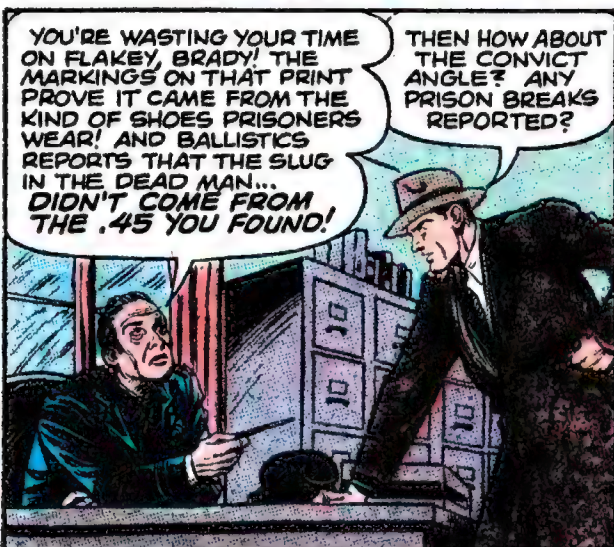
SURE IT'S MINE! I GOT IT WHEN I WAS A WATCHMAN TEN YEARS AGO! BUT SOMEONE SWIPED IT FROM ME LAST YEAR!

WE SWIPED A FOOTPRINT OUTSIDE THAT DELICATESSEN, FLAKEY!



MAYBE YOU LOST IT! TRY THAT PLASTER SLIPPER ON FOR SIZE!

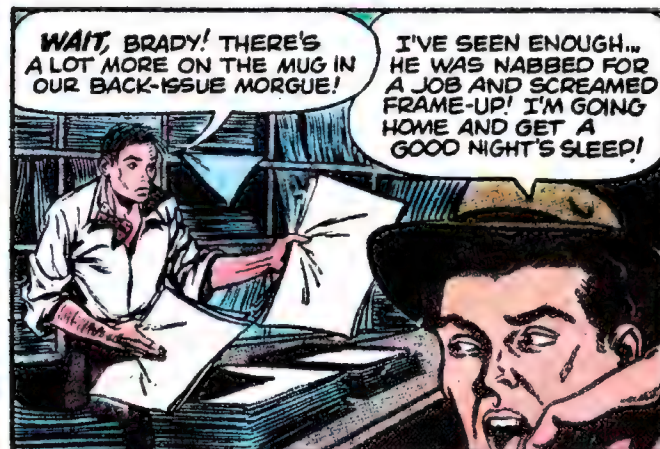
IT... IT'S TOO BIG!



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME ON FLAKEY, BRADY! THE MARKINGS ON THAT PRINT PROVE IT CAME FROM THE KIND OF SHOES PRISONERS WEAR! AND BALLISTICS REPORTS THAT THE SLUG IN THE DEAD MAN... DIDN'T COME FROM THE .45 YOU FOUND!

THEN HOW ABOUT THE CONVICT ANGLE? ANY PRISON BREAKS REPORTED?

NOSY NELSON ANSWERS THAT ONE! HE SAW AN ITEM COME OVER HIS PAPER'S TELETYPE ABOUT A MUG NAMED "CANNON" CRONER WHO ESCAPED FROM A PRISON FARM...



WAIT, BRADY! THERE'S A LOT MORE ON THE MUG IN OUR BACK-ISSUE MORGUE!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH... HE WAS NABBED FOR A JOB AND SCREAMED FRAME-UP! I'M GOING HOME AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

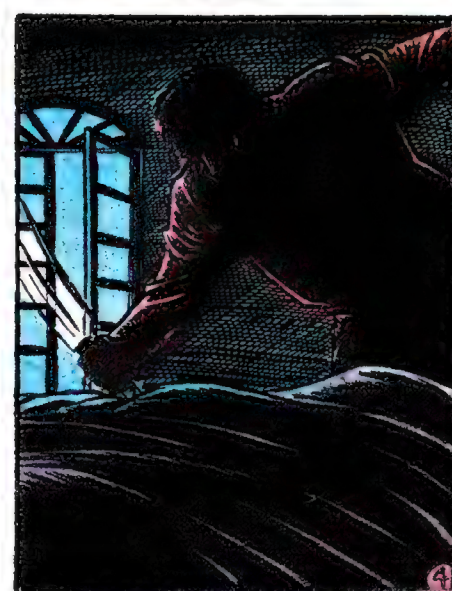
LATER THAT NIGHT, THE MOON SHINES DOWN ON A FIGURE FORCING OPEN THE FRENCH DOORS OF AN UPTOWN APARTMENT...



HIS FOOTSTEPS ARE SILENCED BY THE THICK CARPET AS HE STEALS TOWARD THE FIGURE IN BED...



THE MOONLIGHT BOUNCES OFF THE BLADE AS THE KNIFE SLICES THROUGH THE AIR AND STOPS WITH A MUFFLED THUD...



THEN THE LIEUTENANT STEPS FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES AND HIS REVOLVER POKES INTO THE SHADY FIGURE'S BACKBONE...



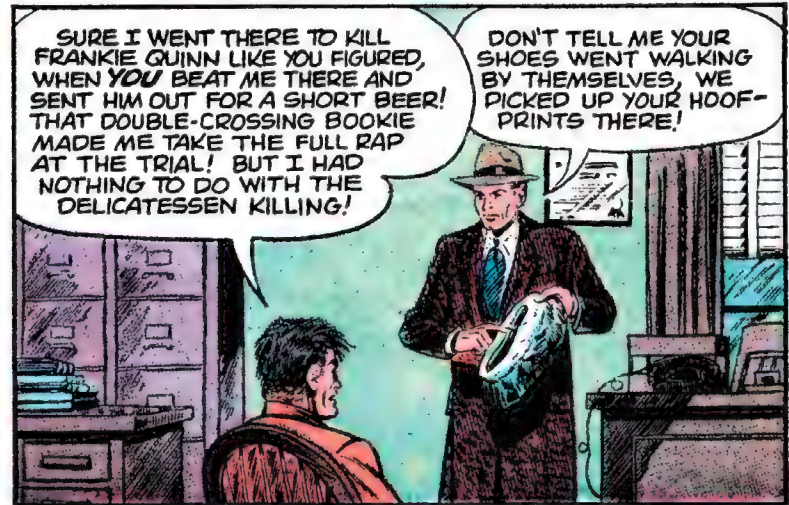
THE ESCAPED CONVICT PIVOTS AND RAMS BRADY IN THE TEMPLE WITH HIS ELBOW...



BRADY LOSES HIS GUN, AND CANNON COMES AT HIM WITH THE KNIFE HE REMOVES FROM THE BEDDING...



LIEUTENANT BRADY CALLS HOMICIDE AND HE AND CANNON GET A RIDE TO THE STATION...

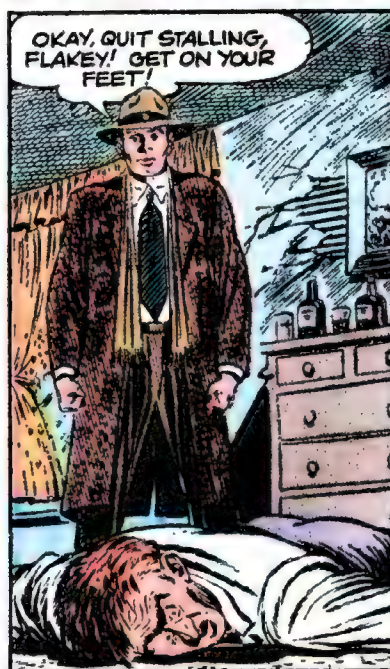
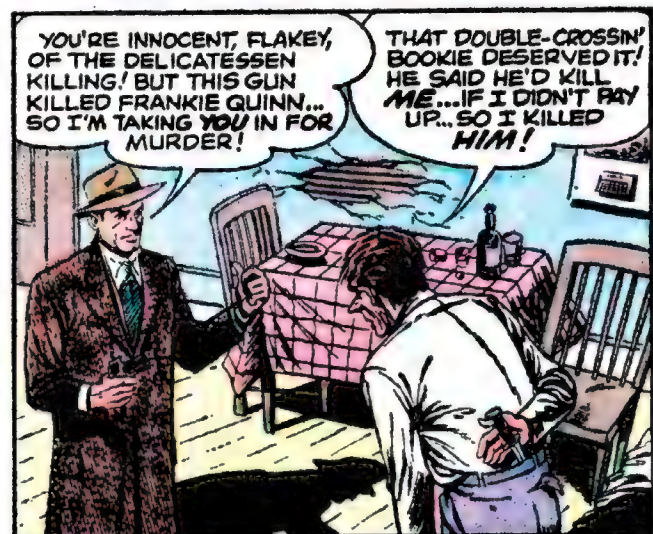
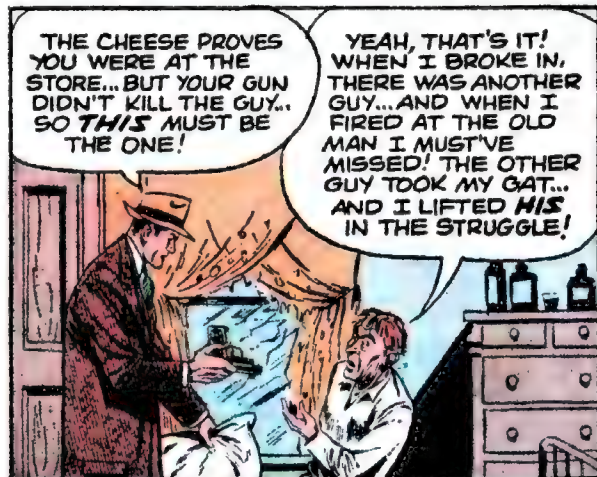


A SHORT TIME LATER, BALLISTICS REPORTS ON THE BULLET TAKEN OUT OF FRANKIE... AND BRADY GETS A JOLT...

BRADY GOES TO THE RAT'S HOLE AND FINDS THE RAT EATING HIS FAVORITE FOOD...



BRADY FOLLOWS UP WITH A FAST FRISK AND COMES UP WITH A .45 FROM UNDER FLAKEY'S PILLOW...



BUT FLAKEY DOESN'T MOVE... AND WHEN BRADY TURNS HIM OVER, HE SEES WHY! LT. BRADY PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE...



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE EVIDENCE

POLICE Lieutenant Johnson flung open the door and announced, "Off your chairs, boys, you're coming back to headquarters. There's gonna be a little more questioning."

"What's the matter, now, Copper?" Champ Maggio asked. "You know you can't pin nothing on us. You tried often enough. Hey, Charlie," he called to Charlie Danner. "Call that stupid mouthpiece, and tell him we're being waltzed down to the jug again. Tell the legal eagle to spring us quick. He's sure earning his keep this month."

"You won't need a lawyer, this is just a questioning," Lieutenant Johnson said.

"Get him anyway. That's what we're payin' him for."

Once at headquarters, the boys opened up on Johnson.

"What's the pitch, Johnson?" asked Maggio. "What've you got on your small, inexperienced mind today?"

"It's this way, Champ. The Elite Insurance Company was disturbed last night for a lot of bonds. They have a good safe, and it was blown open by experts. In fact, the job was done so neatly, that we figured the Maggio mob must've either pulled the heist or maybe they had given lessons to some other crowd. Nobody uses nitro

as nice as you, and we just want to give you the credit you deserve."

"Look, Johnson," Champ protested, "you been giving me that same dodge for years now, and you ain't ever hung a heist on me. Now, call in the band, give me the medal I suppose I got coming, and let me go on home. I never heard of the Elite Insurance Company, and I never pulled a heist. I'm a law abiding citizen, and I got my rights. I'll sue you for false arrest as soon as my mouthpiece gets here."

"I got a surprise for you, Champ," Johnson told him. "You and the boys are going to be my guests overnight. There's a little fact finding we got to do, and as long as you have to stay here for so long, you might as well spend all night. I'll let you go tomorrow if you come out in the clear. But I don't think you'll be clear this time. I'm out to get enough on you to send you up the river for good. There was a night watchman killed during that job last night, and if I get a conviction on you for the heist, I'll get you for the murder too. So get in that door there, and the guards will fix you up in a nice comfortable cell."

Maggio and his cronies were taken next door and booked on

a suspicion charge, over the heavy protests of them and their lawyer. Lieutenant Johnson was taking a desperate gamble, since the penalty for false arrest would, at the very least, be a black mark against his record which might take him many years to erase. But he had to take that chance!

Champ and the boys didn't know why Johnson wanted them in jail for the night—he could just as well have ordered them not to leave town. But the reason, had it become known to them, would have been startling and very frightening!

A police car whizzed out of the headquarter's garage and raced through town to Maggio's apartment. Out stepped Johnson and three technicians from the police laboratory. They started a routine, systematic search of Maggio's apartment with various mysterious-looking apparati, and subjected hardware, clothing, and all the things you might find in a man's home to intensive chemical examination. When they were finished, everything was restored to its natural place, and no one would ever suspect that such an examination had taken place.

The next day, Johnson appeared at the District Attorney's office and presented his evi-

dence and Maggio and the gang were freed. But a few days later, they were arrested formally, and arraigned on charges of burglary and murder. Indictment swiftly followed, and the boys were soon on trial for their lives.

"Court will come to order," was the command that started the tense procedure that thrilled newspaper readers from coast to coast.

The prosecution called several routine witnesses, and then, with no apparent case against Maggio, and to the surprise of the court, the prosecution rested. It seemed as if there had been no case made against the gang which could convict them of anything. The defense took over and prepared to have a field day. The first witness called was Maggio, himself.

He was sworn in, and then his attorney asked him, "Where were you on the night of the Insurance company hold-up and murder?"

"At the Bijou movie house."

"What is your business?"

"I have an independent income."

"Are you in any way involved with the case under discussion in this trial, or have you ever willfully perpetrated any dishonest act?"

"No, sir. All I know about any of these cases is what I seen in the newspapers."

"Your witness."

With that, the defense lawyer turned Maggio over to the D.A. for cross examination. He had with his questions unknowingly opened the way for the D.A. to ask all the questions he had prepared. The rapid fire questioning failed to shake Maggio's story. He remained calm, until the D.A. called for a pistol on his table, and showed it to Maggio.

"Ever see this pistol before?"

"Er . . . yes . . . it's mine."



The D.A. turned to the bench and read a report attached to an official looking clipboard:

"... and it is proven beyond doubt that the watchman was killed by a bullet from pistol S&W 87559476.' Will the witness read me the number off the pistol he acknowledges to be his own."

Maggio took the pistol, and

with shaky hands, he held it close to his eyes as he read, "S&W 87559476."

The District Attorney changed to another subject. An assistant brought to him a suit, neatly pressed, and on a hanger. To Maggio, he said. "Do you, Mr. Maggio, recognize this suit?"

"Yes, it's mine."

Again the D.A. read to the courtroom:

"The lint found on the jagged edges of the blown up safe undoubtedly came from the suit labeled 'Hart's Clothes for Men,' and found in the apartment of F. J. Maggio."

"Witness dismissed!" Maggio left the stand, and the D.A. read still another report.

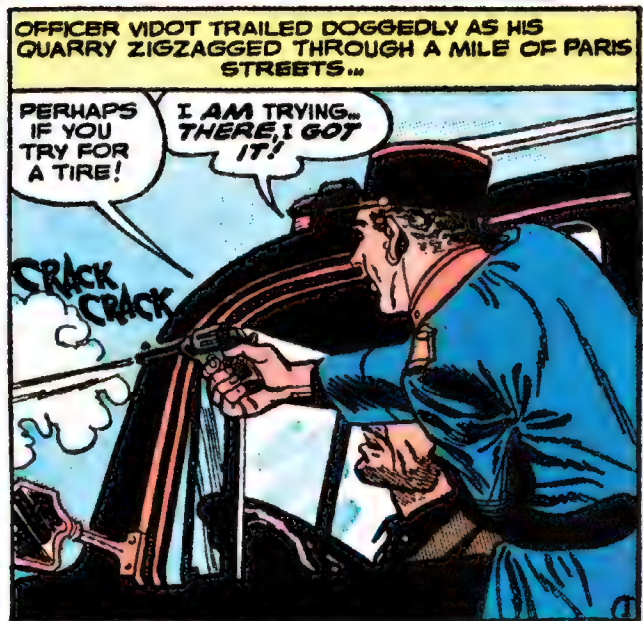
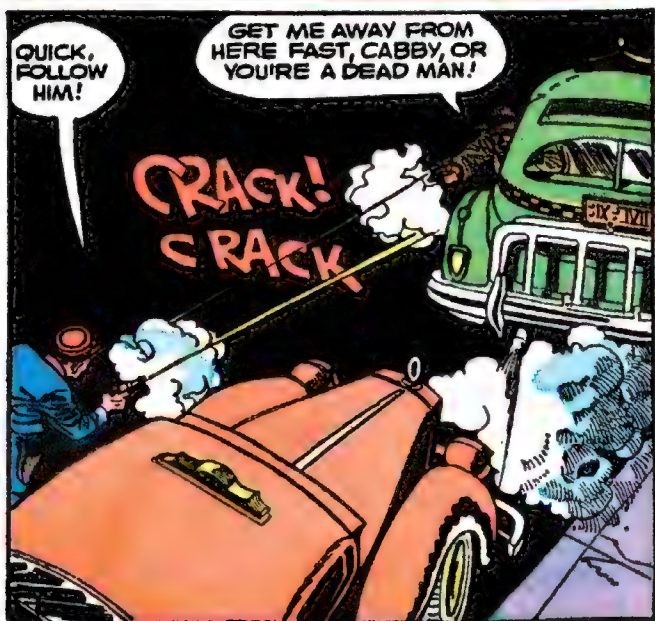
"With the court's permission, I have just one more report to submit. It has been found that the cigarette stamped out on the floor of the Insurance Company was smoked by F. J. Maggio."

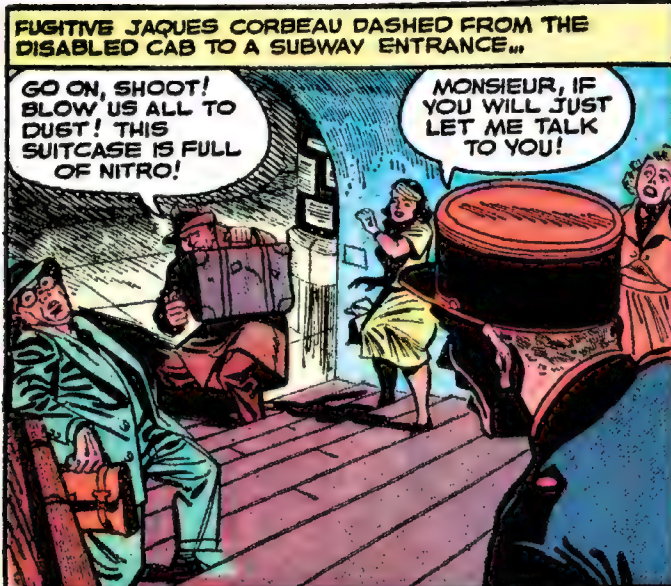
Maggio and his henchmen were speedily convicted of murder and gave their lives in payment for their heinous crime.

A gun, a brown tweed suit, and a stamped out cigarette had woven a web of guilt around the head of Champ Maggio. But the unsung heroes of this and so many other fantastic crime solutions were the quietly working chemists and physicists of the police laboratories. They added further proof to the old adage that *Crime Can't Win*.

THE END

5486





HARDLY HAD ANNETTE DORIEN LEFT, THAN THE PHONE RANG AGAIN...

QUICKLY, GRIS... I WANT THAT WOMAN FOLLOWED! HAVE THE DETECTIVE REPORT TO ME AFTER HE SEES WHERE SHE GOES!

AT ONCE, INSPECTOR!

I PUT LT. COLBERT ON HER TRAIL, SIR! NOW MAY I ASK WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

THAT WAS ARMAND FOCHE, THE JEWELER! HIS SALON, JUST DOWN THE STREET FROM WHERE TONIGHT'S TROUBLE STARTED, WAS ROBBED OF A FORTUNE IN GEMS FIVE MINUTES AGO!

YOU BELIEVE THAT THE MADMAN AND MISS DORIEN HAVE A CONNECTION WITH THIS ROBBERY?

EVERY GENDARME IN THAT AREA HAS LEFT IN SEARCH OF A MAN WITH A SUITCASE OF NITRO! HOW CONVENIENT FOR THOSE ROBBERS... HOW CLEVER! A PERFECT CRIME ... ALMOST!

WHILE THESE NEW DEVELOPMENTS WERE TAKING PLACE, GENDARME VIDOT RACED IN A CAB TO THE NEXT SUBWAY EXIT...

THAT'S MY MAN, CABBY! STOP ALONGSIDE OF HIM!

I HAVE IT NOW... LET GO! UNNGH!

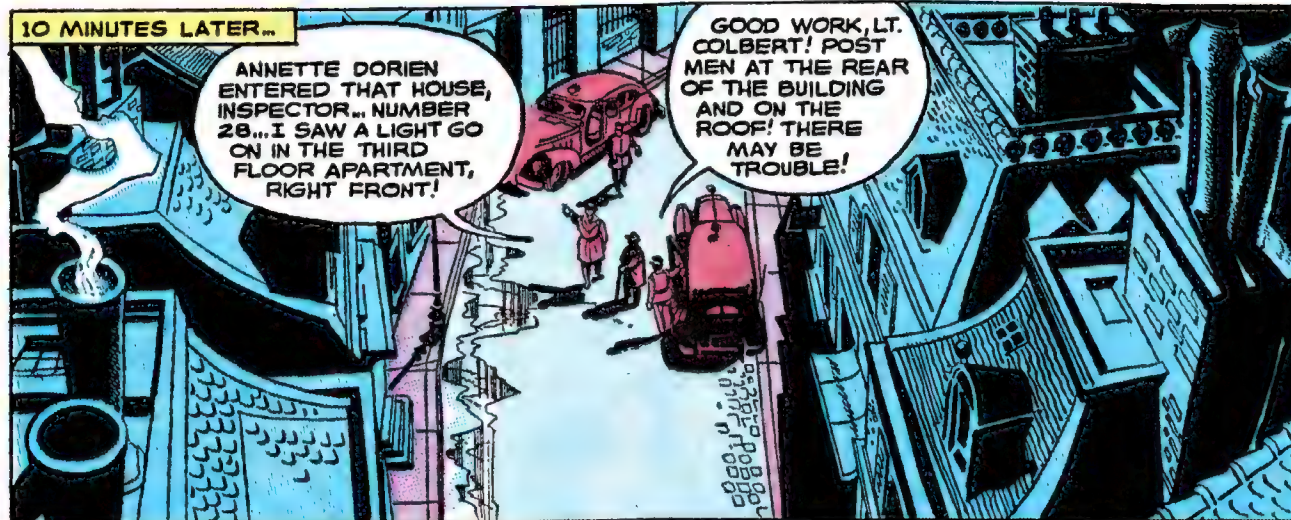
YOU STUPID FOOL!

OFFICER, WHAT'S WRONG? I'M FROM HEADQUARTERS!

OH, YES, LT. COLBERT... A MAN WITH A LOAD OF NITRO RAN AROUND THAT CORNER! HE THREATENS TO BLOW UP THE CITY!

OF COURSE, THERE COULD BE ONLY ENOUGH NITRO TO WRECK AN ENTIRE BLOCK PERHAPS, BUT THINK OF THE PEOPLE WHO MIGHT BE KILLED!

BY COINCIDENCE, VIDOT, A VERY PRETTY BLONDE ALSO LIVES AROUND THE CORNER! INSPECTOR MALON MAY KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THAT!



SOON A BATTLE RAGED IN THE NIGHT AS BRAVE POLICE OFFICERS EXCHANGED SHOTS WITH THE ENTRENCHED GUNMEN...



GET THOSE PEOPLE BEHIND THE BARRIER! THE FOOLS OUGHT TO BE A MILE AWAY FROM HERE!

THEY MUST HAVE AN ARSENAL UP THERE, COLBERT... AND WITH THAT FURNITURE BARRICADING THE WINDOWS, THEY MAY EVEN HOLD OUT FOR A FEW DAYS!

IN THE END WE WILL GET THEM, INSPECTOR!



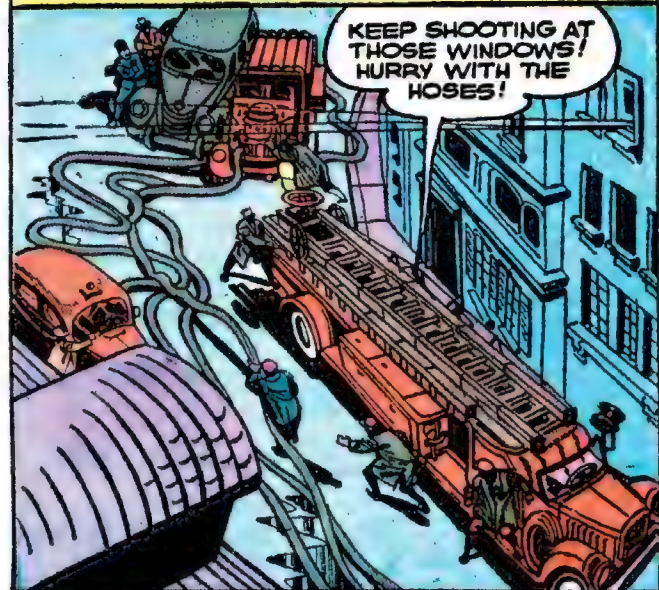
BUT AT THE COST OF HOW MANY POLICEMEN, COLBERT? NONE OF OUR MEN HAVE BEEN HURT YET...

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, SIRS, I HAVE A PLAN!

LET'S HEAR IT, VIDOT!



THEY HEARD LOUIS VIDOT'S PLAN AND PUT IT INTO ACTION...



KEEP SHOOTING AT THOSE WINDOWS! HURRY WITH THE HOSES!

THE IDEA WAS MINE, INSPECTOR... I BEG YOU, LET ME TAKE THE RISK!

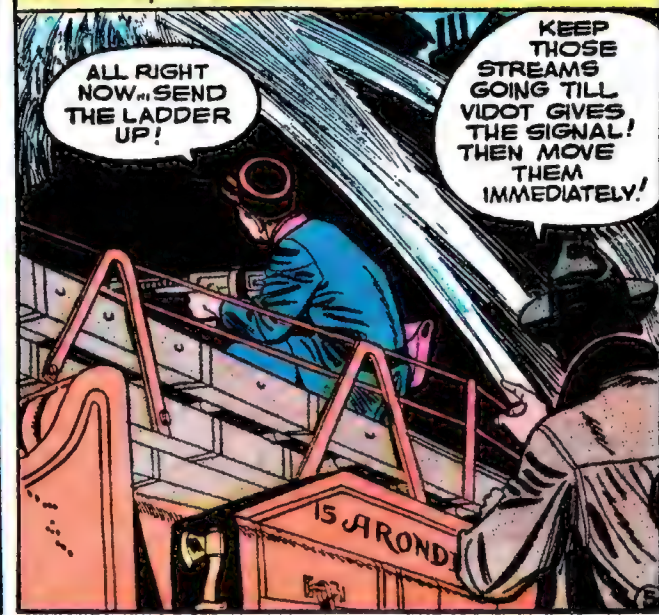
I'VE NEVER MET A BRAVER MAN, VIDOT! ALL RIGHT, GO AHEAD! GOOD LUCK!

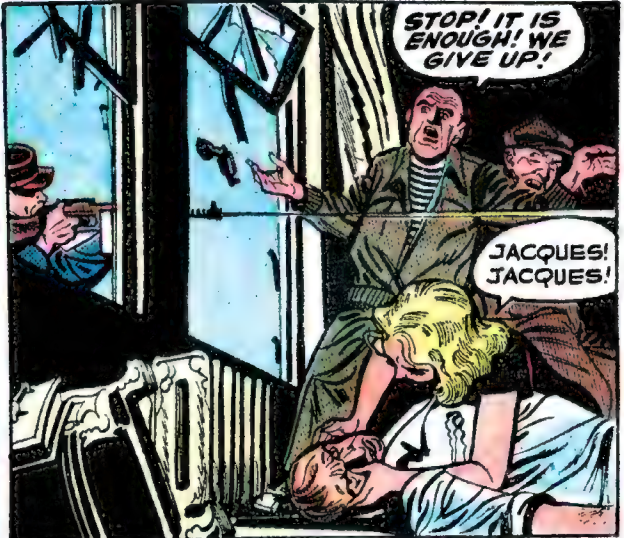
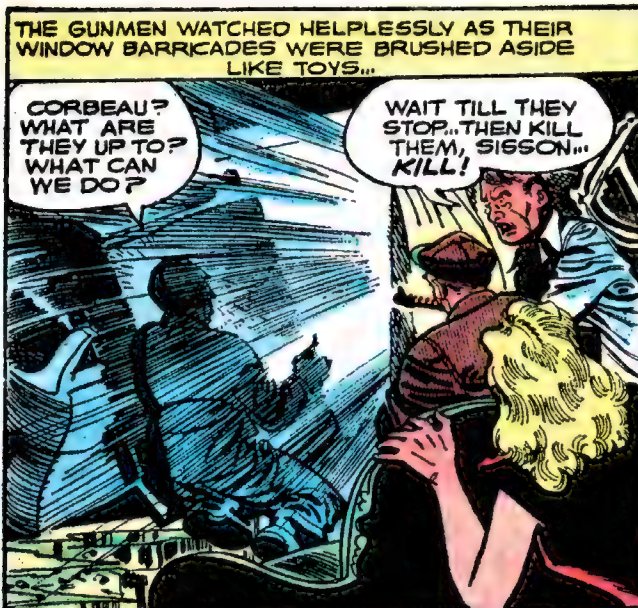


ARMED WITH AN AUTOMATIC RIFLE AND RAW COURAGE, VIDOT CALMLY FACED DEATH!

ALL RIGHT NOW... SEND THE LADDER UP!

KEEP THOSE STREAMS GOING TILL VIDOT GIVES THE SIGNAL! THEN MOVE THEM IMMEDIATELY!





ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

WHEN FRED BAKER WAS GROWING UP IN THE HELL'S KITCHEN SECTION OF NEW YORK, WHO COULD SAY WHICH WAY THE SCALES WOULD BALANCE FOR HIM? WOULD THE TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD MAKE HIM A HOODLUM, OR WOULD HE BECOME A DECENT, LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN? HERE IS THE ANSWER...FRED BAKER, IN A POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM, REPORTING FOR DUTY ON THE POLICE FORCE! THIS WAS...

THE FIRST DAY



THE **FIRST DAY**...AND PATROLMAN FRED BAKER RECEIVED HIS INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE CAPTAIN...

THE AREA WAS FAMILIAR TO FRED! HE HAD BEEN BORN NEAR THIS WATER FRONT SECTION OF THE CITY...



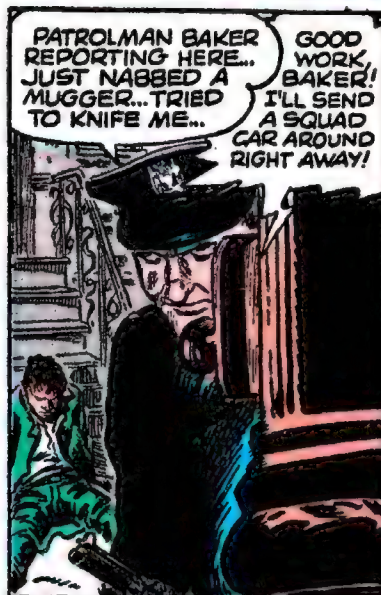
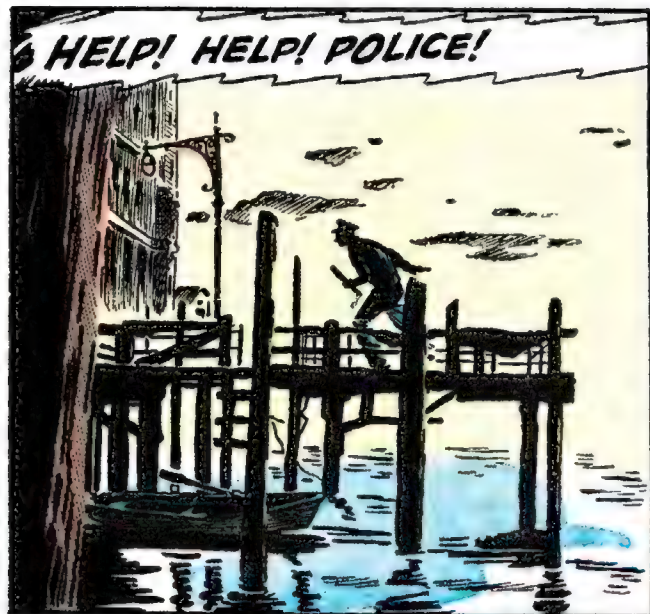
I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT OVER BY THE RIVER! IT'S A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD, SON...SO KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN! GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR!



WE KIDS USED TO DIVE OFF THE DOCKS INTO THE RIVER TO SWIM AND COOL OFF! SOME WERE REAL HOODLUMS...THE FIGHTS WE HAD!

MEMORIES OF HIS BOYHOOD WERE SUDDENLY WIPED OUT BY A FRANTIC CRY OF DISTRESS!



THE SHOTS HAD COME FROM THE PAY OFFICE OF A SMALL FACTORY IN THE DISTRICT...

RACING OUT THE BACK EXIT OF THE BUILDING, THE ROOKIE COP SPOTTED HIS QUARRY!



THE WEEK'S PAY ROLL...TWO MEN ROBBED US...SHOT OVER OUR HEADS TO KEEP US FROM CALLING FOR HELP! THEY RAN OUT THE BACK WAY!



SO THAT'S THEIR GAME...HEADING FOR THE ROOF SO THEY CAN ESCAPE ACROSS THE ROOF TOPS!

IN THE BLAZING EXCHANGE OF GUNFIRE, FRED'S AIM WAS ACCURATE! TWO SLUGS BROUGHT DOWN THE FIRST GUNMAN...

AND PARALYZING FEAR BROUGHT, DOWN THE SECOND MAN!

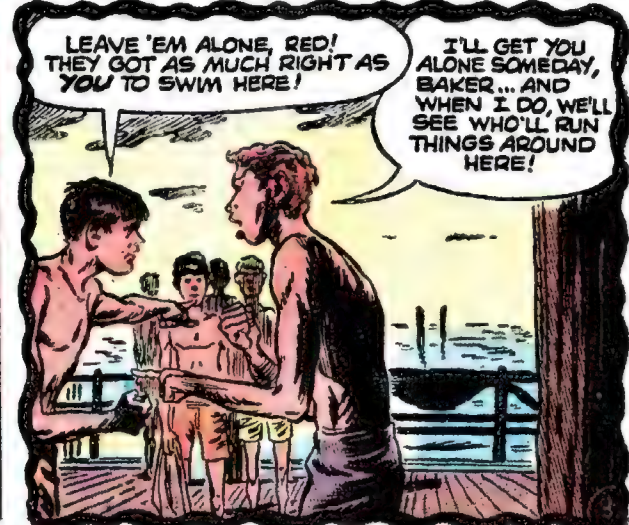
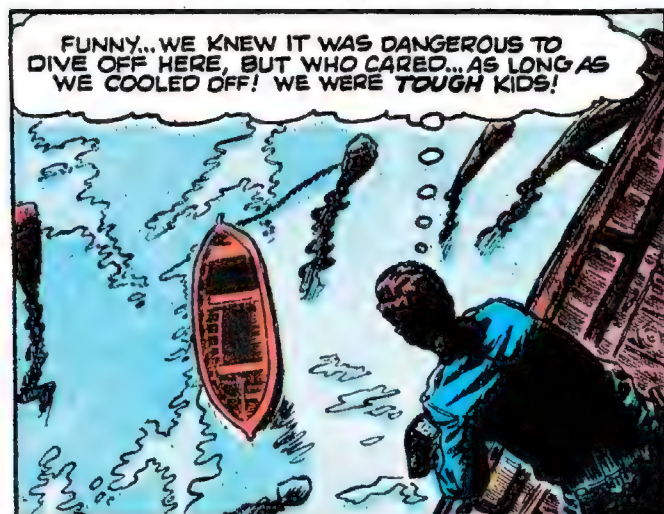
ANOTHER CALL TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS, AND...



JUST ONE OF THOSE DAYS, I GUESS!

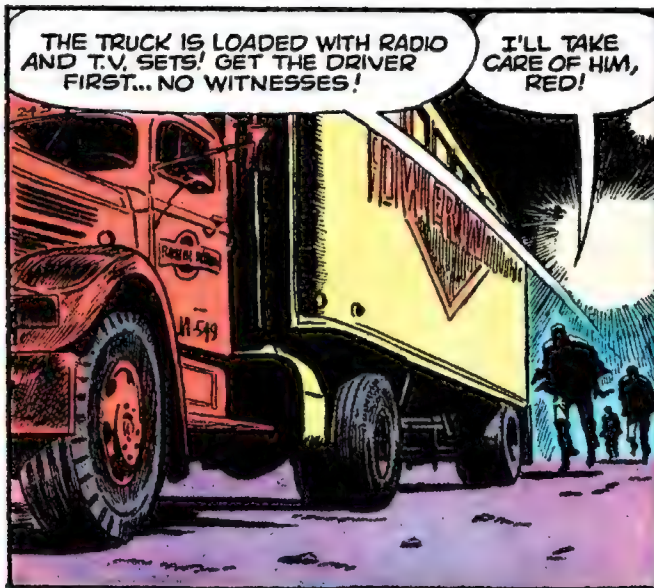
LATER, PATROLMAN FRED BAKER'S STEPS BROUGHT HIM ONTO THE VERY SAME DOCKS WHERE HE USED TO SPEND THE HOT SUMMER AFTERNOONS WITH HIS FRIENDS...

"RED HEGEL WAS THE TOUGHEST ONE OF ALL! A BULLY...ALWAYS PICKING ON THE SMALL KIDS! I WAS THE ONLY GUY WHO STOOD UP TO HIM!"

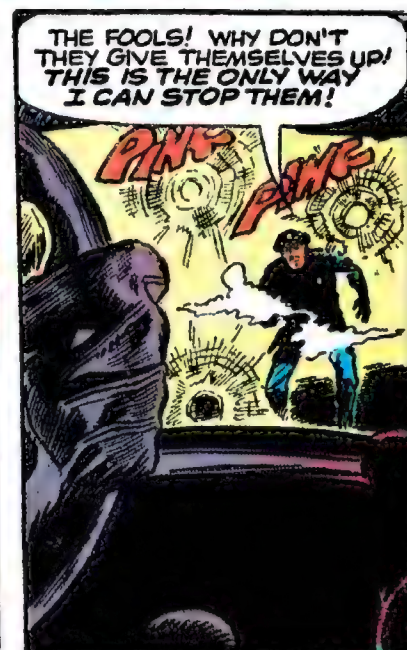
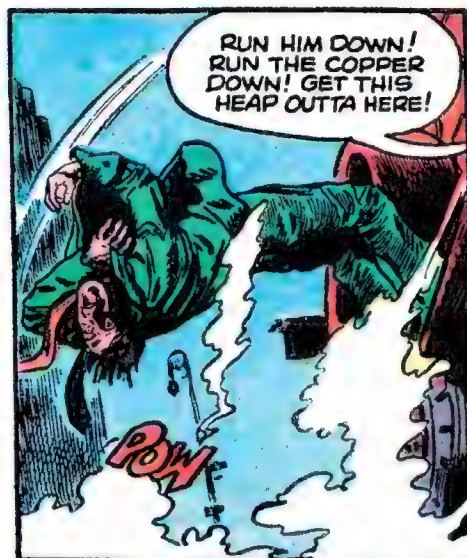


I'LL GET YOU ALONE SOMEDAY, BAKER...AND WHEN I DO, WE'LL SEE WHO'LL RUN THINGS AROUND HERE!

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE OBJECT OF THE ROOKIE COP'S THOUGHTS... RED HEGEL... WAS NOT VERY FAR AWAY AT THAT MOMENT!



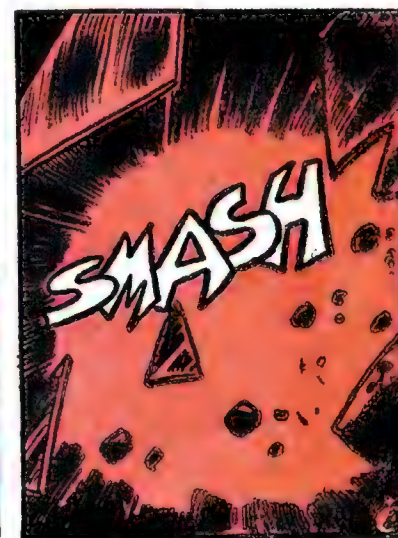
FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, FRED BAKER'S AIM WAS TRUE! HE BLASTED THE GUNMAN WHO WAS OUT TO KILL HIM!



THE TRUCK VEERED OUT OF CONTROL...



...JUMPED THE CURB, AND CRASHED INTO A BUILDING!

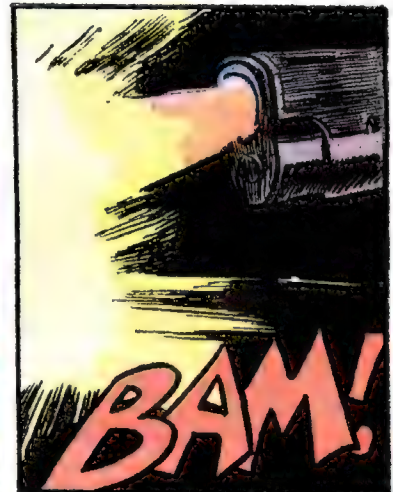


STEAMING WITH ANGER AND HATRED, THE SURVIVING GUNMAN, RED HEGEL, CRAWLED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE, HIS GUN GRIPPED FIRMLY IN HIS HAND!

A SUDDEN SILENCE FELL OVER THE SCENE! TWO BOYS, NOW GROWN TO MANHOOD, HAD RECOGNIZED EACH OTHER!

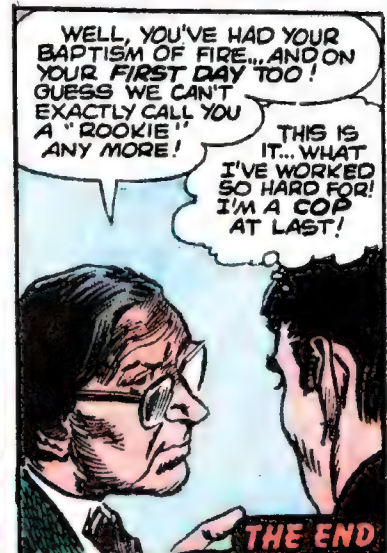
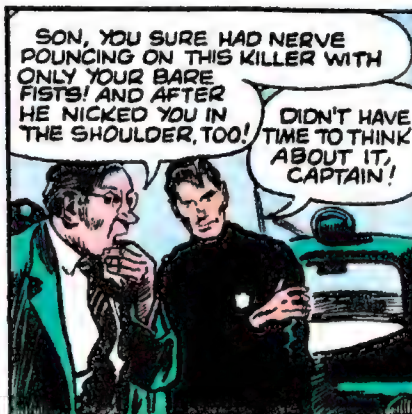


THE MADDENED KILLER FIRED POINT-BLANK AT THE FIGURE IN THE BLUE UNIFORM WHICH LUNGED TOWARD HIM! THE ROOKIE COP HAD NO FEAR OF HIS OLD ENEMY! IT WAS ONLY A QUESTION OF DUTY NOW!



UNARMED, THE COP USED THE WEAPON NATURE HAD PROVIDED HIM WITH... A POWERFUL FIST WITH THE FORCE OF A SLEDGE HAMMER!

WHEN THE ROOKIE COP PHONED HEADQUARTERS FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT DAY ASKING FOR A SQUAD CAR TO TAKE OVER HIS PRISONERS, THE CAPTAIN JUST HAD TO COME ALONG AND SEE FOR HIMSELF!



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WHICH

DAISY

**TRAINING
B-B RIFLE** DO YOU
WANT HANGING ON
YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE,
PARDNER?

—Red Ryder

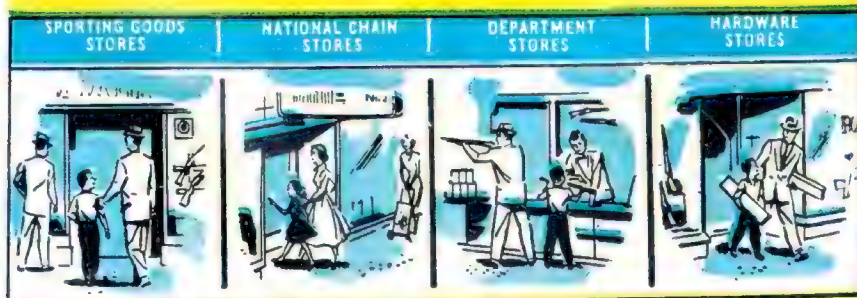
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POLICE ACTION

POLICE STRIKE BACK AT GANGLAND!

MAR.



10c

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THE FUGITIVE!

POLICE ACTION #2



THE STREET WAS ROPED OFF...AND WITHIN THE CONFINED AREA OF WEST 39TH STREET, IN NEW YORK CITY, POLICE SPOTLIGHTS PLAYED OF THE FRONT OF AN OLD, RUN-DOWN HOTEL! WITHIN THAT SOOT-BLACKENED BUILDING HUDDLED A MAD-DOG KILLER!

D-935

"I'M PETE BISHOP! I REMEMBER LENNIE MARTIN WELL, FOR WE GREW UP IN THE SAME, TOUGH, WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD...SOMEHOW I KNEW EVEN THEN, LENNIE WAS HEADING FOR TROUBLE!"



"HEWAS THE BULLY-BOY OF 9TH AVENUE..."



"THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR LENNIE! AS HE GREW OLDER, I USED TO SEE HIM HANGING AROUND TOUGH TONY BLACK, WHO RAN THE RACKETS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD..."





"TONY WAS ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR YOUNG PUNKS WHO WOULD USE THEIR FISTS ON HIS BEHALF, SO HE ADDED LENNIE TO HIS SQUAD!"



WORK HIM OVER GOOD, LENNIE! NEXT TIME HE'LL PAY UP HIS PROTECTION DUES WITHOUT A SQUAWK!

"LENNIE GOT HIS SMALL CUT, BUT HIS EYES MUST'VE BULGED WHEN HE SAW THE ROLL TONY KEPT FOR HIMSELF! LENNIE LOOKED AND LEARNED ...AND GOT AMBITIOUS!"



"LENNIE TRIED TO RUN HIS OWN PROTECTION RACKET WITH THE CLEANING AND DYEING SHOPS IN WASHINGTON HEIGHTS! I WAS THERE WHEN MR. OWENS CAME INTO HEADQUARTERS..."



YOU'VE GOT TO ARREST HIM AND LOCK HIM UP! IF I HAVE TO PAY HIM OFF, MY BUSINESS WILL BE RUINED! HE CALLS HIMSELF LENNIE MARTIN!

"LENNIE HAD A BAD TEMPER, AND WHEN HE HEARD ABOUT OWENS' VISIT TO THE POLICE, HE WAITED FOR HIM ONE NIGHT OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE!"



OH!!!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

"LENNIE MARTIN HAD SHOT AND SERIOUSLY WOUNDED A MAN! WE HAD ORDERS TO BRING HIM IN...AND THE MANHUNT WAS ON!"



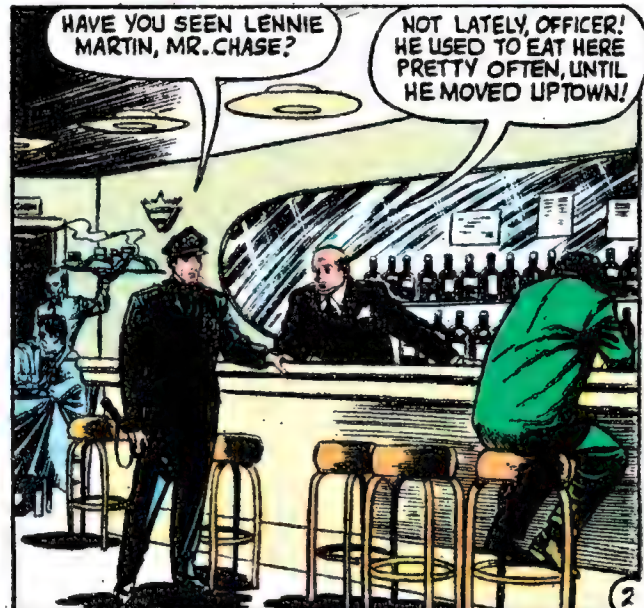
IF YOU HAVE TO SHOOT TO KILL, DON'T WASTE A SECOND TRYING TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND ABOUT IT! THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS!

"MY REGULAR BEAT WAS OUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD AROUND 9TH AVENUE. I HAD A FEELING LENNIE MIGHT RETURN TO HIS OLD HAUNTS TO HIDE OUT..."



SEEN LENNIE MARTIN AROUND LATELY?

NOPE! HE AIN'T BEEN AROUND IN MONTHS!



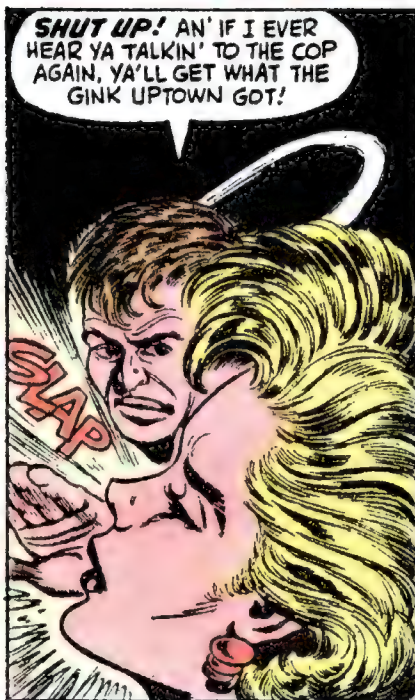
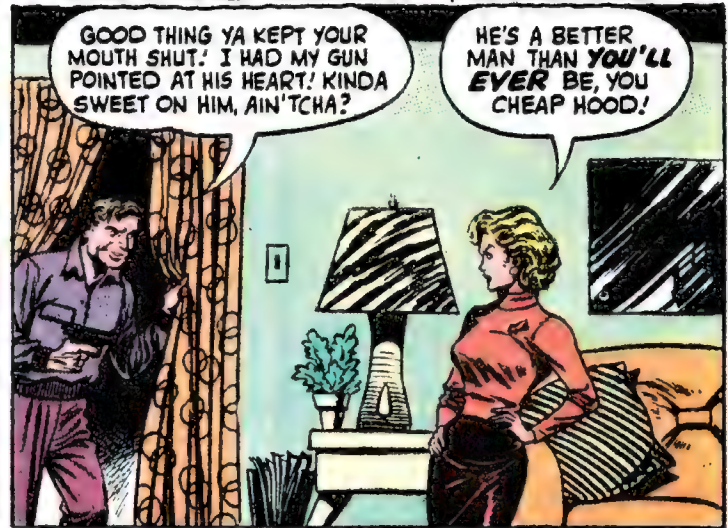
HAVE YOU SEEN LENNIE MARTIN, MR. CHASE?

NOT LATELY, OFFICER! HE USED TO EAT HERE PRETTY OFTEN, UNTIL HE MOVED UPTOWN!

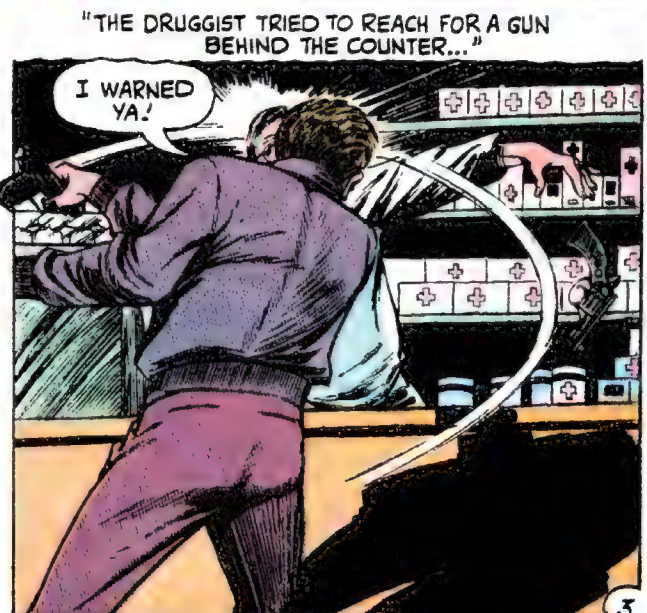
JOSIE MARTIN WAS LENNIE'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE!
I WENT TO SEE HER..."



"I THOUGHT JOSIE LOOKED WORRIED BECAUSE SHE WAS ASHAMED OF HER BROTHER! BUT I FOUND OUT LATER THAT HE HAD BEEN HIDING IN THE NEXT ROOM WHILE I QUESTIONED JOSIE..."



"LENNIE HAD TO GET A STAKE SOMEHOW, IF HE WAS EVER TO GET FAR AWAY! THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, HIS ACTIVITIES WERE RECORDED IN POLICE FILES! THERE WAS THE HOLDUP OF THE CORNER DRUG STORE..."



"THEN HE HELD UP THE PAYMASTER OF A SMALL FACTORY..."



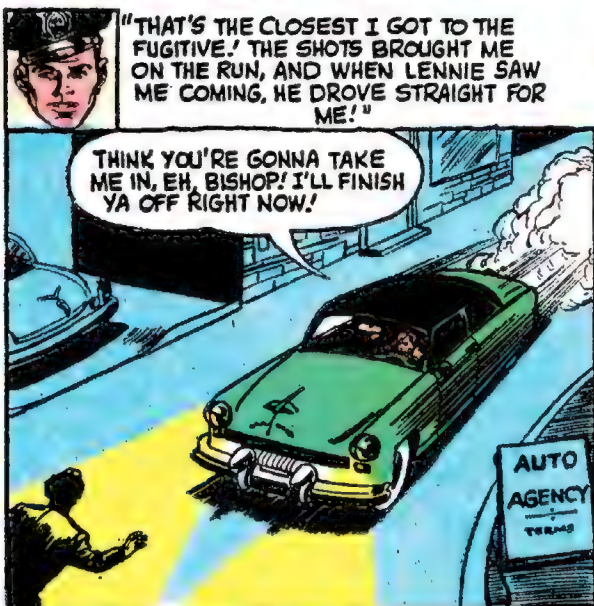
"A CAR AGENCY WAS LENNIE'S NEXT VICTIM! APPARENTLY HE HAD ENOUGH MONEY NOW, AND NEEDED A CAR FOR HIS GETAWAY FROM THE CITY..."



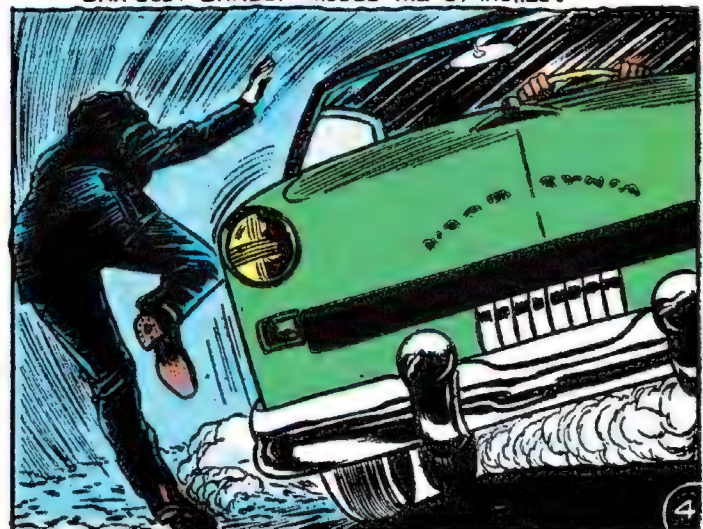
"THE MANAGER SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO STRUGGLE WITH A MAD KILLER HOLDING A LOADED GUN!"



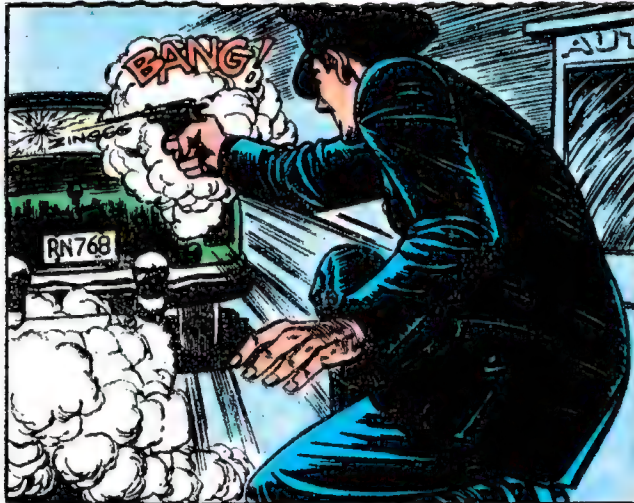
"FINALLY, LENNIE REACHED THE LOWEST POINT A MAN CAN FALL TO...THE MAD-DOG KILLER MURDERED A MAN IN COLD BLOOD!"



"I SAW DEATH RACING TOWARD ME ON FOUR WHEELS, WITH A MAD KILLER IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT! I JUMPED ASIDE...THE CAR JUST BARELY MISSED ME BY INCHES!"



"I BLASTED AWAY AT THE SEDAN, BUT IT WAS GOING TOO FAST FOR ANY OF THE BULLETS TO FIND LENNIE'S ROTTEN BODY!"



"I WASTED NO TIME IN CALLING HEADQUARTERS..."

ANOTHER KILLING BY MARTIN, CHIEF! GARAGE MAN ON 9TH AVENUE! HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY IN A GREEN SEDAN... STILL IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

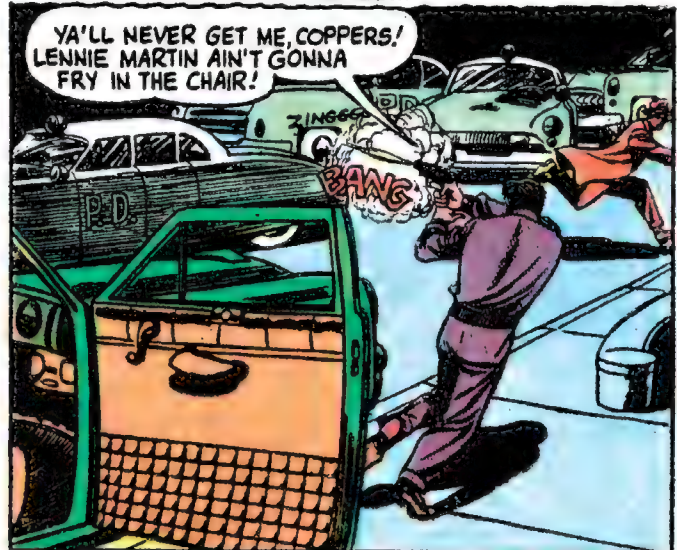


"MINUTES LATER, POLICE CARS CONVERGED ON THE AREA! THEY SPOTTED LENNIE AND THE GREEN SEDAN ON 39TH STREET..."



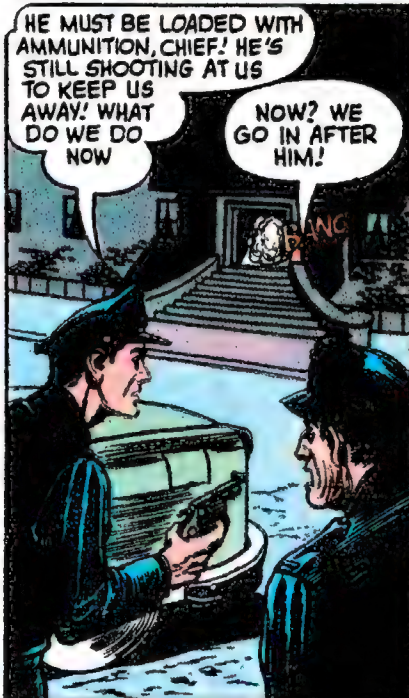
"LENNIE TOOK A DESPERATE CHANCE AND RACED FROM THE SEDAN WITH HIS GUN BLAZING, AS HE HEADED FOR THE OLD HOTEL..."

YA'LL NEVER GET ME, COPPERS! LENNIE MARTIN AIN'T GONNA FRY IN THE CHAIR!



HE MUST BE LOADED WITH AMMUNITION, CHIEF! HE'S STILL SHOOTING AT US TO KEEP US AWAY! WHAT DO WE DO NOW

NOW? WE GO IN AFTER HIM!



HE'S IN ROOM 3B! LET'S GO! HURRY... HE'S GOT OUR RANGE!



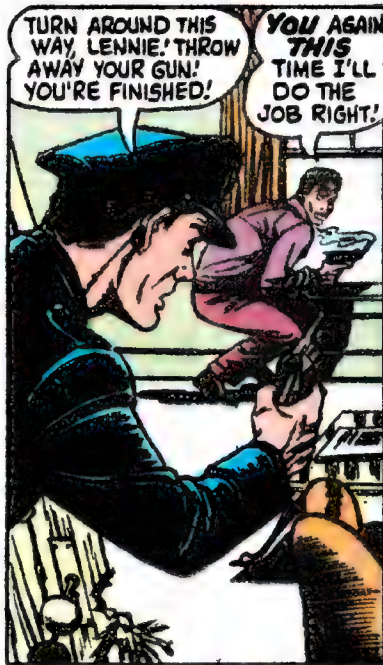
NEVER MIND THE ELEVATOR! UP THESE STAIRS TO THE THIRD FLOOR... HURRY!

LET ME GO FIRST, CHIEF! I'VE GOT A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM! HE TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN!



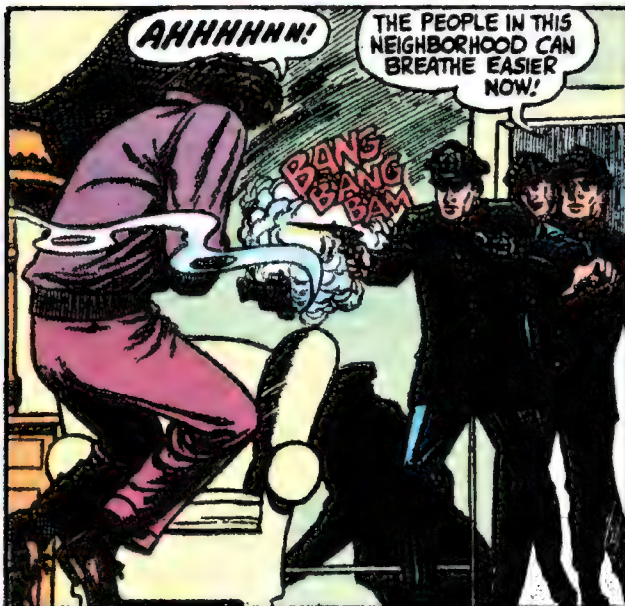


CAREFUL! HE'LL BE BLASTING THIS WAY IN A SECOND!



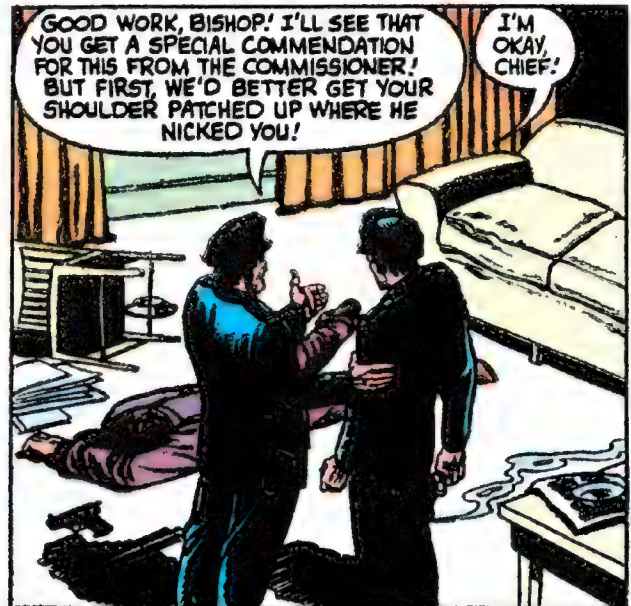
TURN AROUND THIS WAY, LENNIE! THROW AWAY YOUR GUN! YOU'RE FINISHED!

YOU AGAIN! THIS TIME I'LL DO THE JOB RIGHT!



AAAAHHHNN!

THE PEOPLE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD CAN BREATHE EASIER NOW!



GOOD WORK, BISHOP! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A SPECIAL COMMENDATION FOR THIS FROM THE COMMISSIONER! BUT FIRST, WE'D BETTER GET YOUR SHOULDER PATCHED UP WHERE HE NICKED YOU!

I'M OKAY, CHIEF!

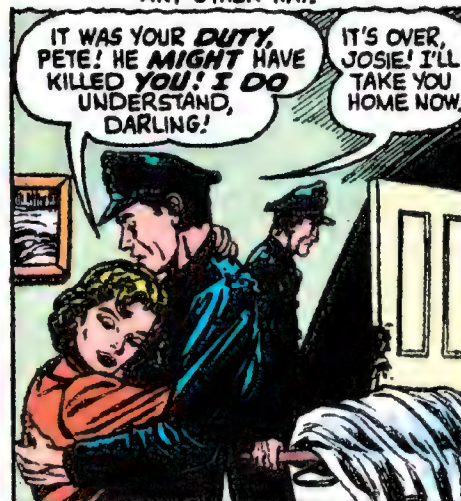
"YES, JOSIE AND I WERE MARRIED THREE WEEKS BEFORE WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE MAD-DOG KILLER!"



OH, PETE! ARE Y-YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, JOSIE! I'M SORRY I HAD TO BE THE ONE TO DO THIS!

"IT WAS THE HARDEST JOB I EVER HAD TO DO...AND I WAS GLAD JOSIE UNDERSTOOD THAT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY OTHER WAY!"



IT WAS YOUR DUTY, PETE! HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED YOU! I DO UNDERSTAND, DARLING!

IT'S OVER, JOSIE! I'LL TAKE YOU HOME NOW!



"AND THAT'S HOW LENNIE MARTIN'S LIFE ENDED... IN A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM ON WEST 39TH STREET, JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM 9TH AVENUE, WHERE HIS BRIEF, VIOLENT LIFE OF CRIME HAD **BEGUN!**"



THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

OVER ^{THE} WALL

DURING THE FALL OF 1936, A SERIES OF RECURRING RIOTS ALARMED THE OFFICIALS OF DANMORE PENITENTIARY IN THE NATION'S SOUTHWEST. THERE WAS LITTLE FOREWARNING, NO REAL GROUNDS FOR DISCONTENT, BUT STILL THE RIOTS OCCURED...THE MOST EXPLOSIVE OF ALL TAKING PLACE ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 11, DURING THE EVENING MESS.'



MOMENTS LATER, A GROUP OF GUARD REINFORCEMENTS CHARGED INTO THE MESS HALL ON THE DOUBLE, AND IN AN EXPERT MANEUVER THEY ROUNDED THE BRAWLING CONVICTS INTO A HUDDLED MASS...



KEEP YER FILTHY PAWS OFF!

NOTHIN' BUT LOUSY SCREWS!

WE'LL GET 'EM NEXT TIME!

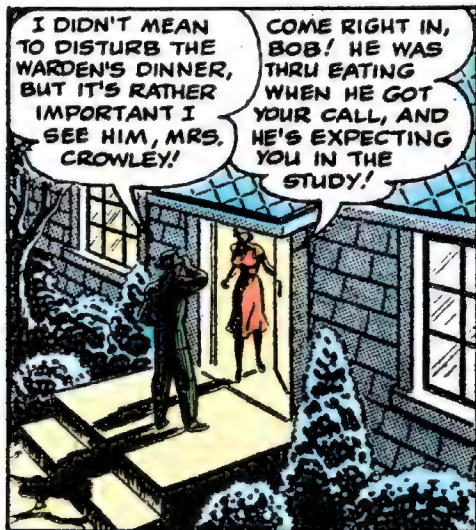
BUT THE FIGHT WAS OUT OF THEM, AND OTHER THAN AN OCCASIONAL MUTTERING, IT WAS OVER AS QUICKLY AS IT HAD BEGUN...



MARCH THEM BACK TO THEIR CELLS, VIC, AND BRING THIS ONE TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! I'M GOING TO TURN IN MY REPORT RIGHT NOW!

OKAY, BOB! WE'LL HAVE THEM OUT OF HERE IN FIVE MINUTES!

SHORTLY AFTERWARD, CHIEF GUARD BOB MASON WENT DIRECTLY TO WARDEN CROWLEY'S RESIDENCE! HIS RING WAS ANSWERED BY MRS. CROWLEY...

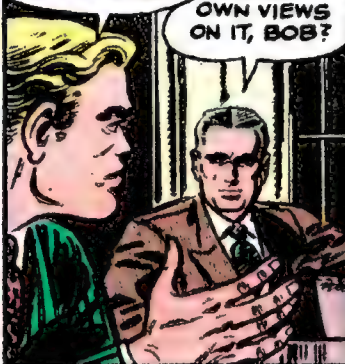


I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTURB THE WARDEN'S DINNER, BUT IT'S RATHER IMPORTANT I SEE HIM, MRS. CROWLEY!

COME RIGHT IN, BOB! HE WAS THRU EATING WHEN HE GOT YOUR CALL, AND HE'S EXPECTING YOU IN THE STUDY!

BRIEFLY, GUARD MASON RECOUNTED THE INCIDENT...

...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WENT, SIR! IT COULDN'T HAVE LASTED MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES, AND THEN IT STOPPED JUST AS QUICKLY! IT'S AS THOUGH THEY WERE TESTING US! TRYING TO PUT US ON EDGE!



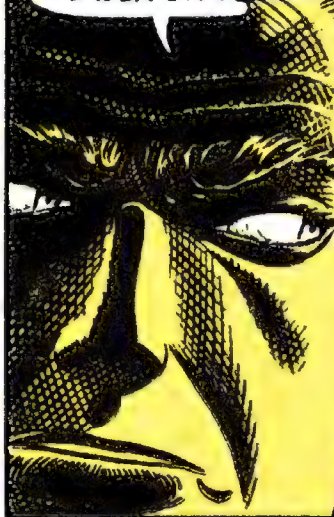
AND YOUR OWN VIEWS ON IT, BOB?

WELL, SIR, I HAVE A COUPLE! FIRST OFF, THERE'S THIS BIFF MAILER! HE'S NEW TO DANMORE, AND THE GRUMBLINGS BEGAN NOT LONG AFTER HIS ARRIVAL! ANYWAY, HE'S PLAYED A HAND IN EACH OF THE DISTURBANCES SO FAR!



IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME! HIS RECORD IS BAD, INCLUDING JAIL BREAKS FROM TWO DIFFERENT INSTITUTIONS!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS GETTING TO! I THINK BIFF MAILER IS PLANNING A BREAK! I CAN'T SHAKE THE IDEA OFF!



I'VE LEARNED TO RESPECT HUNCHES IN MY 25 YEARS OF PRISON WORK, BOB!



WE COULD PUT MAILER IN SOLITARY FOR TONIGHT'S DOINGS, BUT I'D RATHER NOT! WE MAY LEARN MORE BY NOT LETTING ON THAT WE SUSPECT ANYTHING! ANYWAY, IT'S A CALCULATED RISK WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE!



I'LL SEE THAT THE MEN KEEP A SHARP EYE ON THINGS! MEANWHILE, HERE'S HOPING MY HUNCH IS WRONG!



BUT GUARD BOB MASON'S HUNCH WAS AS SOLID AS THE CEMENT WALLS OF DANMORE PRISON ITSELF! AND THAT SAME NIGHT, IN THE CELL BLOCK THAT HOUSED BIFF MAILER...

WHY THE FAT GRIN? WE STOMP THINGS UP LIKE YA ASKED, AN' WHATTA WE GET? AN EMPTY BELLY FER OUR TROUBLE!

GOIN' WITH-OUT ONE MEAL NEVER KILLED ANYONE, SCRAWN! BESIDES, THE EXCITEMENT BROUGHT OUT SOME INTERESTIN' POINTS!

TAKE FOR EXAMPLE THEM GUARDS THAT CAME PILIN' IN! I COUNTED 'EM. THERE WAS TWELVE, AN' TWO OF 'EM ARE GUYS THAT ARE USUALLY POSTED ON THE WALL! THAT MEANS THE EXCITEMENT DREW 'EM OFF FROM THEIR REGULAR JOB!

THERE AIN'T A TIN CAN A GUY *CAN'T* BREAK OUT OF PROVIDIN' HE APPLIES A LITTLE BRAINS ALONG WITH THE BRAWN! UP TO NOW WE'VE MADE A COUPLE OF DRY RUNS, BUT THE NEXT ONE IS GONNA BE THE *REAL THING!* THE NEXT TIME, WE'RE GOIN' *OVER THE WALL!*

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!

TWO WEEKS WENT BY, TWO WEEKS OF UNUSUALLY GOOD BEHAVIOR! WARDEN CROWLEY AND CHIEF GUARD BOB MASON COULDN'T HELP SPEAKING ABOUT IT...

EVERYTHING'S BEEN PERFECT, SIR! THERE HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN ANY MINOR INFRACTIONS! IT'S BEEN THAT GOOD, I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE IT!

IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S BEEN THAT GOOD THAT YOU'RE WORRIED NOW *MORE* THAN YOU WERE *BEFORE!*

IT'S A KIND OF CALM BEFORE THE STORM! MY MEN HAVE BEEN WATCHING THINGS ESPECIALLY CLOSE, BUT THERE'S NOTHING SUSPICIOUS! I'VE BEEN WATCHING TOO! HAVEN'T FOUND A THING!

THAT'S ABOUT ALL WE CAN DO, BOB... KEEP WATCHING!

THAT'S THE ONE ADVANTAGE THE CRIMINAL MIND HAS OVER THE LAW OFFICER... THE ADVANTAGE OF SURPRISE! IN BREAKING THE LAW *HE MOVES FIRST!* *OUR* MOVE ALWAYS HAS TO COME *LATER!*

THAT MEANS CONSTANT PREPARATION ON OUR PART! I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AND CHECK THE TOWER!

AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE MACHINE SHOP IN WHICH BIFF AND SCRAWN WERE EMPLOYED...

THIS IS THE TIME, SCRAWN! WE'VE MADE THE PLANS... NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE 'EM WORK! START GOIN' INTO YOUR ACT AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME AN' THE BOYS!

RIGHT, BIFF! HERE GOES!

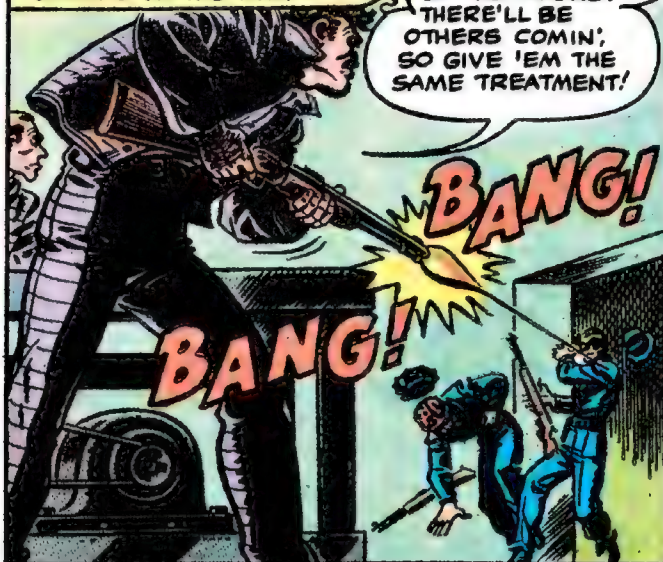
SCRAWN MOVED QUICKLY! PICKING UP A LENGTH OF PIPE, HE RAMMED ONE END INTO THE MOVING PARTS OF A MILLING MACHINE...



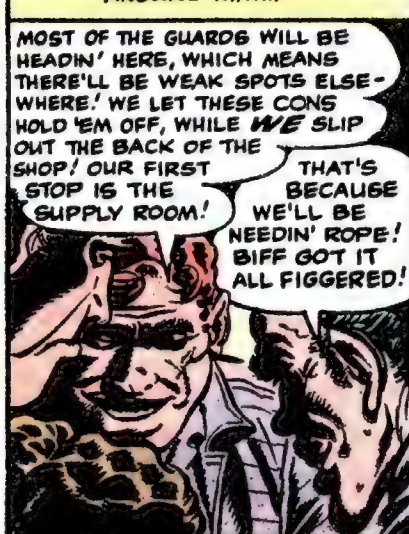
SNATCHING UP THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD'S RIFLE, BIFF SPURRED THE STARTLED CONVICTS INTO ACTION...



MEANWHILE, THE COMMOTION AND NOISE BROUGHT TWO OTHER GUARDS ON THE RUN...



BUT WHILE SOME CONVICTS BATTLED THE ONCOMING GUARDS, BIFF GATHERED A FEW OF THE OTHERS AROUND HIM...



THE SUPPLY ROOM WAS LOOKED AFTER BY A TRUSTEE BY THE NAME OF WILFRED COXE! HE WAS A MILD-MANNERED MAN SERVING A CHARGE ON FORGERY, AND NEVER GIVEN TO VIOLENCE...



WE'RE GETTIN' OUT, COXE! GET US SOME ROPE AN' A FEW OTHER THINGS, AND MAYBE WE'LL TAKE YOU ALONG!





OKAY, WE WILL!

OHMMH!!

BANG!

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS, SCRAWN FOUND A HEAVY COIL OF ROPE, BUT BIFF WASN'T THROUGH...

THERE'S SOMETHIN' ELSE! THE LAST TIME I WAS IN HERE, I SEEN SOME GRAPPLIN' IRONS. I THINK THE GUARDS USE 'EM TO PRACTICE WALL SCALIN'. WE'RE GONNA NEED 'EM TO GET OVER THE WALL!



A FEW MINUTES OF SEARCH UNCOVERED THE DESIRED OBJECTS...



HERE THEY ARE...OUR KEY OUTTA HERE! NOW WE GOTTA HURRY INTO THE YARD! CHANCES ARE MOST OF THE TOWER GUARDS HAVE BEEN CALLED TO THE MACHINE SHOP, BUT WE'LL HAVETA GET WHOEVER IS LEFT!

BUT AS THEY DASHED INTO THE YARD, A MACHINE GUN OPENED FIRE, SENDING A SPRAY OF SCREAMING LEAD IN THEIR DIRECTION...



RATATATATATATAT!

HE'S ON THE OPPOSITE WALL, SCRAWN! GET 'IM FAST!



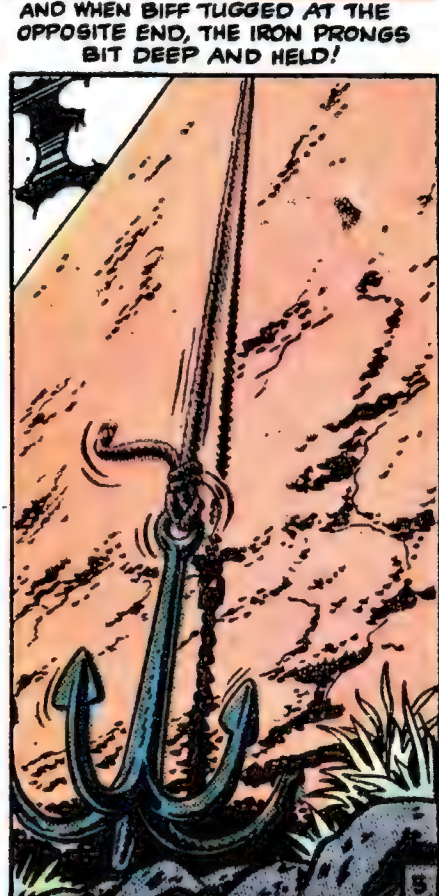
OHMMH!

CRACK!

BIFF'S FIRST THROW FELL SHORT, BUT THE SECOND SAW THE GRAPNEL CLEARING THE TOP OF THE WALL...



AND WHEN BIFF TUGGED AT THE OPPOSITE END, THE IRON PRONGS BIT DEEP AND HELD!



BIFF WAS THE FIRST TO GO UP, THE OTHERS WAITING THEIR TURN...

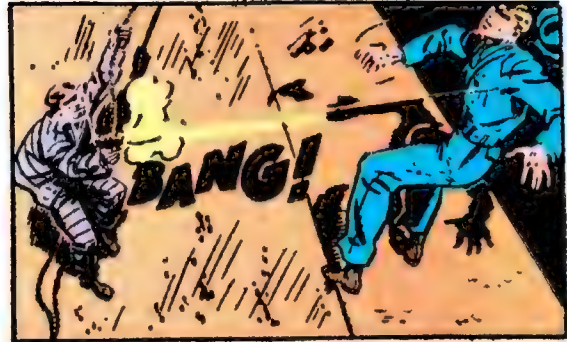
ONE AT A TIME NOW! THIS ROPE CAN TAKE ONLY SO MUCH STRAIN!

OKAY, BUT SNAP IT UP! THEM GUARDS MAY COME POURIN' OUT ANY MINUTE!



BUT AT THIS POINT, CHIEF GUARD BOB MASON, WHO HAD BEEN CHECKING THE TOWERS, NOW SPOTTED THE CONVICTS, AND RACED OUT ALONG THE WALL...

LOOK OUT, BIFF! IT'S A GUARD!



DESPITE THE STABBING PAIN OF HIS WOUND AND THE LOSS OF BLOOD, GUARD BOB MASON PULLED HIMSELF ALONG THE WALL! HIS POSITION PUT HIM OUT OF GUN RANGE, AND IN HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND WAS HIS OPEN POCKET KNIFE...

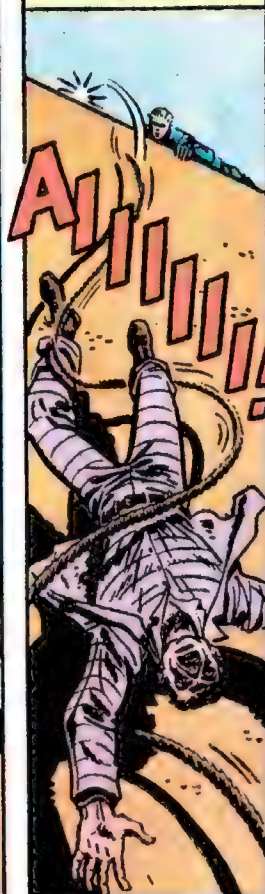
GOT TO GET... TO THAT ROPE! ONLY NEEDS A FEW SWIPES OF THE BLADE... WEIGHT WILL DO THE REST!



ONLY A LITTLE MORE... JUST A LITTLE...



THEN THE ROPE GAVE!



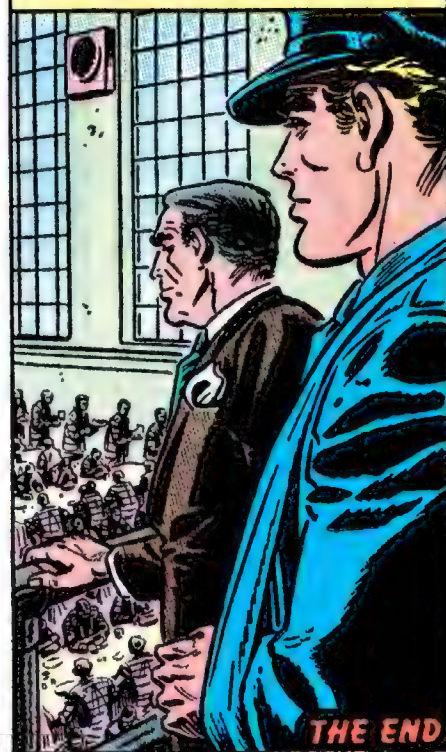
BIFF MAILER PLUNGED TO HIS DEATH, AND A MOMENT LATER THE YARD WAS SWARMING WITH GUARDS...

GET THOSE HANDS UP! DON'T MAKE A MOVE! FREEZE!

W-WE WON'T! IT WAS ALL MAILER'S DOIN'! D-DON'T SHOOT!



THUS, DUE TO THE HEROIC EFFORT OF BOB MASON, A PLANNED JAIL BREAK ENDED IN FAILURE! HIS SENSE OF DUTY, BEYOND THOUGHT OF PERSONAL SAFETY, REMAINS A GLOWING TRIBUTE TO THOSE DEDICATED TO THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW AND ORDER!



THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

FOR THE DEFENSE

"MY next witness is Mary Collins," the District Attorney announced, and Miss Collins took the stand.

"Miss Collins, where are you employed?" he asked.

"As cashier at the Bijou Theatre."

"Do you recognize the accused, John Conrad?"

"Yes," answered Miss Collins and pointed him out.

"Did Conrad attend the theatre the night of the murder?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

The next witness called in the trial of John Conrad for the murder of Franklin Mason was Isobel Harkness, a waitress in the lunchroom down the street from the scene of the crime.

"Miss Harkness, were you working the night of June 30?"

"Yes, I was."

"Tell the Court what happened."

"Through the window I saw Conrad slink by, and he was going in the direction of the murder. Then I heard shots and saw Conrad run back the other way."

The following witnesses, Mr. and Mrs. Johanson, testified that they were out for a walk, had seen the murder, and that a man had almost run into them in his escape. They were positive that John Conrad, sitting in the courtroom, was the same man.

The District Attorney read to the court the confession of John Conrad, signed after his arrest, in which he admitted his com-

plete and sole guilt in the murder. The District Attorney then asked that there be a recess for two days. Strangely enough his request was granted.

Back in his office, the District Attorney confided to his staff that it was an open and shut case. All the evidence pointed to Conrad, and there was his signed confession. Nevertheless, he admitted, because of the utter lack of any apparent motive for the murder and as Conrad was not insane, that he was not convinced of Conrad's guilt.

"Maybe these witnesses are wrong, although it would make me look very foolish to admit that now, after they were so positive in their identification. Perhaps Conrad signed that confession under pressure from the police or as a result of a complete hysterical breakdown after his sudden arrest.

"Anyway, here's what I want you to do during this two-day recess. Follow this plan, and at least we'll convince ourselves that Conrad is guilty . . . if he is guilty."

Two days later, court was resumed, and the District Attorney called Miss Collins back to the stand.

"Miss Collins, did you ever see that man standing there?" he asked, pointing at a stranger in the courtroom.

"No."

"Witness dismissed."

The next witness was Isobel Harkness.

"Miss Harkness, do you know that man in the gray suit?"

Miss Harkness identified him as the policeman on the beat near her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Johanson stated that they had never before seen the man who was pointed out to them.

The District Attorney asked permission to address the Court. He hesitated a moment and then started one of the most unusual addresses in the history of criminal law.

"Miss Mary Collins has claimed to recognize John Conrad and has positively and definitely stated that he did *not* attend the Bijou Theatre on the night of the murder, as he has claimed in his defense. Miss Collins was first questioned in my office three weeks after the murder. She stated that, nevertheless, she could remember faces so well that she was certain she had never seen Conrad before. But the man whom she has just failed to identify, Your Honor, attended the Bijou Theatre last night *and* the night before, and purchased his tickets from Miss Collins. And yet, she does not remember *his* face.

"Miss Harkness, the waitress, was equally positive that the accused had walked stealthily past her restaurant immediately before the shooting and ran away immediately after it. She is quite certain that the man she saw was Conrad, and no other.

"Yet, the man whom she has just identified as a policeman is a lawyer on my staff and has never been on the police force.

He should look familiar to Miss Harkness, however. He ate ham and eggs in her restaurant last night, talked to Miss Harkness while she waited on him, joked with her momentarily, and tipped her twenty cents. When he went out, he waved to her from the street and found the window so fogged-up from the heat of the stove, that even though Miss Harkness was facing in his direction, she did *not* see him waving, let alone recognize indisputably his facial characteristics.

"And, Your Honor, Mr. and Mrs. Johanson claimed that on the night of the murder Conrad ran so close to them that he almost knocked them over. I do not doubt that the murderer did just that, but I do doubt that they could recognize him again from just this brief encounter. As evidence, I wish to point out that the man they were just now unable to identify ran into them last night and almost bowled them over. He did it right in front of the Bijou Theatre, where the lights are considerably brighter than on the corner where they encountered the murderer.

"And yet, they could not identify him today here in this courtroom. In addition, let me enter as evidence the fact that a few months ago, both Mr. and Mrs. Johanson were denied driving licenses because of defective eyesight. Yet these are the people whose power to recognize a man on a dark night we are supposed to consider as reason to convict him of murder."

The courtroom was stunned

as the District Attorney continued:

"I suggest, Your Honor, that the testimony of Miss Collins, Miss Harkness, and Mr. and Mrs. Johanson be stricken from the record, as completely incompetent."

The judge rose to his feet.

"Do you realize," he asked, "that your entire case is in jeopardy? You are behaving as if you were the lawyer for the defense, not the District Attorney."

"I realize that, Your Honor,



and my next request is that the defendant be released with absolute acquittal. There is no evidence against him. I pledge that my office will do its utmost to apprehend the real murderer, after the release of John Conrad."

"Mr. District Attorney, do you not consider it your duty to prosecute, rather than to defend?"

"Your Honor, I consider it equally my duty to prosecute the guilty and protect the innocent. When I believed that Conrad was guilty, I prosecuted him

to the extent of my ability. Now that I find the evidence a result of mass hysteria and disregard of justice, I shall protect Conrad."

"Case dismissed, and congratulations, Mr. District Attorney."

In accordance with his promise to renew the search for the real murderer, the District Attorney mobilized his full staff. He started a thorough investigation of the victim's personal and business affairs and came across a photograph of a former partner of the murdered man, an Alvin Kennedy, who bore a close resemblance to John Conrad.

A perusal of the books and records of the former partnership disclosed a large debt that Kennedy owed to Franklin Mason. It seemed to the District Attorney that Kennedy might have wanted his former partner out of the way if he still owed him this money.

And reference to the local banks disclosed that the debt had never been repaid.

Kennedy was listed as *Wanted* by the F.B.I. and within three weeks, he was picked up and held by the cooperating Canadian police. Extradition, trial, conviction and sentence of life imprisonment quickly followed. At the conclusion of his trial, when all was lost, Kennedy broke down and gave the Court a full confession.

He is now an inmate of the state prison, proof that justice triumphs in the apprehension of the guilty as well as the exoneration of the innocent.

THE END

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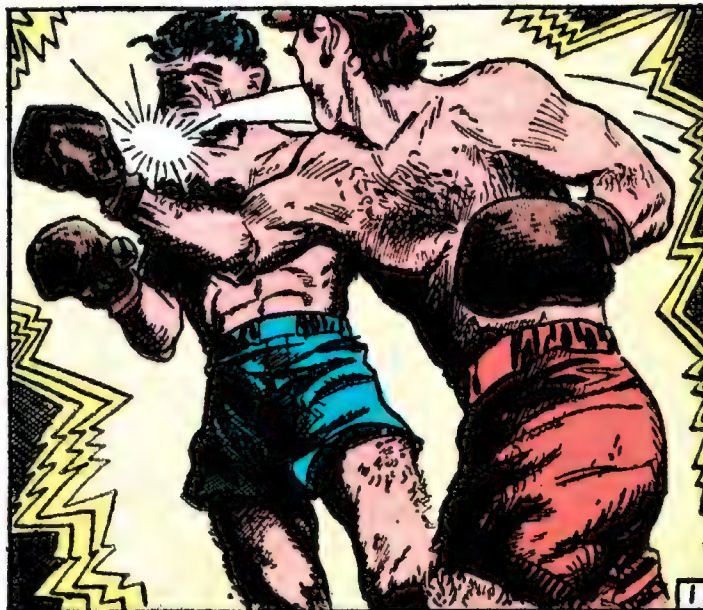
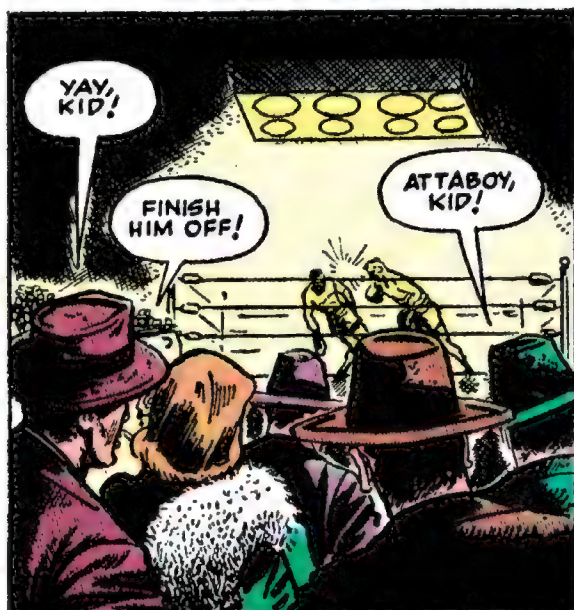
A CRIMINAL MAY COME FROM ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY, ANY ENVIRONMENT, ANY OCCUPATION. THIS IS THE STORY OF A BOXER NAMED **KID LAWSON** WHO WAS STILL IN HIS EARLY TWENTIES WHEN HE "GRADUATED" FROM THE FAST-PACED FURY OF THE PRIZE FIGHT RING TO THE VIOLENCE OF A BIG WESTERN CITY'S UNDERWORLD!

HIRED HOOD!

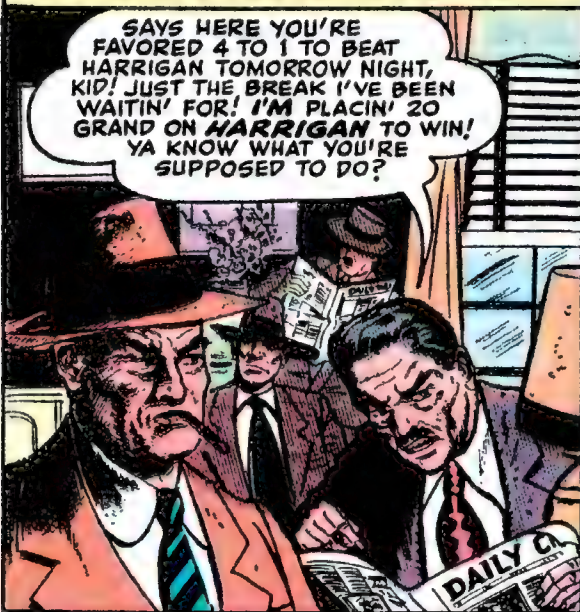


SO NICK SHERMAN BECAME THE KID'S MANAGER! THE KID WAS A BORN FIGHTER AND WON 17 MATCHES IN A ROW...

KID LAWSON WAS HAILED BY SPORTS REPORTERS AS THE GREATEST HEAVYWEIGHT TO SHOW CHAMPIONSHIP POSSIBILITIES IN YEARS...



JUST ONE CONTENDER NOW STOOD IN THE WAY OF THE KID'S RISE TO THE BIG TIME...



SAYS HERE YOU'RE FAVORED 4 TO 1 TO BEAT HARRIGAN TOMORROW NIGHT, KID! JUST THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR! I'M PLACIN' 20 GRAND ON HARRIGAN TO WIN! YA KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO?

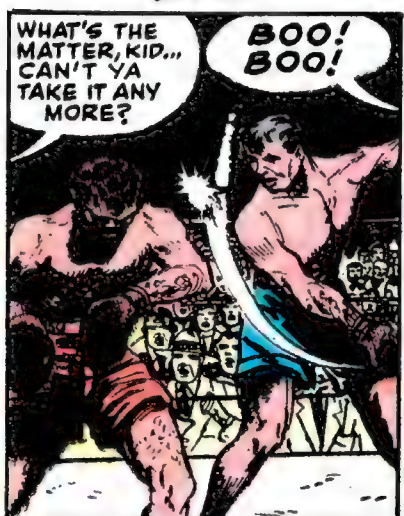
I'M SUPPOSED TO LOSE THIS ONE! RIGHT, BOSS?



RIGHT! AND THERE'S FIVE GRAND IN IT FOR YOU!

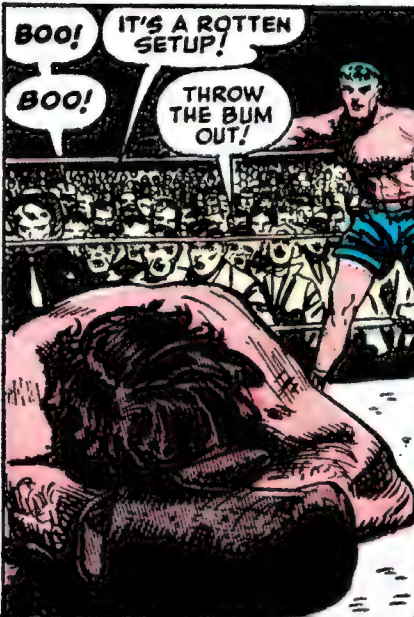


THE NEXT NIGHT, YOUNG LAWSON PUT UP THE WORST BATTLE OF HIS FIGHTING CAREER! THE CROWD SENSED THAT HE WAS HOLDING BACK...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID... CAN'T YA TAKE IT ANY MORE?

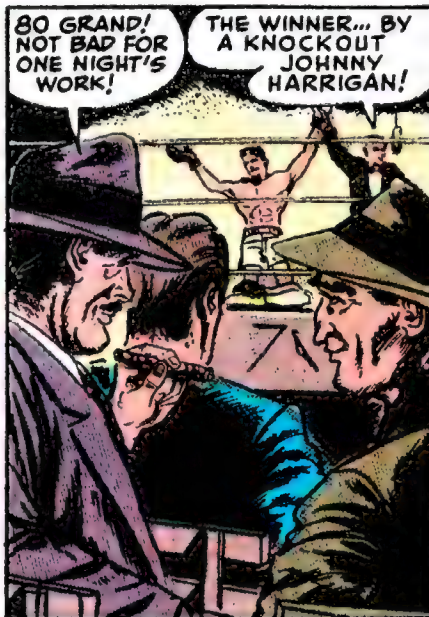
BOO! BOO!



BOO!

IT'S A ROTTEN SETUP!

THROW THE BUM OUT!



80 GRAND! NOT BAD FOR ONE NIGHT'S WORK!

THE WINNER... BY A KNOCKOUT JOHNNY HARRIGAN!

LATER THAT NIGHT, NICK PAID OFF HIS FEE TO THE KID...



I HEAR THE SPORTS REPORTERS SAYIN' YA'LL BE BARRED FROM THE RING! BUT YA'LL STILL BE WORKIN' FOR ME, KID, WITH YOUR FISTS! YA GONNA HELP ME BUILD UP THE NICK SHERMAN TRUCKING CO.!

AND SO, KID LAWSON BECAME A HIRED HOOD TO AN UNDERWORLD SPOILER! THERE WAS ONE MAN IN A BLUE UNIFORM WHO HAD FOLLOWED THE KID'S BOXING CAREER WITH INTEREST, AND HE WAS SHOCKED BY THE HEADLINES...

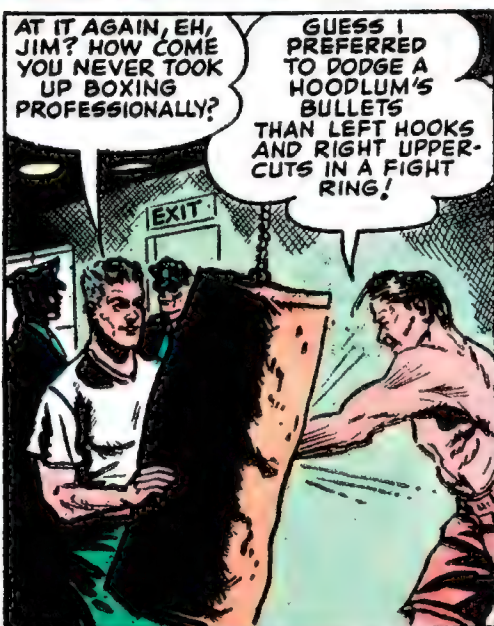
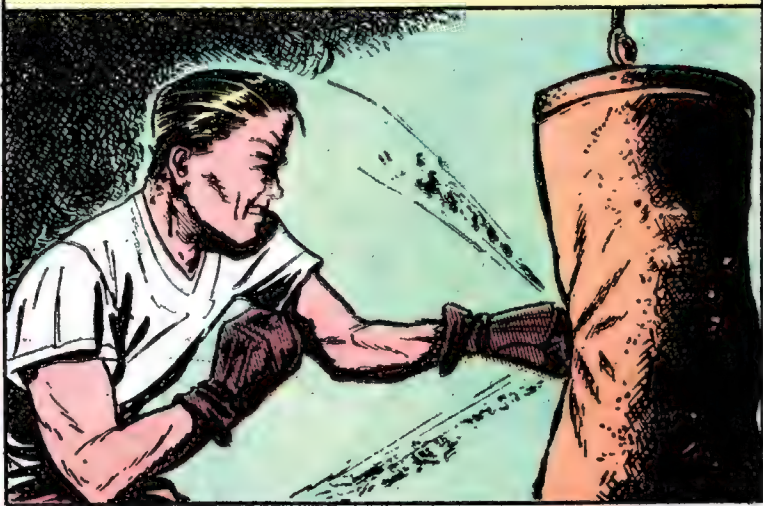


TOO BAD! HE HAD WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME A CHAMPION!

DAILY HERALD
KID LAWSON BARRED FROM RING! SUSP OF TAKING BRIBE!



OFFICER JIM TREMONT HAD LEARNED "THE ART OF FISTICUFFS" WHILE HE WAS STILL IN HIS TEENS. IT BOTHERED HIM THAT A PROMISING FIGHTER LIKE KID LAWSON SHOULD DISHONOR THE BOXING PROFESSION BY SHADY DEALINGS WITH THE UNDERWORLD!



SO, WHILE A POLICE OFFICER WHO COULD HAVE BEEN A BOXER WENT OFF DUTY FOR THE DAY, ANOTHER YOUNG MAN WHO **SHOULD** HAVE BEEN A CHAMPION WENT TO WORK AS A HIRED HOOD...



THE KID HAD INSTRUCTIONS AND WENT TO WORK!

OHHH!



THE KID POUNDED HIS HELPLESS VICTIM WITH HIS POWERFUL FISTS UNTIL NORRIS WAS BATTERED AND BRUISED...

ENOUGH! STOP!
I'LL T-TALK BUSINESS...
OWWWW!



WHO DID YA SAY WAS DOIN' YOUR HAULIN' FROM NOW ON, NORRIS?

OKAY! Y-YOU CAN HAVE MY BUSINESS! CALL OFF YOUR MUSCLE-MAN!



NICE WORK, KID! NORRIS IS GOOD FOR A FEW GRAND A MONTH ON TRUCKING ORDERS! SEE...YOU'RE STILL USIN' YER MITTS AN MAKIN' MORE DOUGH THAN YA COULD IN THE RING!

I KNOW, BOSS, AN' I'M SATISFIED! JUST LET ME KEEP POUNDIN' AWAY AT THESE PUNKS!



NICK SHERMAN PAID HIS HIRED HOOD WELL, AND THE KID ENJOYED HIS WORK! HE WAS ALWAYS A SLUGGER, NOT A SCIENTIFIC BOXER, AND HE LIKED NOTHING BETTER THAN TO BEAT UP RELUCTANT FACTORY OWNERS WHO DIDN'T WANT TO DO BUSINESS WITH NICK!



THE KID HAD PLENTY OF WORKOUTS IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED HIS DISBARMENT FROM THE PRIZE FIGHT RING.

LET UP A LITTLE, KID! I THINK HE'S READY TO TALK TURKEY!



NICK SHERMAN WAS MORE THAN SATISFIED WITH HIS MUSCLE-MAN...

TWO NEW CUSTOMERS TODAY, BOSS! HOW AM I DOIN'?

JUST GREAT, KID! TOMORROW WE TACKLE THE BIGGEST TRUCKING CLIENT IN THE STATE! IT'S THE HOME ELECTRIC COMPANY! THEY MANUFACTURE STOVES, REFRIGERATORS, RADIOS, T.V. SETS, AND A LOT OF OTHER STUFF!





BUT OLIVER CRANDALL WAS NOT A MAN EASILY INTIMIDATED...HE STAGGERED TO THE PHONE ON HIS DESK, AND...



IT WAS POLICE OFFICER JIM TREMONT WHO RESPONDED TO THE URGENT CALL...



NICK SHERMAN HAD TOLD HIS MUSCLE-MAN TO RETURN TO CRANDALL'S OFFICE ALONE TO FINISH THE JOB... THERE WAS A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR THE KID... AND FOR THE POLICE OFFICER TOO...





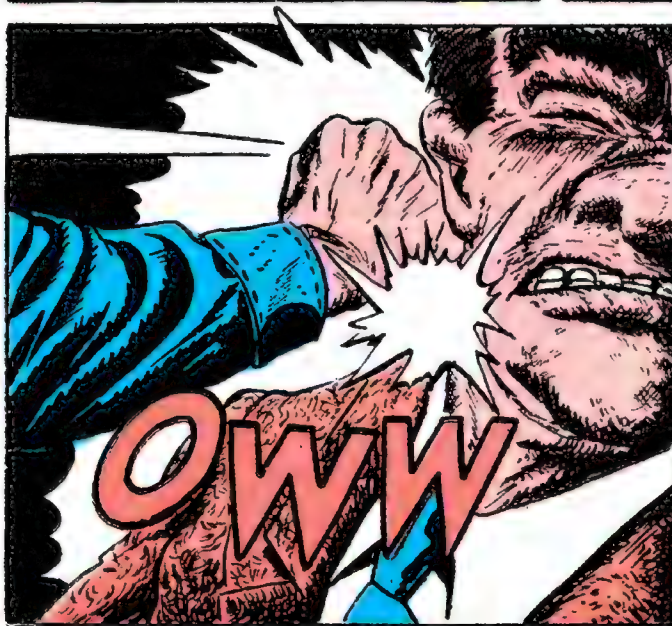
AND YOU CARRY A GUN, TOO! GUESS YOU LIKE TO PLAY ROUGH!



LEAVE THE GUN WHERE IT IS, KID! LET'S DO THIS ON A MAN-TO-MAN BASIS! YOU COULD BEAT UP A DEFENSELESS OLD MAN OKAY... NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH SOMEONE YOUR OWN AGE AND SIZE!



ALLOWING THE BRUTAL HOODLUM TO GET TO HIS FEET, THE POLICE OFFICER PROCEEDED TO GIVE HIM THE BATTLE OF HIS LIFE!



OWW

OFFICER JIM TREMONT'S LOATHING FOR THIS BRUTE WAS PARTLY DUE TO THE KID'S TREATMENT OF THE OLD MAN... AND PARTLY TO HIS OWN ANGER AT KID LAWSON FOR BRINGING DISGRACE TO THE BOXING PROFESSION!



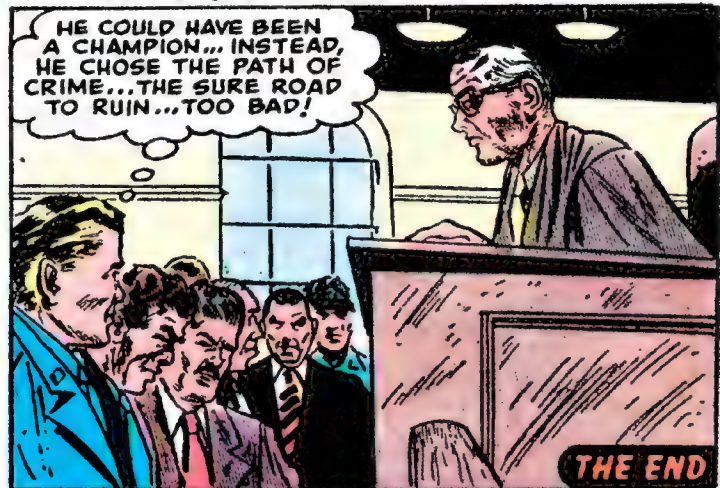
WHAM!

IT WAS OVER IN LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES... THE KID HAD LOST HIS LAST BIG MATCH!



I'LL TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS, MR. CRANDALL, AND BOOK HIM! THEN WE'LL GO AFTER NICK SHERMAN, WHO TRIED TO FORCE YOU TO DO BUSINESS WITH HIM!

FACTORY OWNERS REGAINED THEIR COURAGE AND TESTIFIED AGAINST NICK SHERMAN AND HIS HIRED HOOD! NICK'S ENTIRE GANG WAS TRIED ON A CHARGE OF EXTORTION AND INTIMIDATION, HAVING FORCED THEIR VICTIMS TO PAY EXORBITANT SHIPPING RATES! THEY WERE SENTENCED TO LONG PRISON TERMS...



HE COULD HAVE BEEN A CHAMPION... INSTEAD, HE CHOSE THE PATH OF CRIME... THE SURE ROAD TO RUIN... TOO BAD!

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

NO ESCAPE!

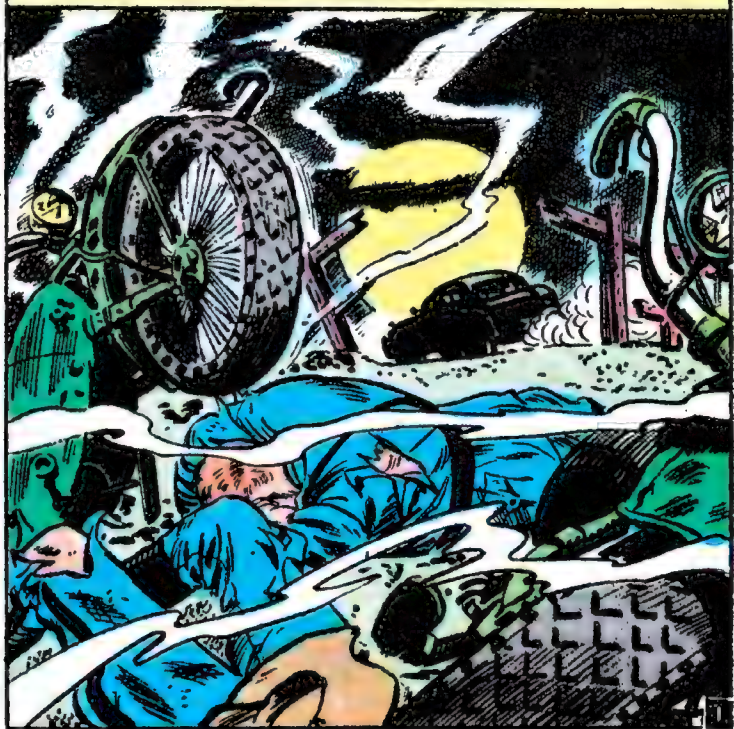
ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1938, A SUBURB SEVERAL MILES BEYOND THE CITY LIMITS OF SONORA, TEXAS, WAS AWAKENED BY THE BITTER WAIL OF SIRENS AND THE STABBING ROAR OF ENGINES RACING AT TOP SPEED...



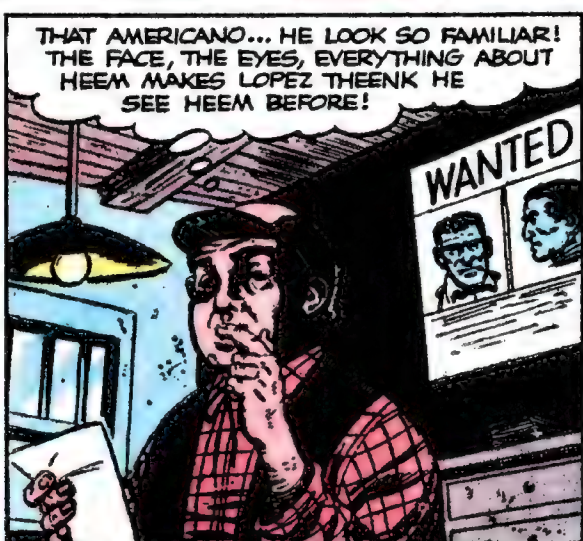
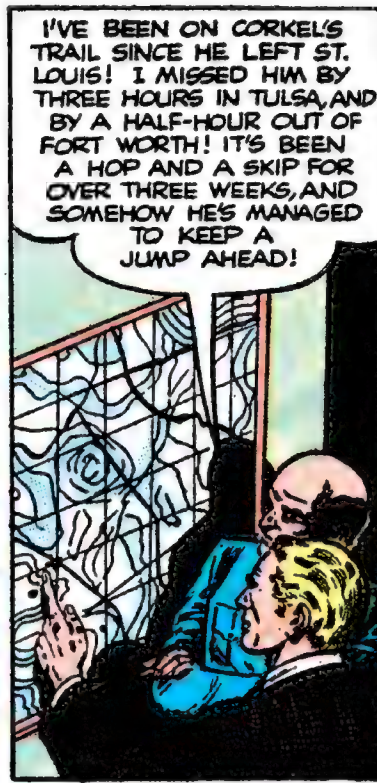
BUT PREPARATION NEVER INCLUDES THE UNEXPECTED, AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! AS THE TROOPERS CAME AROUND THE TURN, THEY RAN INTO A WITHERING HAIL OF GUNFIRE!

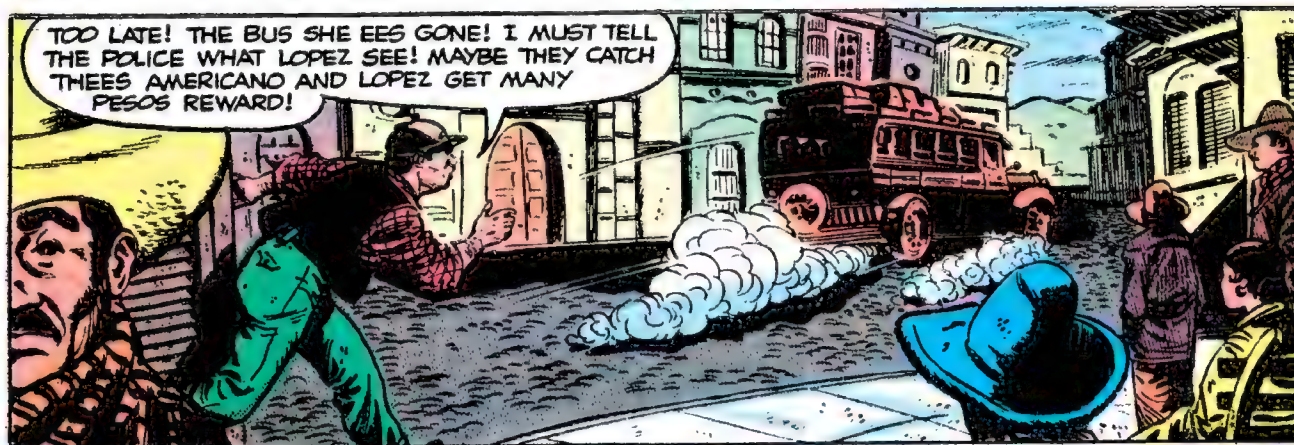


AND A MOMENT LATER, THE BLACK SEDAN DROVE OFF, LEAVING A SCENE OF CRUSHED FORMS AND TWISTED WRECKAGE BEHIND...



SHORTLY AFTERWARD, THE SONORA POLICE HAD RECEIVED THE REPORT OF THE SHOOTING! PRESENT AT THE TIME WAS INVESTIGATOR WILLIAM SPEARS OF THE UNITED STATES CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT...





SO LOPEZ INFORMED THE POLICE, AND THE MESSAGE WAS RELAYED DOWN THE LINE! UNFORTUNATELY, TIME LAGS DEVELOPED DUE TO MEAGER WIRE SERVICE IN THE RURAL AREAS, AND IT WASN'T UNTIL SEVERAL HOURS LATER THAT MEXICO CITY POLICE WERE INFORMED...



ACCORDINGLY, SPEARS AND THE MEXICAN OFFICIAL LEFT IMMEDIATELY FOR THE DEPOT, AND A CORDON OF POLICE WERE SPOTTED AT ALL EXITS WHEN THE BUS ARRIVED...



BUT WHEN THEY INTERROGATED THE DRIVER...

SI, I REMEMBER NOW! THE AMERICANO ONE FINE FELLOW! HE GIVE ME TEN PESOS EEF I LET HEEM OFF IN ZUMPANGO! TEN PESOS PRETTY GOOD TIP, EH?



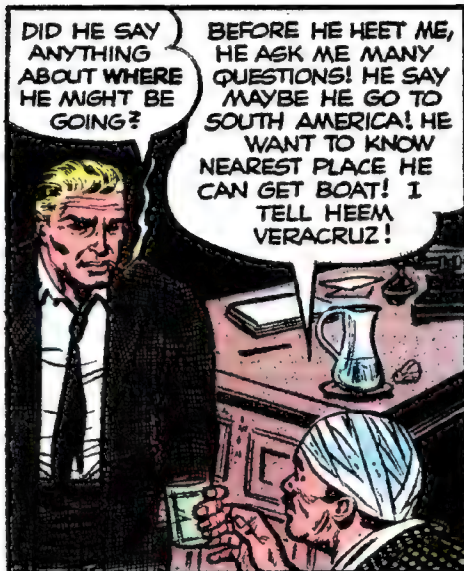
IDIOT! THE AMERICANO WAS A GANGSTER! YOU HAVE THE HEAD OF A DONKEY! HE HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING, CAPTAIN! OUR ONLY COURSE IS TO GO ON TO ZUMPANGO! WITH LUCK, WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HEAD HIM OFF!



ARRIVING IN ZUMPANGO, SPEARS HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN PICKING UP CORKEL'S TRAIL! AS USUAL, IT WAS A BLOODY ONE...

I ALWAYS GET ALONG WEETH AMERICANOS, BUT NOT THEES ONE! HE ASK FOR A LIFT, SO I INVITE HEEM INTO MY CAR! THEN, BOOM! HE HEET ME WITH PISTOLA... THROW ME OUT OF CAR AND DRIVE AWAY!



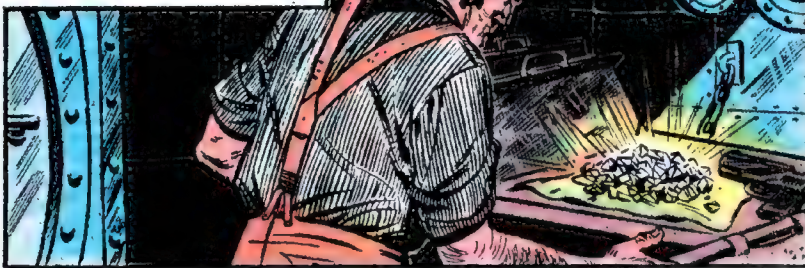


DID HE SAY ANYTHING ABOUT WHERE HE MIGHT BE GOING?

BEFORE HE MEET ME, HE ASK ME MANY QUESTIONS! HE SAY MAYBE HE GO TO SOUTH AMERICA! HE WANT TO KNOW NEAREST PLACE HE CAN GET BOAT! I TELL HEEM VERACRUZ!

ALTHOUGH CORKEL HAD NO PASSPORT, THE RIGHT PRICE BOUGHT HIM A CABIN ABOARD A SMALL STEAMER, WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED! THE FIRST PORT OF CALL WAS TO BE CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA... AND AS FAR AS CORKEL WAS CONCERNED, ONE WAS AS GOOD AS THE NEXT...

THIS TIME I'LL BE SHAKING 'EM FOR GOOD! I'LL LAY LOW FOR A WHILE, AND WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT, I'LL GET RID OF THESE! FROM THEN ON IT'LL BE CLOVER ALL THE WAY!



MEANWHILE, INVESTIGATOR SPEARS HAD PROCEEDED TO VERACRUZ, WHERE HE APPEALED TO THE MEXICAN SHIPPING COMMISSION...

YOUR MAN COULD NEVER LEAVE MEXICO ON ONE OF THE LARGER COMPANY'S SHIPS WITHOUT A PASSPORT! NOW ACCORDING TO THESE RECORDS THE STEAMER TAMPICO LEFT VERACRUZ FIVE DAYS AGO, AND IT'S BEEN THE ONLY ONE SINCE!

AND WHAT'S THE FIRST PORT OF CALL?

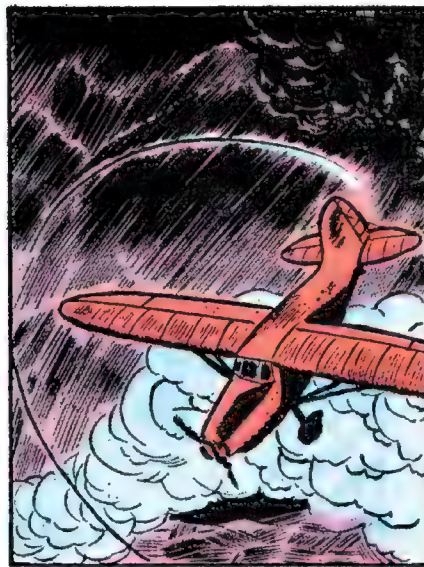


CARTAGENA, COLOMBIA! SHALL I BOOK YOU PASSAGE ON A BOAT GOING OUT?

NO, I'LL BE TAKING A PLANE! I WANT TO MEET THE TAMPICO WHEN IT DOCKS!



BUT BAD LUCK DOGGEDLY FOLLOWED THE UNRELENTING INVESTIGATOR! TWO HOURS OUT OF VERACRUZ, THE PLANE WAS BUFFETED BY WINDS OF GALE VELOCITY, AND THE PLANE WAS FORCED TO TURN BACK...



AND WHEN HE FINALLY DID ARRIVE AT CARTAGENA, THE TAMPICO HAD DOCKED AND GONE! FOR THE MOMENT, THE TRAIL WAS AS COLD AS A MARCH WIND...



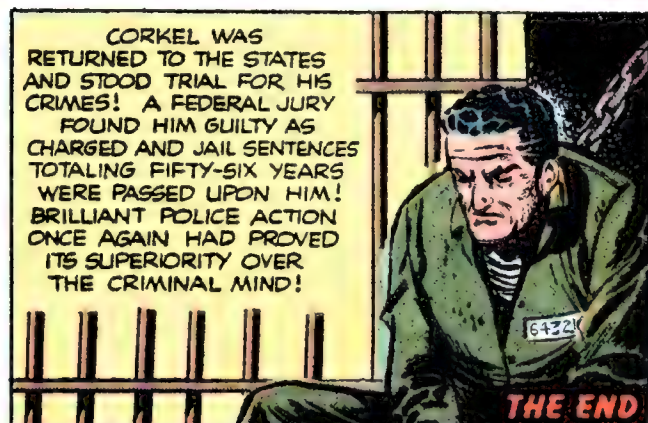
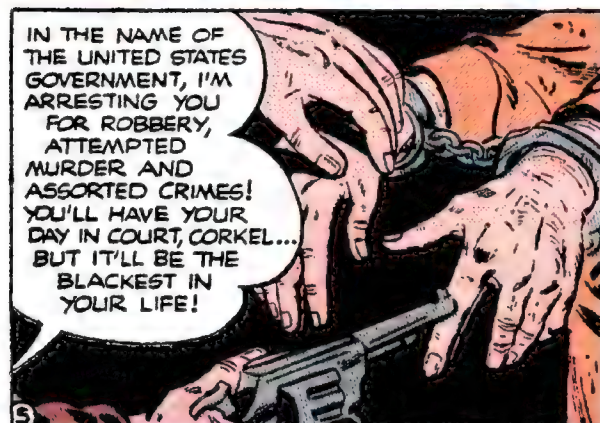
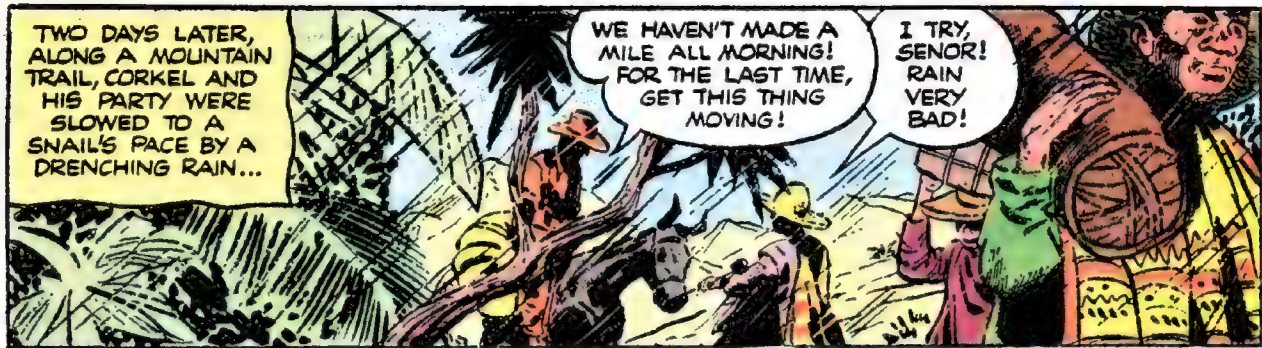
NOW WHAT? IF I ONLY HAD ONE BREAK...

SEÑOR! SEÑOR!

ME PONTES, SENOR! ME ARRANGE MANY TRIP INTO JUNGLE! YOU, HUNTER, MAYBE? PONTES GET MEN, GEAR, EVERYTHING! TWO DAYS AGO, I FEEL EVERYTHING FOR DIFFERENT AMERICANO! HE VERY PLEASED! PONTES GIVE VERY GOOD SERVICE!

YOU'RE HIRED, PONTES! I CAN USE YOUR SERVICE!





ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

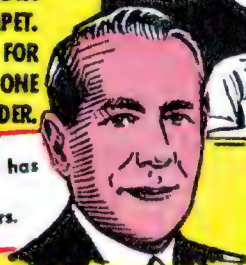
GET PRIZES... MAKE MONEY

I want to give you your choice of a walkie talkie, an archery set, new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 28-page catalog. Many prizes are given without cost, for selling just one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per pack.



NEW, GOLDEN
TRUMPET.
GIVEN FOR
SELLING ONE
ORDER.

"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn PRIZES and extra cash for 35 years.



BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly, to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once.

Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes this easy way for 35 years.

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep \$1.60 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell. **SEND NO MONEY, I TRUST YOU**

AMERICAN SEED CO.
Dept. 406, Lancaster, Pa.



Professional Type Junior Archery Set

Famous Ben Pearson make. Has a 54-inch hardwood bow, 4 feathered arrows, target face, instructions. Sell one order of American Seeds plus 75c.

DICK TRACY CAMERA

Camera has telescopic sight and fixed focus. Comes complete with carrying case. Sell one order.

BOYS! GIRLS! WRIST WATCHES

Gold-plated Girl's Bracelet Watch. Sell one order plus \$2.50.
Boy's Radium Dial Watch. Sell one order plus \$1.50.

JET PLANE

Attach wings, light fuse, away it goes. Flies 500 feet high. Given for selling just one order.



WIN A
Schwinn
BICYCLE

**EXTRA \$1,500 IN
GRAND PRIZE AWARDS**

1st Prize **\$250**
2nd Prize **\$150**
3rd Prize **\$100**

**PLUS 20 DELUXE
Schwinn BICYCLES**

Everyone selling American Seeds is eligible to win GRAND PRIZE AWARDS. Remember, they are in addition to your regular prizes and cash! Coupon brings your first order and complete facts! **SEND NO MONEY**—we trust you. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope today.

FULL SIZE UKULELE plus

ARTHUR GODFREY'S famous "push button" player. Both given for one order plus 50c.

GIRLS' OR LADIES' SHOULDER STRAP BAG

Available in Red, Green, Navy Blue or Brown. Sell one order

JUNIOR SPORTS KIT

Complete kit for younger boys and girls. Basketball, baseball, football, whistle! Sell one order.

ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIE

Remco's complete 2-way talking system. Just string out the wire—start talking. No batteries needed. Sell one order of American Seeds.

HEY FELLOWS!
DAISY'S RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

A fast-shooting 800 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.

MAIL THIS COUPON... SELL AMERICAN SEEDS AND EARN PRIZES LIKE THESE

MAIL THIS COUPON Today

AMERICAN SEED CO.

Dept. 406, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c a pack, send you the money, and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____

State _____

ATLAS

POLICE ACTION

MAY

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COMMENTS
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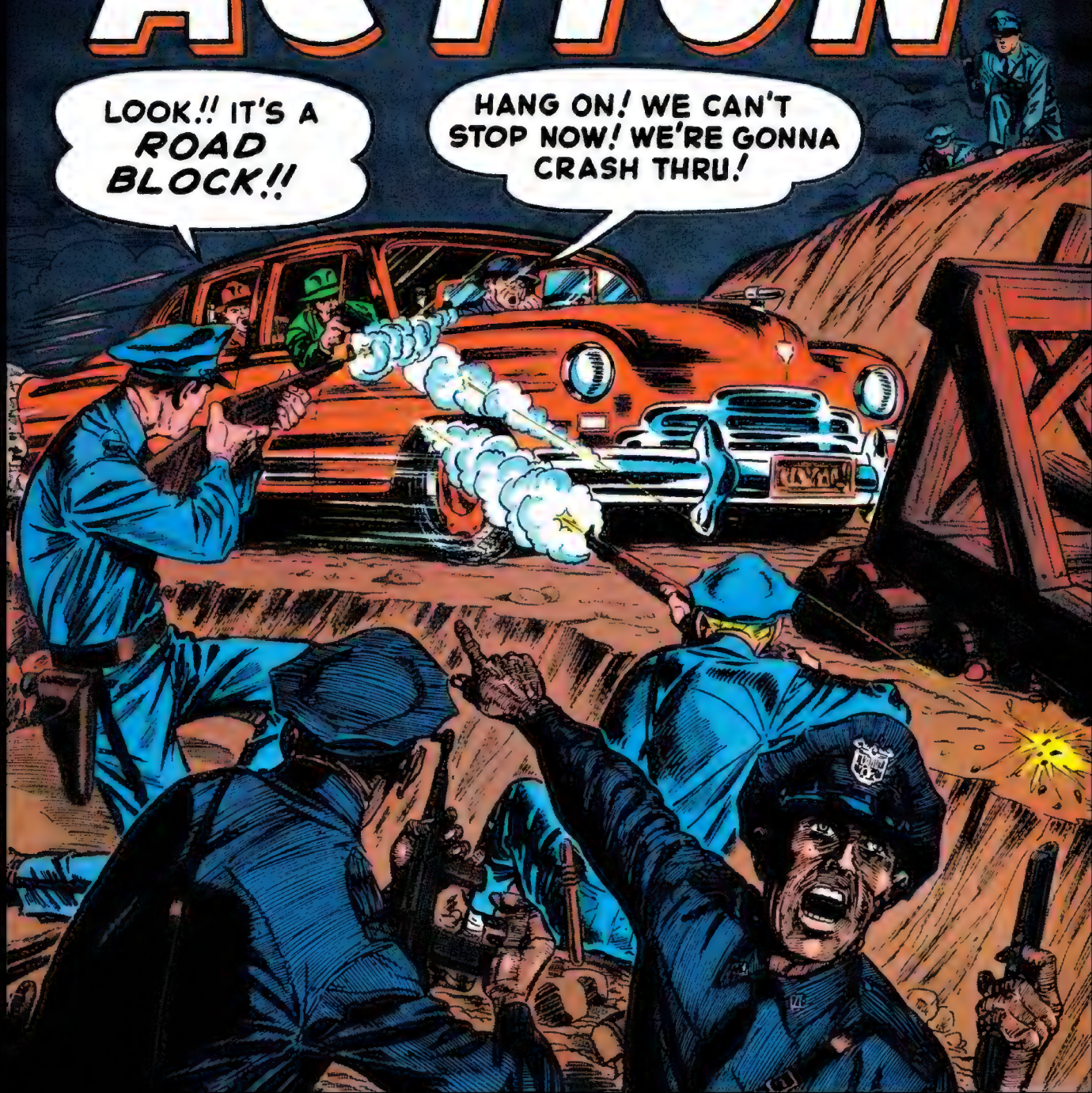
POLICE STRIKE BACK AT GANGLAND!

POLICE ACTION

10¢

LOOK!! IT'S A
ROAD
BLOCK!!

HANG ON! WE CAN'T
STOP NOW! WE'RE GONNA
CRASH THRU!



Send for my **FREE** Outfit and start a **Quick-Cash** spare time Shoe Business!



**Just 2 Sales a Day
Brings You up to \$217
EXTRA a Month!**



We Show You How To Do It!

Now, without spending one cent, you can start a spare-time Shoe Business that brings in exciting cash profits every month! My powerful Selling Outfit makes it **easy**. Just take 2 orders a day for our fine, Nationally-Advertised shoes and you earn up to **\$217.50 extra** a month! You also get chances to win valuable free prizes.

EVERYBODY Wears Shoes!

Here's the perfect business, because **EVERYONE** you know can be a customer! Just show friends, relatives, neighbors, people where you work, how Mason Velvet-eez Air Cushion shoes let them "Walk on Air". That's **REAL** comfort!

As the Mason Shoe Counselor you give people the **EXACT** style, size and width they order because you draw on our giant stock of 200,000 pairs in sizes 2½ to 15, widths AAAA to EEEE. Customers choose from over 160 different styles—dress, sport and work styles for men and women, including air-cooled Nylon Mesh shoes, also work shoes with special built-in comfort and safety features. You'll be **EXCITED** the way people stuff steady cash profits in your pocket for extra-comfortable Mason shoes!

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA-330 CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Mason Shoes Can Be Bought Only From YOU!

Because we do not sell Mason Velvet-eez shoes in stores, people must buy these TV-advertised shoes with the famed Good Housekeeping Seal **ONLY FROM YOU**... and **keep** buying from you! ★ Right now, during our Golden Anniversary year, is the perfect time to get started. Just mail the coupon and I'll rush your money-making **FREE** Starting Outfit. The Professional Sample Outfit pictured above is sent to qualified men without a penny's cost! Send **today** and start earning exciting cash profits **RIGHT AWAY!**



RUSH FOR FREE OUTFIT!

MR. NED MASON
MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. MA-330
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

Please rush my 50th Anniversary **FREE** Selling Outfit so I can start making up to **\$217 EXTRA** a month and **more RIGHT AWAY!**

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

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THE MOBSTER

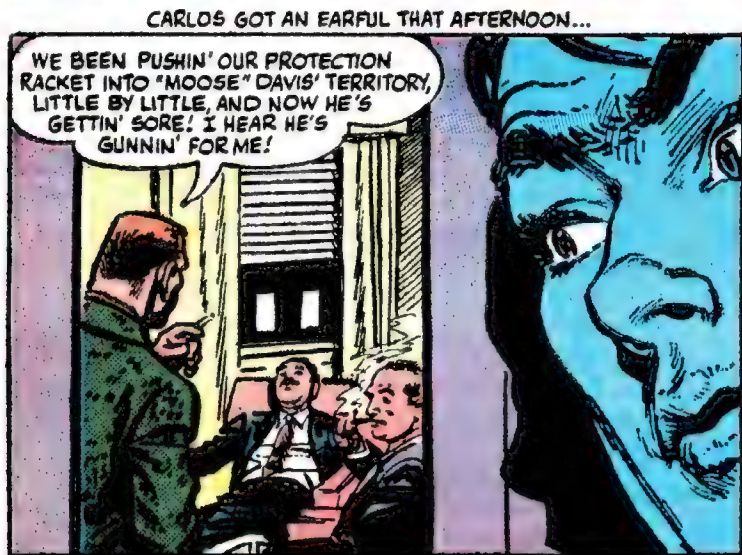
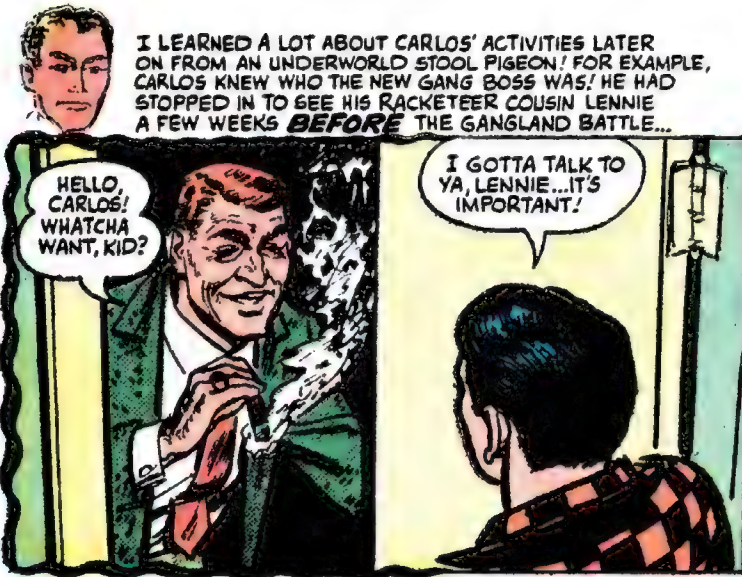
MY NAME IS LT. ROBERT PETERSON! I'M ASSIGNED TO THE HOMICIDE SQUAD IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF A CERTAIN BIG MIDWESTERN CITY! THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ CONCERNS THE RISE OF A CERTAIN MOBSTER TO THE TOP OF THE UNDERWORLD'S SLIMY HEAP ... AND THE REWARD HIS LAWLESS AMBITION BROUGHT HIM!

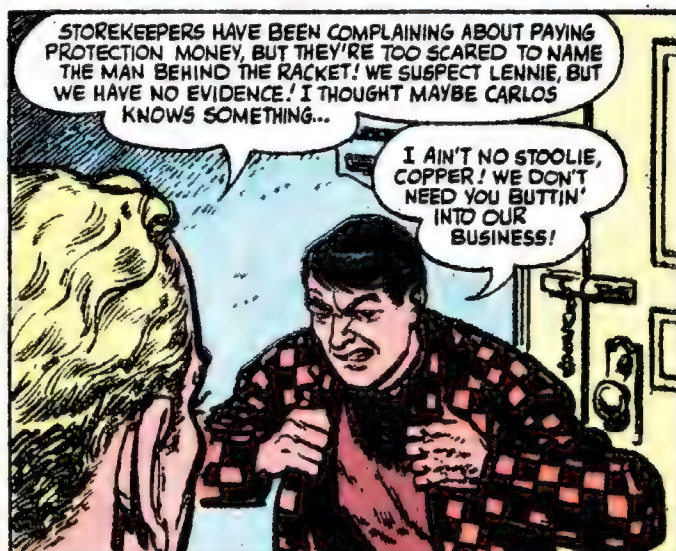


THE GANG WAR WHICH HAD THREATENED TO ERUPT FOR MONTHS FINALLY BROKE OUT! I WAS ON THE SCENE MINUTES LATER...

I HAD NOTICED YOUNG CARLOS FOSTER AT THE EDGE OF THE CURIOUS CROWD! HE WALKED AWAY WHEN HE SAW ME LOOKING AT HIM...







THE NEW "CLIENTS" FOR THE PROTECTION RACKETEER WERE THE HUNDREDS OF NEWSDEALERS THROUGHOUT THE CITY...



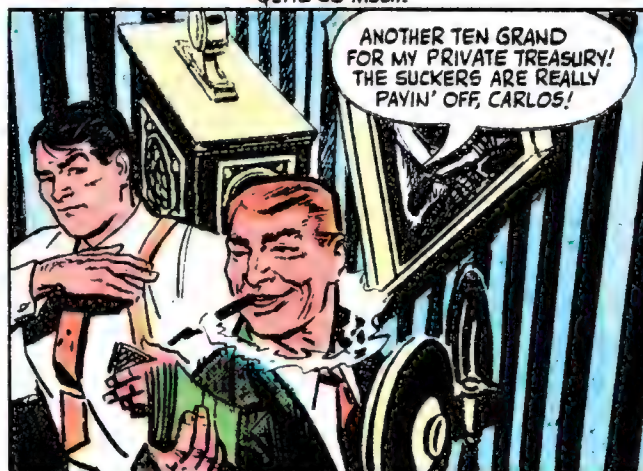
YES, CARLOS HAD BIG PLANS! HE HAD NO INTENTION OF BEING LENNIE'S MUSCLE MAN ON A PERMANENT BASIS... BUT FIRST HE HAD TO PROVE HIS VALUE TO HIS BOSS! DURING THE NEXT FEW NIGHTS, THE BIG FISTS OF CARLOS FOSTER FORCED DOZENS OF VICTIMS INTO THE GRIP OF THE PROTECTION RACKETEER...



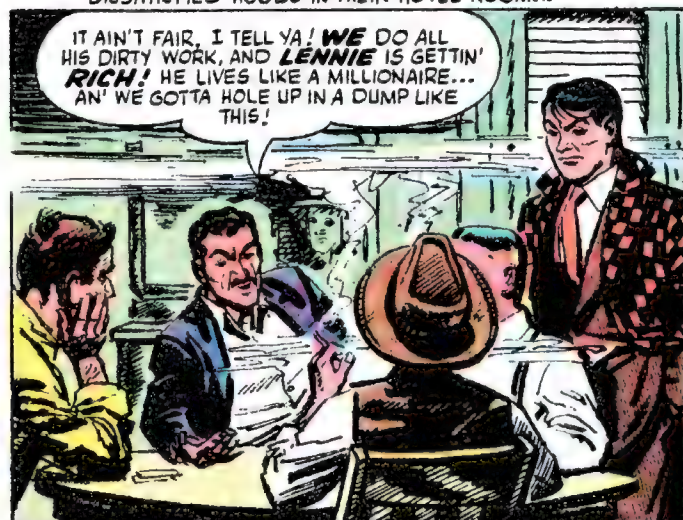
IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE CARLOS BECAME LENNIE'S TOP
LIEUTENANT...



WE HAD LENNIE DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING,
BUT WITHOUT EVIDENCE WE HAD TO RELEASE HIM! MEANWHILE,
HE WAS LIVING BIG! IF LENNIE HAD NOTICED THE ENVY IN
CARLOS' EYES, HE WOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED HIS LIEUTENANT
QUITE SO MUCH!



CARLOS WAS JUST WAITING FOR HIS BIG CHANCE TO TAKE OVER! IT
CAME ONE NIGHT WHEN HE WAS VISITING SOME OF LENNIE'S
DISSATISFIED HOODS IN THEIR HOTEL ROOM...



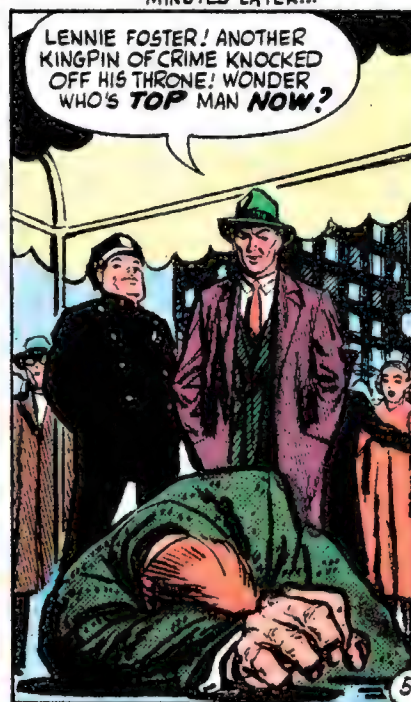
CARLOS WASTED NO TIME! HE WENT
GUNNING FOR LENNIE THAT SAME
NIGHT!



AT EXACTLY ELEVEN P.M. ...



I WAS CALLED TO THE SCENE A FEW
MINUTES LATER...



CARLOS FOSTER'S RISE TO THE TOP HAD BEEN FAST! NOT SATISFIED WITH THE LEGACY LENNIE HAD LEFT HIM, CARLOS EXTENDED HIS PROTECTION ACTIVITIES TO THE OTHER TERRIFIED BUSINESSMEN...



CARLOS WAS THE TOP MOBSTER IN THE CITY NOW, AND THE LOOT KEPT FLOWING IN LIKE LEAVES FALLING FROM A FOREST OF TREES!



BUT CARLOS SOON LEARNED THAT THE MAN ON TOP IS LIKE A CLAY PIGEON, JUST WAITING FOR SOME DISSATISFIED HOOD TO BLAST HIM OFF HIS SHAKY PERCH!



YEAH, CARLOS LIVES LIKE A KING... AN' HE AIN'T COMIN' ACROSS WITH A BIG ENOUGH CUT LIKE HE PROMISED US! I SAY HE'S GOTTA GO!

WE'RE WITH YA, TIPPY! JUST GIVE THE WORD!

CARLOS HAD HIS SPIES AND HE KNEW HIS EXECUTION HAD BEEN ORDERED! HE HAD HEARD SOMEONE SAY ONCE... "UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN"... AND NOW HE KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT!



THEY WON'T GET ME LIKE LENNIE AND "MOOSE" DAVIS GOT IT! I'M GETTIN' OUTTA THIS TOWN!

CARLOS SNEAKED OUT THE BACK DOOR OF HIS APARTMENT HOUSE THAT NIGHT! HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE BLACK SEDAN PARKED DOWN THE STREET...

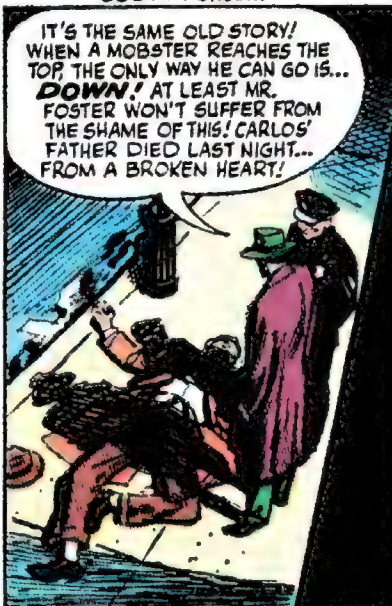


...UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE...



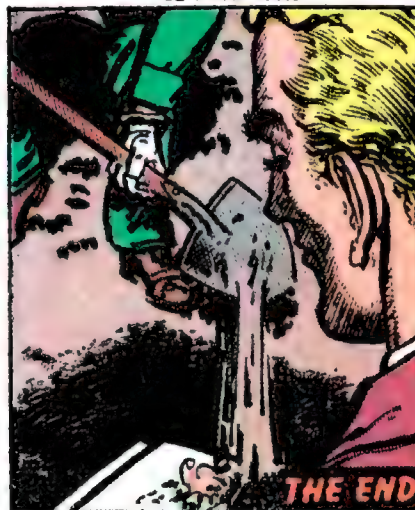
RAT TAT TAT TAT!

I RECOGNIZED THE BULLET-RIDDLED BODY AT ONCE...



IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY! WHEN A MOBSTER REACHES THE TOP, THE ONLY WAY HE CAN GO IS... **DOWN!** AT LEAST MR. FOSTER WON'T SUFFER FROM THE SHAME OF THIS! CARLOS' FATHER DIED LAST NIGHT... FROM A BROKEN HEART!

THE LAST STOP FOR CARLOS FOSTER WAS IN A LONELY GRAVE IN POTTER'S FIELD... UNCLAIMED... UNWANTED... WITH ONLY THE GRAVE DIGGER AND MYSELF TO WITNESS HIS IGNOBLE FATE! THE MOBSTER HAD REAPED THE INEVITABLE REWARD OF HIS VILE AMBITION!

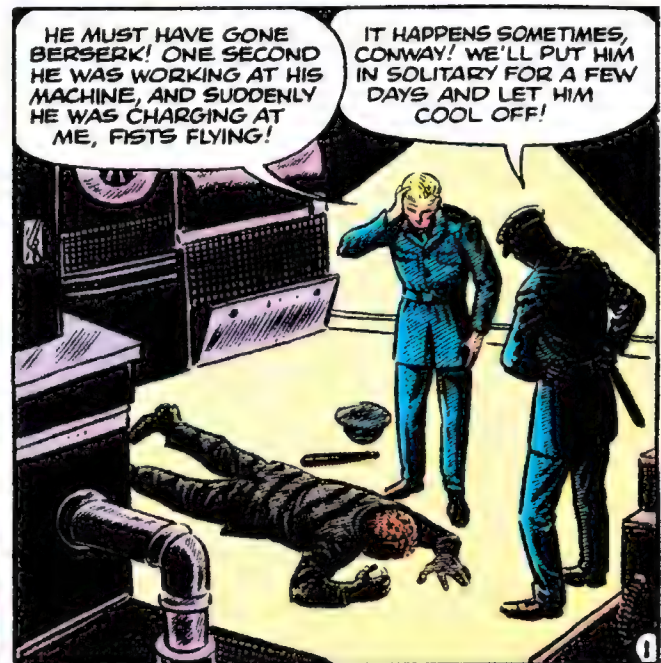


THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

ROAD BLOCK

ON THE AFTERNOON OF JUNE 18, 1938, IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM OF CARTWELL PRISON, A PRISONER BY THE NAME OF "BULL" REEVES SUDDENLY LASHED OUT AT ONE OF THE GUARDS...



THE DAYS PASSED, AND IN HIS SOLITARY CELL, BULL MULLED OVER HIS PREDICAMENT...

I WAS NUTS TO DO WHAT I DID, BUT I COULDN'T STOP! IT JUST CAME OVER ME AN' I WAS PUNCHIN' AWAY LIKE CRAZY! I GUESS IT SHOWS HOW BAD I NEED OUT! THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY... THERE HAS TO BE!



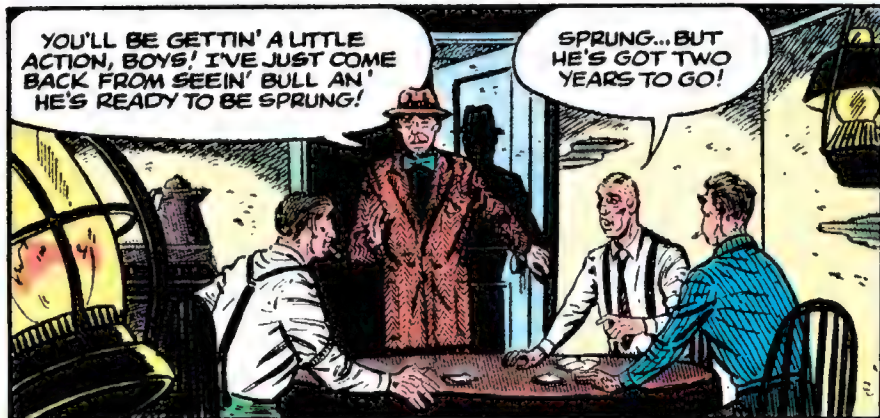
IN ANOTHER DAY OR SO THEY'LL BE TAKIN' ME OUTTA HERE! I'LL ACT REAL GOOD! THEN WHEN VISITIN' DAY COMES I'LL HAVE IT ALL WORKED OUT! I'LL PASS THE WORD TO BARNEY! HE AN' THE BOYS'LL CARRY IT FROM THERE!



VISITING DAY CAME AND WENT, AND ON HIS RETURN FROM CARTWELL, BULL'S TRUSTED LIEUTENANT BARNEY DOWELS BROKE THE NEWS...

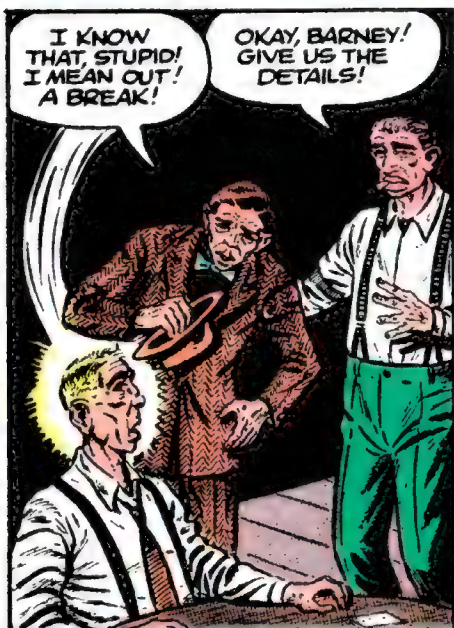
YOU'LL BE GETTIN' A LITTLE ACTION, BOYS! I'VE JUST COME BACK FROM SEEIN' BULL AN' HE'S READY TO BE SPRUNG!

SPRUNG... BUT HE'S GOT TWO YEARS TO GO!



I KNOW THAT, STUPID! I MEAN OUT! A BREAK!

OKAY, BARNEY! GIVE US THE DETAILS!



I KNOW THIS IS GONNA SOUND CRAZY, BUT ACTUALLY BULL ISN'T GOIN' TO BREAK OUT! THE WAY IT WORKS IS THAT WE'LL BE GOIN' IN TO GET HIM!

HUH? IT DON'T FIGGER, BARNEY!

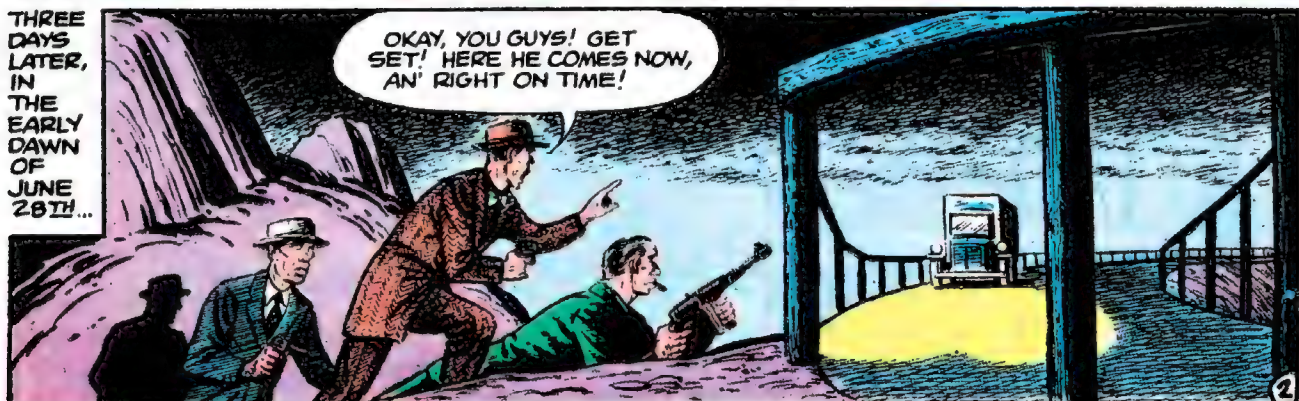


IT FIGGERS ALL RIGHT, ESPECIALLY THE WAY BULL'S GOT IT PLANNED! NOW PAY ATTENTION AN' I'LL FILL IN THE DETAILS!



THREE DAYS LATER, IN THE EARLY DAWN OF JUNE 28TH...

OKAY, YOU GUYS! GET SET! HERE HE COMES NOW, AN' RIGHT ON TIME!



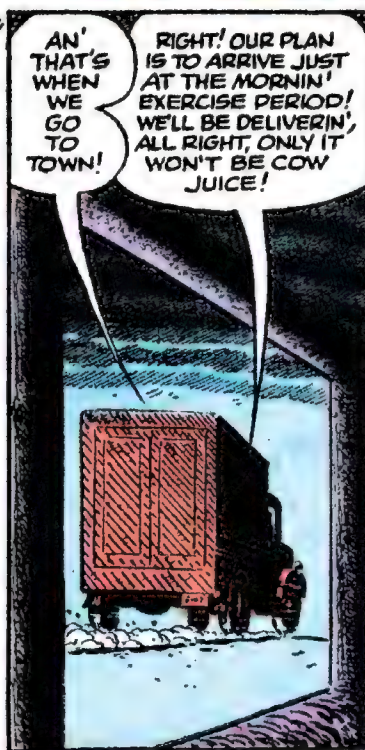
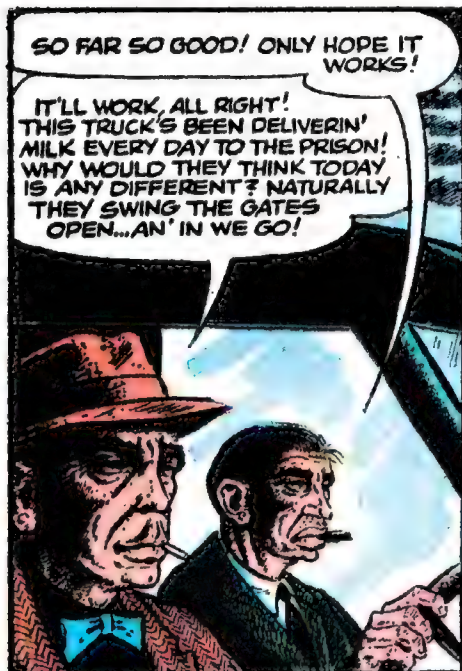
AS AN APPROACHING MILK VAN
CAME INTO VIEW...



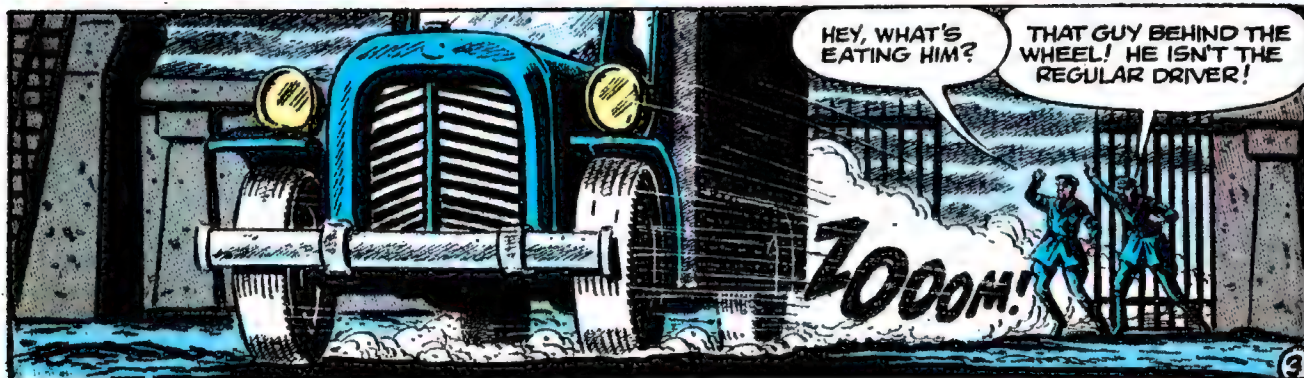
THROWING OPEN THE REAR DOORS OF
THE TRUCK, BARNEY GAVE FINAL
INSTRUCTIONS...



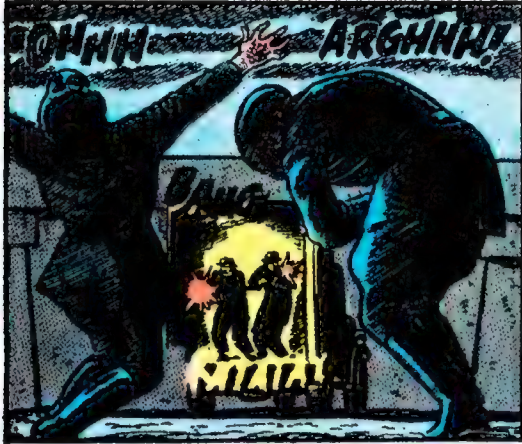
MOMENTS LATER, WITH A GRIND OF GEARS,
THE TRUCK ROARED OFF DOWN THE
HIGHWAY!



AN HOUR LATER, AS THE TRUCK
APPROACHED THE ENTRANCE TO
CARTWELL PRISON...



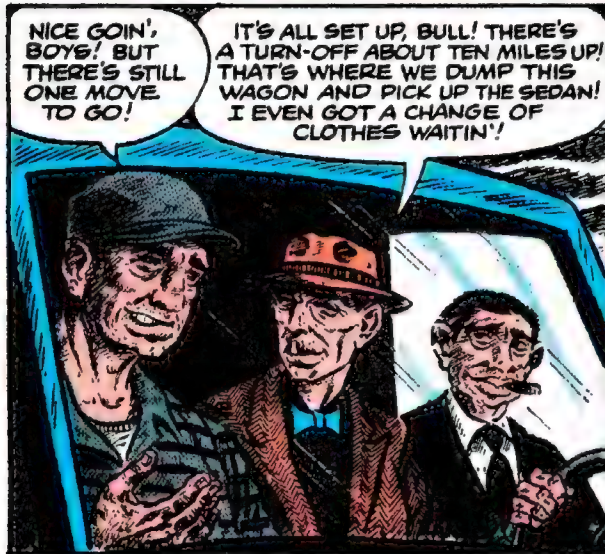
BUT BEFORE THE SURPRISED GUARDS COULD MAKE A MOVE, THE REAR DOORS WERE FLUNG OPEN AND THE GANGSTERS OPENED FIRE...



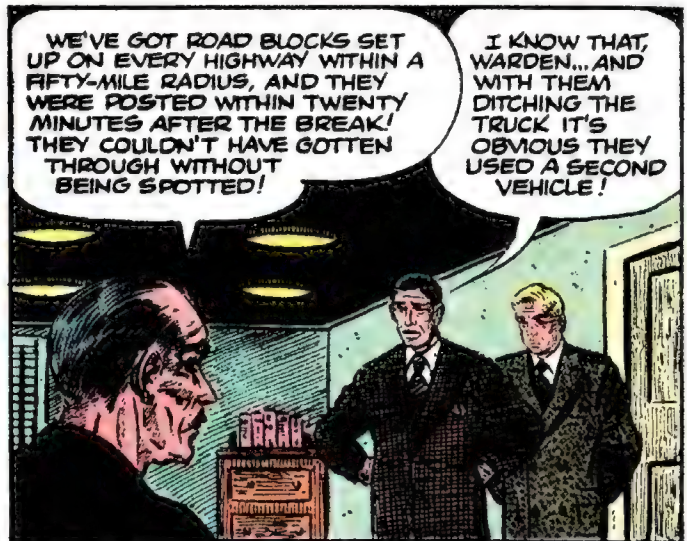
WITH PRECISION MOVEMENT, THE TOWER GUARDS CAME NEXT, WHILE BULL RACED TO THE TRUCK UNDER PROTECTIVE FIRE!



THEN WITH A SURGE OF POWER, THE TRUCK BATTERED ITS WAY OUT OF THE YARD!



LATE THAT SAME EVENING IN WARDEN SPENCER'S OFFICE, A MEETING WAS IN PROGRESS! PRESENT WERE SPECIAL DETECTIVES FLOYD BAKER AND HARMON BATES...



AND WHILE THE POLICE WERE DOING THEIR PLANNING, IN AN ABANDONED SHACK SOME TWENTY MILES AWAY BULL WAS DOING SOME PLANNING OF HIS OWN...



EVERY HIGHWAY OUTTA HERE IS CARRYIN' A ROAD BLOCK! THAT'S WHY WE'RE GONNA USE THIS BACK-ROAD AN' DO IT AT NIGHT! ONCE WE SLIP PAST 'EM WE'LL BE OKAY!

SURE, BULL! NOW LET'S GO OVER THAT ROUTE ONCE MORE TO BE SURE!

WE FOLLOW THIS ROAD HERE ACROSS KELLY'S BRIDGE! IT'S A LITTLE WAGON TRAIL, BUT IT'LL TAKE A CAR! IT FINALLY CUTS INTO ROUTE 367, BUT AT A POINT OUTSIDE THE BLOCKADE AREA!

I GET IT! AN' THEN WE JUST BREEZE ALONG AN' HEAD WEST!

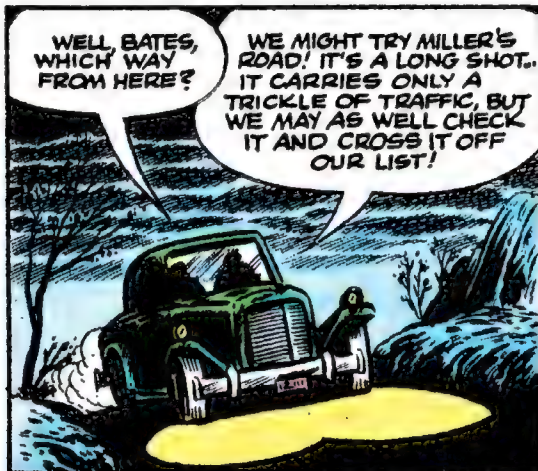
IT'S JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, BULL! YOU ALWAYS HAD A WAY OF CUTTIN' THINGS DOWN TUIH SIZE, AN' YA SURE THOUGHT THIS ONE OUT!

LET'S BE PUSHIN' ALONG! THE QUICKER WE GET OUTTA HERE, THE QUICKER WE'LL BE BACK IN BUSINESS!



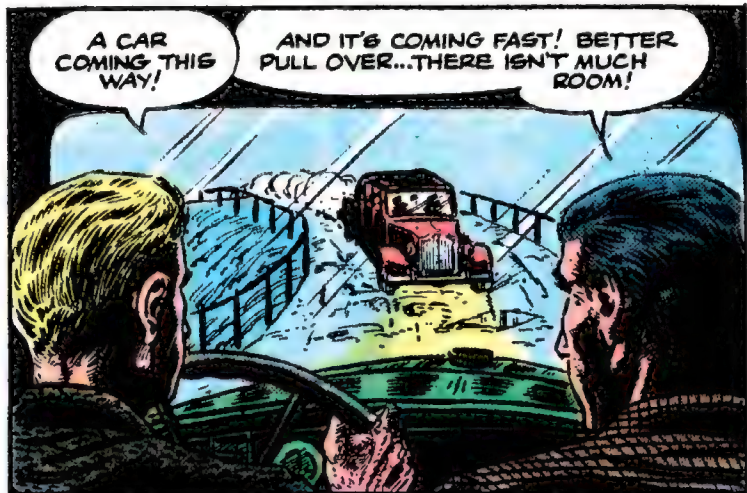
MEANWHILE, DETECTIVES BAKER AND BATES PURSUED A CHECKERBOARD ROUTE THROUGH THE SUSPECTED AREA...

TURNING OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY ONTO MILLER'S ROAD THE PAIR PROCEEDED FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES WHEN SUDDENLY...



WELL, BATES, WHICH WAY FROM HERE?

WE MIGHT TRY MILLER'S ROAD! IT'S A LONG SHOT, IT CARRIES ONLY A TRICKLE OF TRAFFIC, BUT WE MAY AS WELL CHECK IT AND CROSS IT OFF OUR LIST!



A CAR COMING THIS WAY!

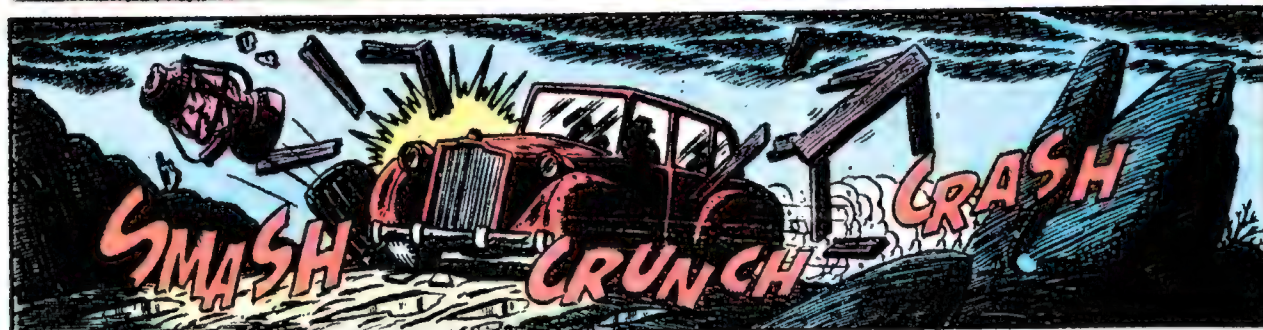
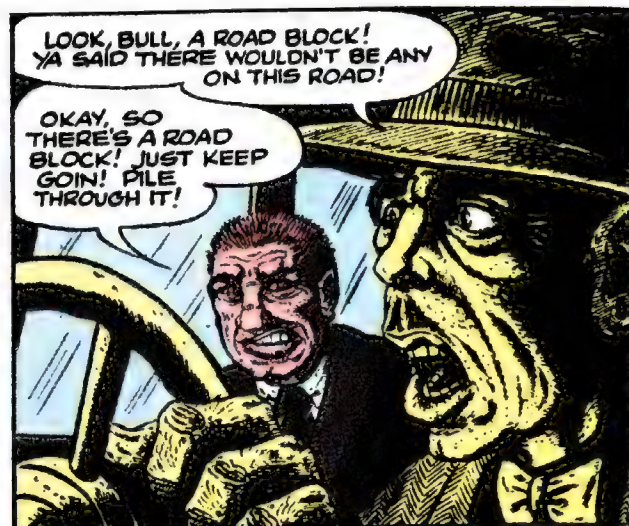
AND IT'S COMING FAST! BETTER PULL OVER...THERE ISN'T MUCH ROOM!

WITH INCREASING SPEED THE ONCOMING SEDAN RACED TOWARD THEM, AND WITH ONLY INCHES TO SPARE, FLASHED BY INTO THE NIGHT!

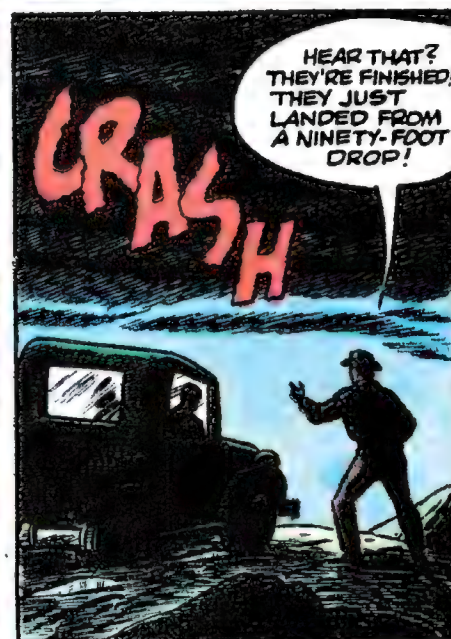
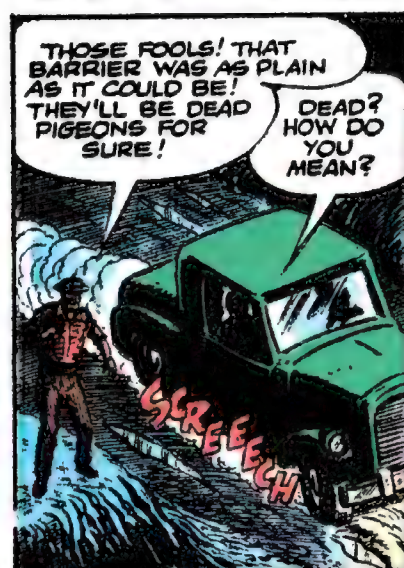


THAT WAS THEM ALL RIGHT! TURN THIS THING AROUND... WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM!

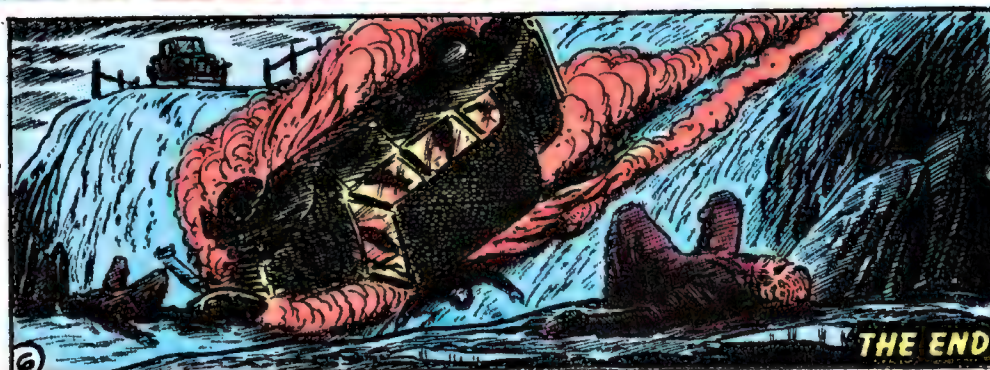




SECONDS LATER DETECTIVES BAKER AND BATES BROUGHT THEIR CAR TO A GRINDING HALT...



THERE WASN'T MUCH IN THE WAY OF RECOGNITION WHEN THE DETECTIVES ARRIVED AT THE SCENE! JUST THE TWISTED WRECKAGE OF FLAME-SCORCHED STEEL AND THE BROKEN BODIES OF RUTHLESS MEN WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD DEFEY THE LAW... BUT FAILED!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

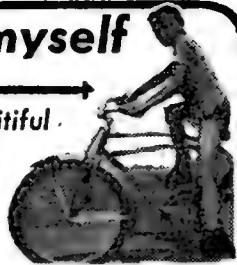
In 10 Minutes of **FUN** a day I changed myself

Now, Buddy **YOU**

Mail the
Coupon below
as I did!
May be LAST
CHANCE be-
fore \$1 price
goes back!

from this
Bloodless, Pitiful

**SKINNY
SHRIMP**



Ken Grimm **BEFORE**
mailing coupon

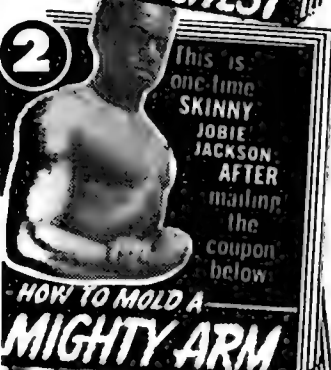
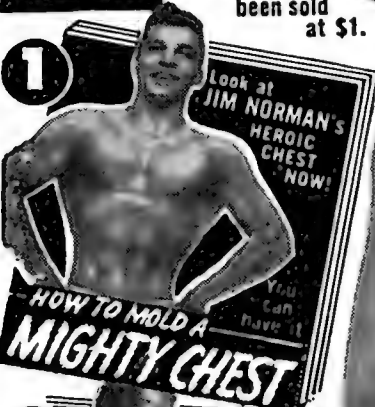
to
this

**NEW MUSCULAR
RED-BLOODED
HEAD-TO-TOE
HE-MAN!**

Ken
GRIMM
AFTER
MAILING
COUPON

GET ALL THESE
5 PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES
FREE
If you mail
coupon NOW!

Millions
have
been sold
at \$1.



I just

**GAINED
35 NEW LBS.
OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

You can do the same
as I and THOUSANDS have
You can add 10 inches to your CHEST
6 inches to each ARM and
the rest in proportion as I did.

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY, WEAK** or **FLABBY** any more
just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

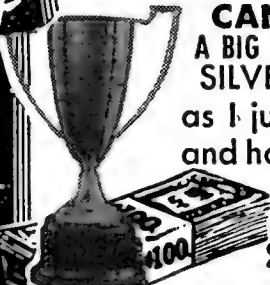
Besides getting ALL 5 Courses (pictured on this page) **FREE** (MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1.)
you'll ALSO get **FREE** a big BOOK of PHOTOS of STRONG MEN
and BOYS who were WEAKLINGS like you **BEFORE** mailing coupon.

THIS THRILLING BOOK WILL ALSO TELL YOU

HOW YOU

**CAN WIN
A BIG 15" TALL
SILVER CUP
as I just did
and how to**

**WIN
\$100.**



LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
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Dept. MA-45

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses
greatest in
World for
Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"
-R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

THE SMALL BLACK BAG

THE grey sedan pulled up to the curb, in front of the Acme Novelty Company, and two men got out. They walked into the office and confronted the paymaster who had just opened the safe.

"Alright. Everybody put your hands into the air. This is a stick-up!"

One of the stenographers fainted.

The smaller of the two men grabbed the package of green bills, and started stuffing them into a small black suitcase. The other one said to the paymaster:

"You! We're taking you with us as a hostage. If anyone notifies the police, if we hear sirens, you'll get it right between the eyes!"

It all happened so fast that everyone was paralyzed. The hold-up men backed out of the office. When they reached the street they dashed for the car. The alarm went off inside the building . . .

* * *

A week later, a beautiful blonde walked into the office of John Steele, private detective.

"Mr. Steele," she said, "I want you to do a job for me."

"That's what I'm in business for. Shoot."

She smiled. "I want you to get something my husband took from me, when he left. It's a little black suitcase, and it con-

tains all of my personal jewelry, and some bonds."

"Where is your husband now?"

She hesitated a moment, and then she said: "He's in a hospital—for the *mentally-ill*."

She went on to tell Steele how he could enter the hospital as a patient, meet her husband, and take the suitcase from him. It would be easy.

"This job smells a little fishy," said Steele. "If I didn't need that five-hundred dollar retainer, I'd never touch it."

The blonde, gave him a big flashing smile, and said: "It's all settled then. I'll have you committed to the Freeport Sanatorium, as my brother, tomorrow."

He nodded morosely. His new client threw five one-hundred dollar bills on his desk, and walked out.

* * *

Private detective, John Steele, and the blonde Mrs. Endicott, entered the small private Freeport Sanatorium.

"Doctor Rogers, this is my brother John. He has decided that it would be best if he came here for a rest. Of course I'll sign the papers."

"Fine. Fine," said the little, wizened old doctor. "I'm sure you'll be happy here with us, John. It's quiet and oh, so-o restful."

"I'm sure," said Steele. This set-up was beginning to look more and more rotten every minute. He was glad he'd thought to tape that .32 automatic to the inside of his leg. He had the feeling that he was going to need that little persuader before very long.

Mrs. Endicott signed the papers and left, leaving John alone with the doctor. The little man put all of the papers away in the safe and then turned to his new patient.

"Come," he said. "I'm sure you can use a good sleep. I'll show you to your room."

He walked out, and John followed him. They took a self-service elevator up to the fifth floor, and walked down a white, antiseptic-looking corridor until they reached a room numbered "51."

"After you," said the little doctor. John stepped in, and walked toward the big white bed. He was going to turn and say something to the doctor, but he never got to. Something hit him on the back of the head, and all he could see was the black cloud of darkness that rushed in to meet him as he hit the floor...

When he woke, he was in the bed, still dressed. He reached to see if his gun was still taped to his leg, and as he moved the splitting ache made him groan. It was still there. Somehow the

outline of that .32 made him feel better. He fell back to the soft pillow. He had to think.

He got no chance to do much of that, because almost immediately the door opened and the little doctor walked in. John lifted himself up on his elbows.

"Hello, John," said the doctor. "How does the patient feel. That was a nasty fall you took. Rug slipped, you know."

Hah! That was a good one. And had the rug turned his pockets inside out and searched his suitcase? But he said nothing. He told the doctor that he was hungry, and could he get something to eat? The little man said he would have something sent right up to the room. Doctor Rogers was not gone more than two minutes when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

A medium sized man, answering the description and photograph that Mrs. Endicott had given of her husband, walked in. He was carrying a small black suitcase.

"What can I do for you?" asked John.

"I want you to help me," Endicott said. "You're new here, and my life is in great danger. I want you to do me a favor and keep this suitcase for me. I'll pay you well. It'll just be for a few days."

"Glad to oblige," said John. "Just stick it in the closet. And don't worry about paying me. I couldn't think of taking money for a favor like *that*."

Endicott looked grateful. He put the small black bag into the closet and returned. He smiled at John Steele, and said: "I'll never forget this."

"It's okay."

"Somebody's trying to take it away from me."

"Why?"

"I—" His words were broken off when the door flung open.

"Mr. Endicott! You know the rules against visiting other patients in their rooms!" Rogers' face was red with rage. Endicott slinked out like a whipped cat.

The doctor brought the small table-on-wheels over beside the bed. "There you are," he said. "A nice meal. But first I want



you to take this pill. It'll help get rid of that nasty headache from the fall you took.

John looked at the small yellow pill. He knew from the faint odor what it was. One of the most deadly poisons known to man. He gulped, and then nodded as he took the pill from the doctor's hands. The doctor watched him put the pill into his mouth, and then wash it

down with a drink of water. About three seconds later, John Steele began to gasp for air, and then fell from the bed onto the floor, inert.

Endicott appeared in the doorway. "You — you've killed him"

"Yes," snarled the doctor, "and I'm going to kill you too, for trying to double-cross Fenwick and me. Then I'll get that stupid wife of yours for trying to double-cross all of us."

"No!" screamed Endicott. "Don't. I wasn't trying to—"

"Save your breath. Because we wouldn't give you a larger cut for being the paymaster of that Acme Novelty Company job, you thought you'd keep the entire payroll for yourself. Well, now all you'll get is a belly-full of lead."

"Drop that gun, Rogers! And don't turn, unless you want me to carve my initials in lead on your back."

"Steele!" gasped the Doctor. "How did you—?"

"Easy," John said, as he picked Rogers' gun up from the floor. He slipped the man's pistol into his pocket, and lifted the telephone to call the police. "I just palmed the pill instead of putting it into my mouth. Sleight of hand, that's all."

He spoke into the phone. "Get the Chief over here right away. I've got the gang that pulled the Acme Novelty job. And pick up Mrs. Endicott. Apartment 3-c at the Hillton Hotel."

He hung up the receiver, and smiled at his prisoners. "I guess you could call this an all around, *double-double-cross*."

THE END 8699

JAWS OF DEATH

NEARLY SIXTY YEARS AGO, IN THE SPRING OF 1894, THE CITY OF LONDON WAS SUBJECTED TO A SERIES OF SHOCKING CRIMES! MANGLED BODIES AND TORN FLESH COMPRISED GRIM EVIDENCE FOR THE BAFFLED POLICE, AND ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 12TH, THE TERROR STRUCK AGAIN!



THE HUGE HOUND, A THING OF THRASHING, VIOLENT FURY, BORE HIS VICTIM TO THE GROUND, AND THE SNAPPING JAWS TURNED THE FINAL SCREAM INTO A MUFFLED GURGLE OF BUBBLING AGONY...

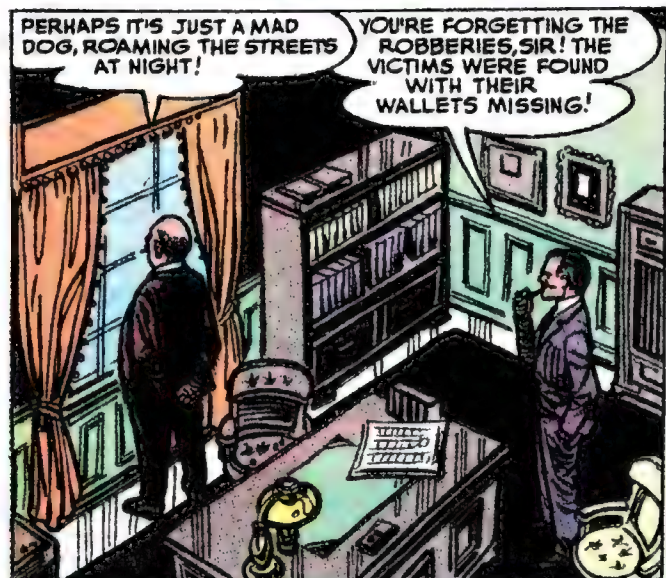
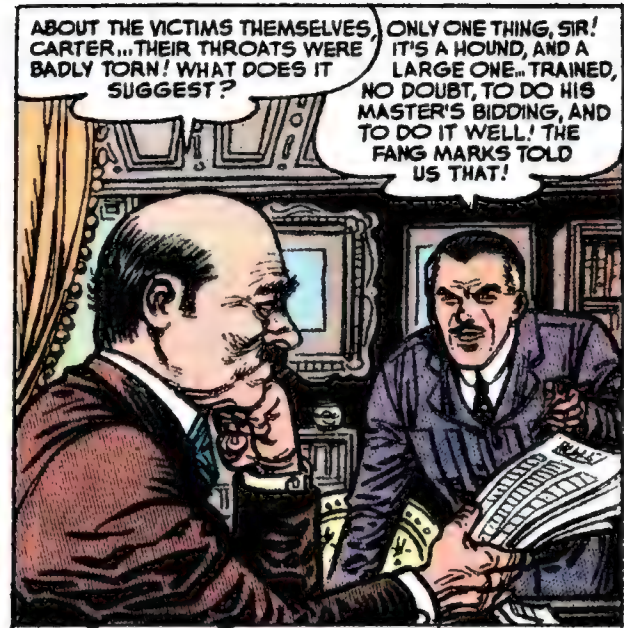
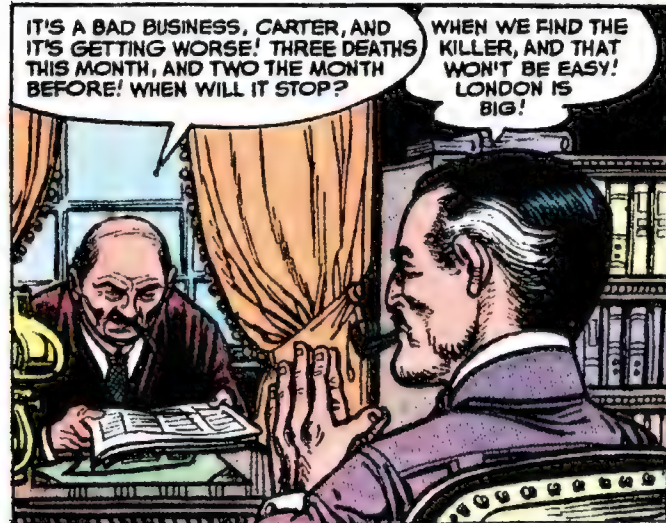
THEN A STEALTHY FIGURE CREPT FORWARD FROM THE MURKY SHADOWS, AND DEFT FINGERS QUICKLY SOUGHT OUT THE VICTIM'S WALLET...



BLIMEY, CHAMP, IF WE DIDN'T PICK A PIP THIS TIME! THIS 'ERE WALLET IS NEAR TO BUSTIN'! C'MON, BUT LET'S BE GETTIN' OUT NOW!



BY THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE PAPERS CARRIED THE FULL STORY, AND IN THE GRIM, GREY BUILDING WHICH HOUSED LONDON'S FAMED SCOTLAND YARD, CHIEF MARTIN BARROWS HELD AN INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF HIS TOP INSPECTORS...



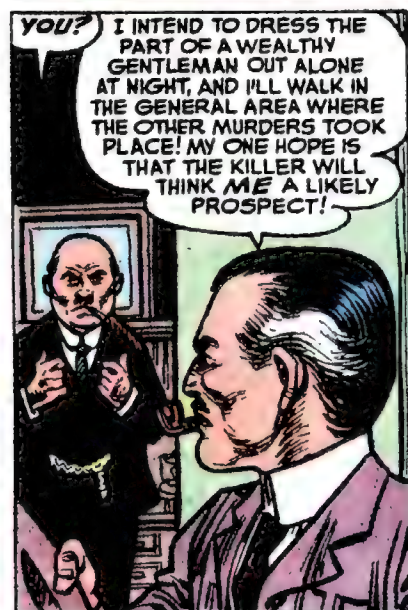
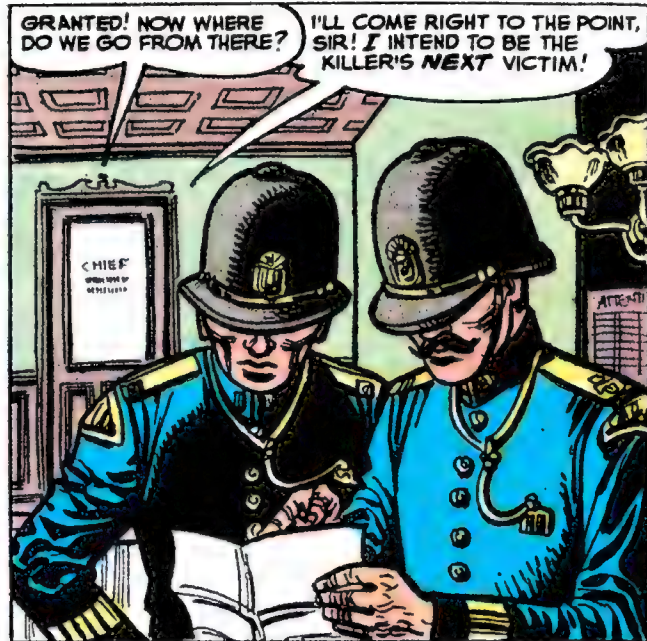
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, AS A SOUPY FOG CLOAKED THE CITY...



BUT WHEN INSPECTOR CARTER ARRIVED AT THE SCENE...



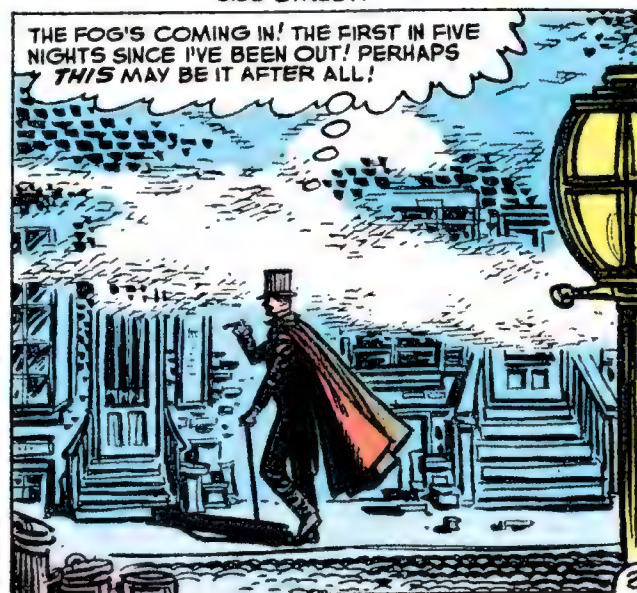
ONCE AGAIN THE INSPECTOR APPEARED BEFORE HIS CHIEF...



SO INSPECTOR CARTER ASSUMED THE ROLE OF A WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN, AND EACH NIGHT HE WOULD WALK THE LONELY SIDE STREETS OF THE GREAT CITY...



AS THE HORSE'S HOOF CLATTERED ACROSS THE COBBLESTONES, INSPECTOR CARTER TURNED INTO A SIDE STREET!



MEANWHILE, IN A BUILDING NOT FAR OFF...

WELL, CHAMP, IF WE AIN'T IN LUCK AFTER ALL! THERE'S A FOG ROLLIN' IN, AN' A REAL MUCKY ONE!



IT'S NEARLY A WEEK NOW, WITH US SITTIN' 'ERE WAITIN' FOR THE WEATHER TO CHANGE! BUT TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT... THE KIND O' NIGHT THAT MAKES FOR REAL GOOD HUNTIN'!



MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE PART OF THE HEAVY FOG...

NOW IF LADY LUCK WOULD SEND A WEALTHY GENTLEMAN ACROSS OUR PATH, I'D REALLY BE OBLIGED! SAY, OL' BOY... SOMETHIN' WRONG?



WELL, IF THIS AIN'T THE BEST YET! 'ERE COMES ONE NOW, TOPPER AN' ALL! IN THIS DOORWAY, CHAMP! 'URRY, BOY!



FUNNY... I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMETHING DOWN THIS WAY! COULD BE THE FOG, THOUGH!



IT'S TRICKIER THAN... GOOD HEAVENS NO!

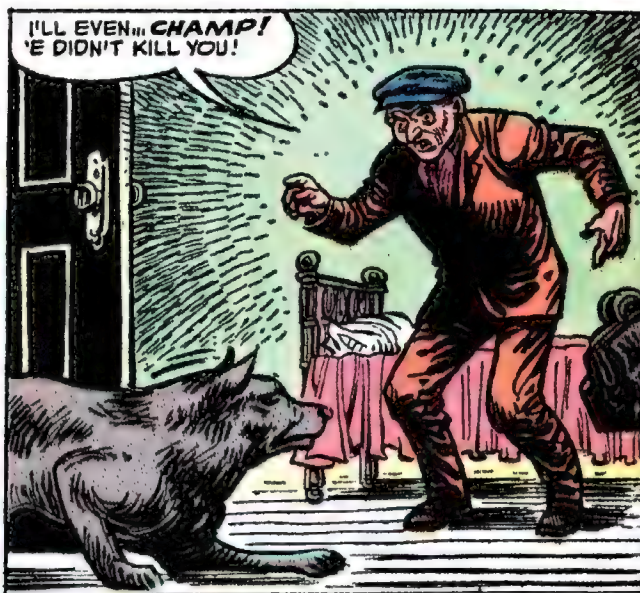
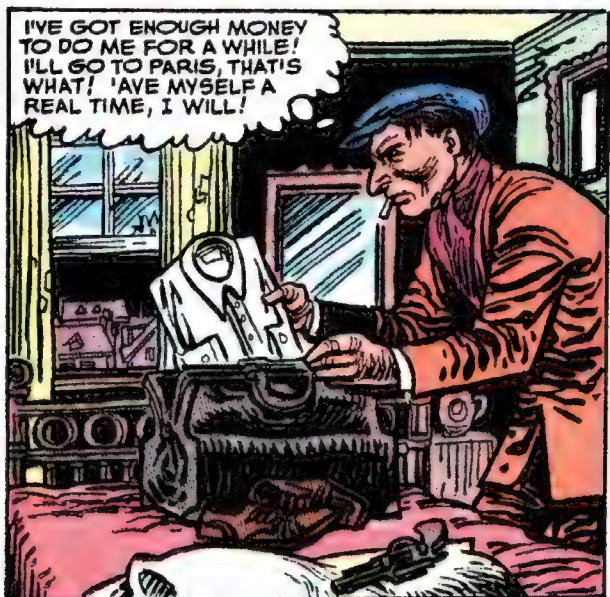


THE SUDDENNESS OF THE CHARGE CAUGHT INSPECTOR CARTER OFF BALANCE, BUT HIS POLICEMAN INSTINCT HAD HIM REACHING FOR HIS GUN... AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...





BEATING A HASTY RETREAT THROUGH THE PROTECTIVE FOG, THE KILLER RACED BACK TO HIS DWELLING...



BUT AS HE STEPPED FORWARD, THE DOG CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR...



WITH A DESPERATION BORN OF PANIC, THE KILLER WENT FOR HIS GUN BUT...

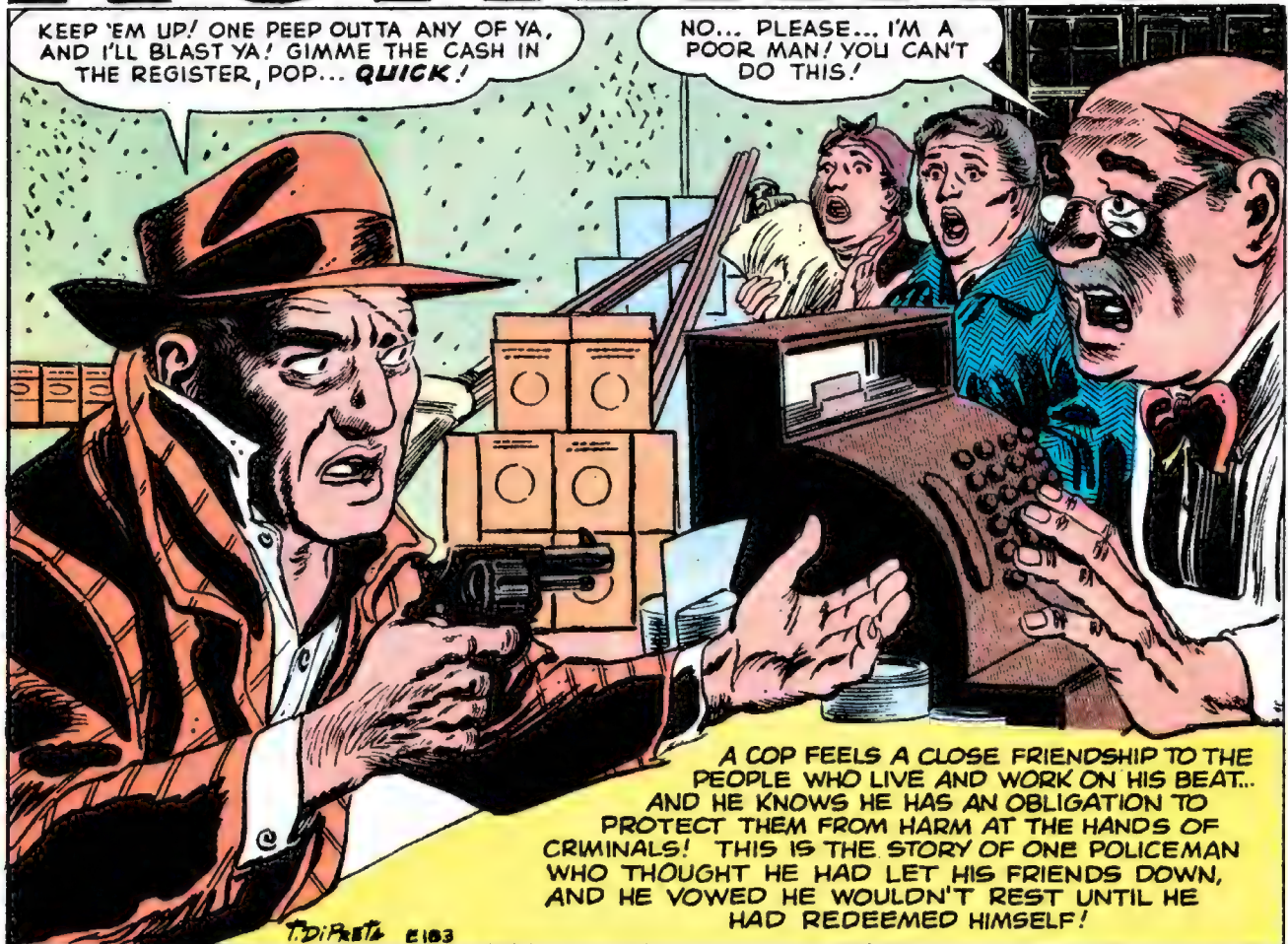


THUS, THE BRILLIANT POLICE WORK OF INSPECTOR CARTER PAID OFF, AND THE JAWS OF DEATH, ALONG WITH ITS EVIL MASTER, WERE CLOSED FOR ALL TIME!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! **ATLAS**

HE CAN'T STOP RUNNING



THE GUNSHOT HAD ATTRACTED THE OFFICER ON THE BEAT, PATROLMAN PAT BRYAN...

A COPPER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

HOLD ON THERE! DROP THAT GUN!



BUT SCARFACE NEMO WAS NOT THE KIND OF THIEF WHO WOULD SURRENDER AS LONG AS HE HAD A GUN IN HIS HAND...



OH!!

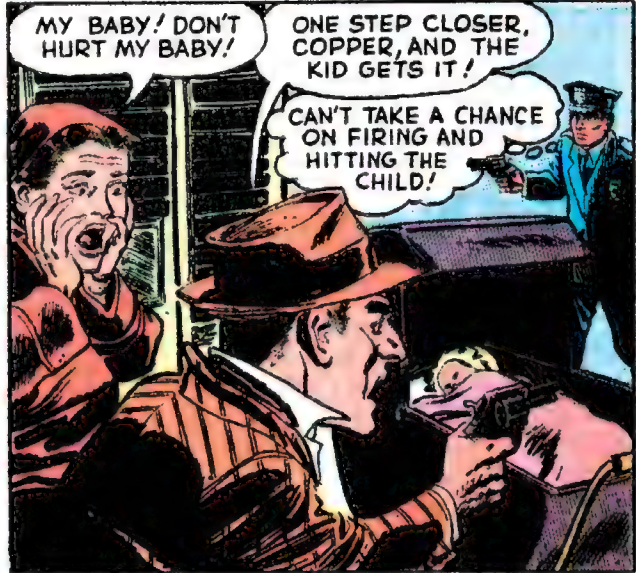
JUST WHAT I NEED! THIS'LL STOP THE COPPER IN HIS TRACKS!



MY BABY! DON'T HURT MY BABY!

ONE STEP CLOSER, COPPER, AND THE KID GETS IT!

CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON FIRING AND HITTING THE CHILD!



THIS'LL HOLD 'IM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SCRAM OUTTA HERE!

EEEEEE!!



OFFICER BRYAN STOPPED THE SPEEDING CARRIAGE AS HE WATCHED THE HOODLUM DASH AROUND THE CORNER...

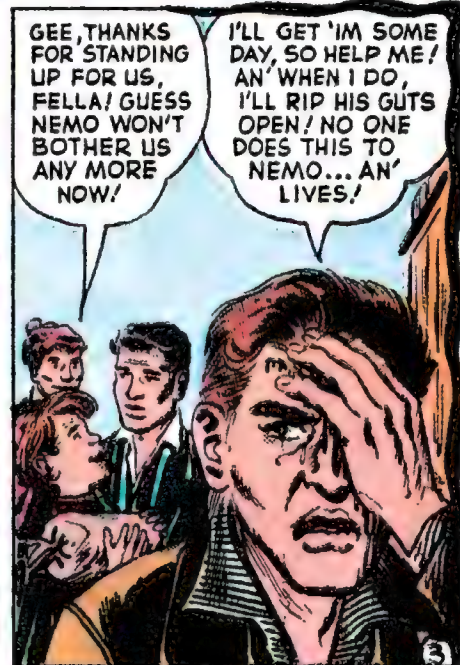
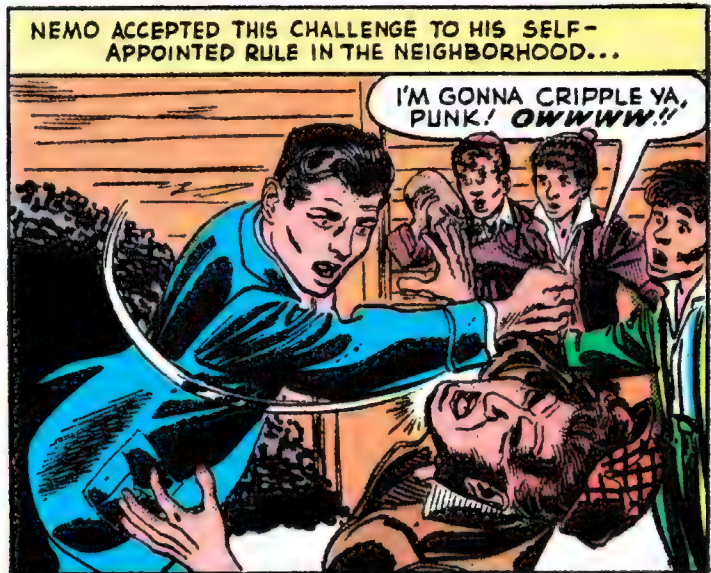
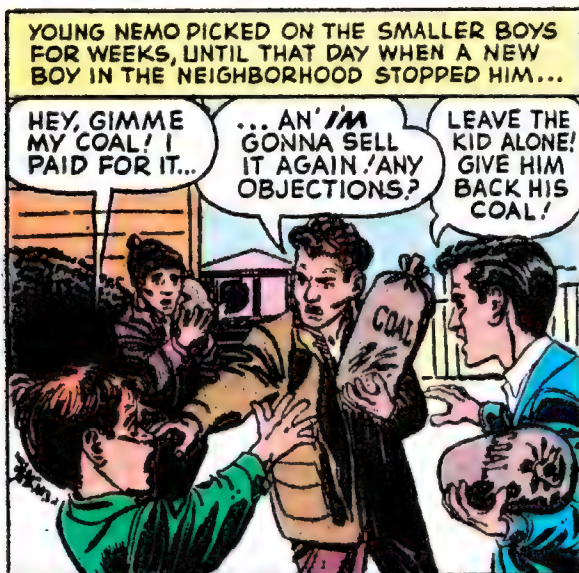
DON'T WORRY, MRS. MORIARITY! THE BABY IS ALL RIGHT!

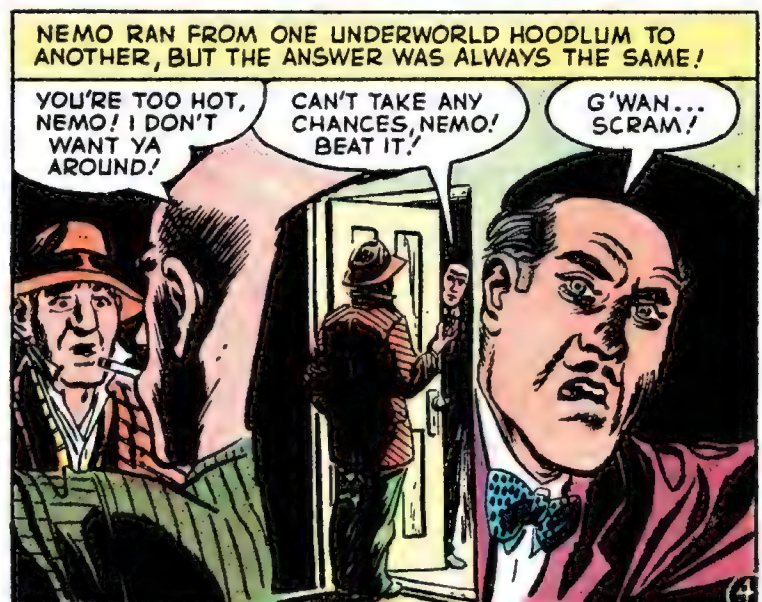
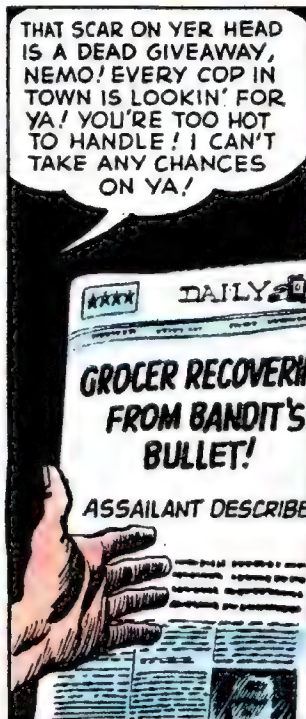
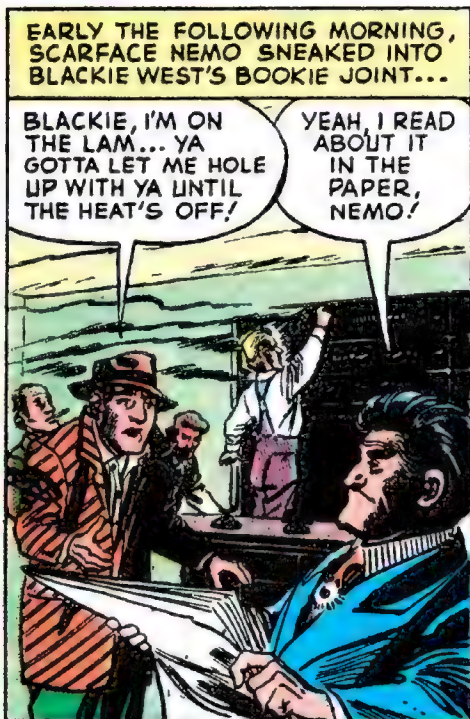
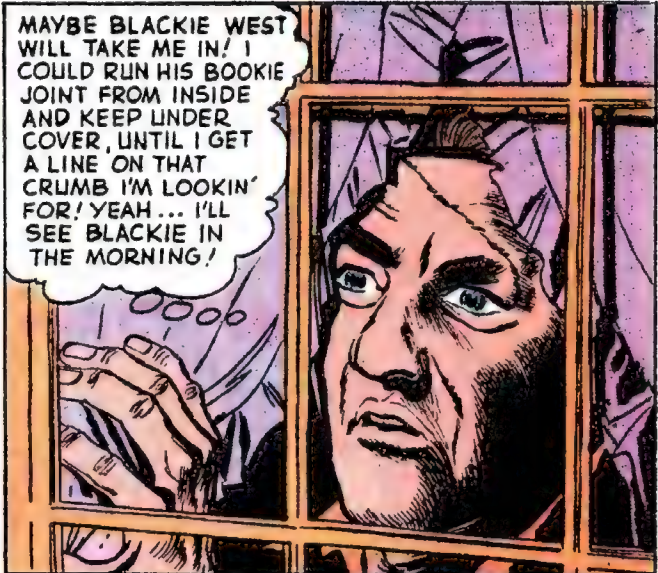


HE GOT AWAY! I-I LET YOU FOLKS DOWN!

YOU HAD NO CHOICE, OFFICER! YOU HAD TO PROTECT THE BABY! I CALLED FOR AN AMBULANCE! MR. CARTER, THE GROCER, IS HURT BAD ... THAT HOODLUM SHOT HIM!







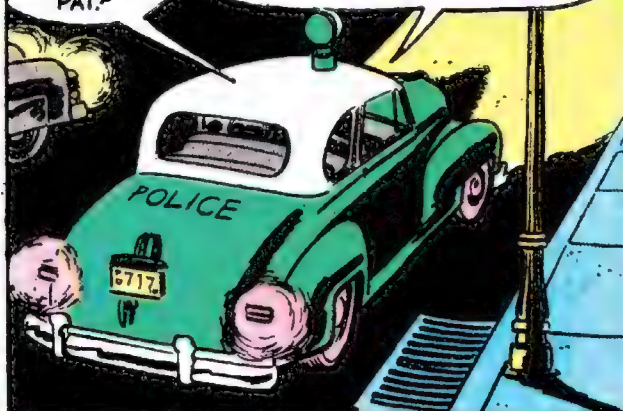
SCARFACE NEMO COULDN'T STOP RUNNING, FOR HE HAD NO PLACE TO HIDE! AS NIGHT FELL OVER THE CITY, HE WALKED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS, AFRAID TO RETURN TO HIS OWN FURNISHED ROOM... AFRAID THE LANDLORD HAD READ HIS DESCRIPTION IN THE PAPER AND HAD ALREADY NOTIFIED THE POLICE...



THAT SAME NIGHT, OFFICER PAT BRYAN WAS GETTING A RIDE HOME IN A PATROL CAR...

ANY LEADS ON THAT SCARFACED HOODLUM, PAT?

NOTHING YET, ED! I WON'T REST UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM! I FEEL PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR LETTING HIM GET AWAY!



YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE IT SO HARD, PAT! YOU **HAD** TO LET THE RAT GET AWAY WHEN HE SHOVED THE BABY CARRIAGE AT YOU! AT LEAST THE KID WAS SAFE... AND MR. CARTER, THE GROCER, IS RECOVERING OKAY!



WHA...! A PATROL CAR!



IT TOOK JUST ONE INSTANT FOR PATROLMAN PAT BRYAN TO SPOT THAT SCARRED FOREHEAD IN THE GLARE OF THE CAR'S HEADLIGHTS!

IT'S HIM! DID YOU SEE THE SCAR ON HIS FOREHEAD? HE'S RUNNING AWAY! AFTER HIM, ED!

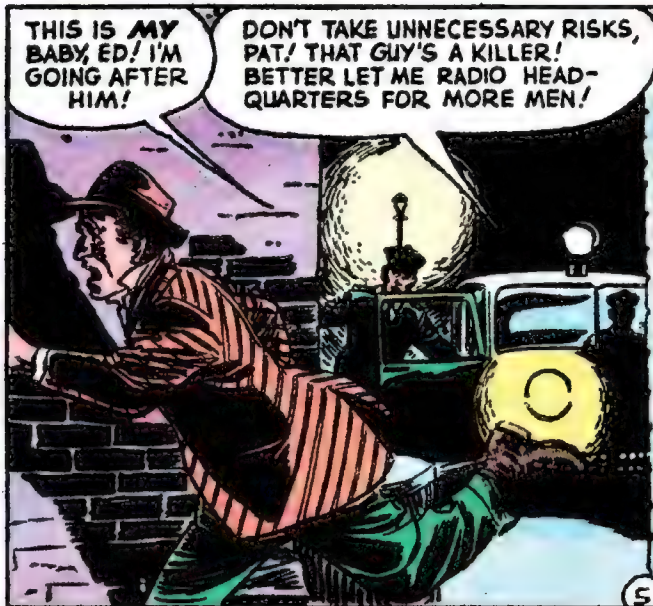


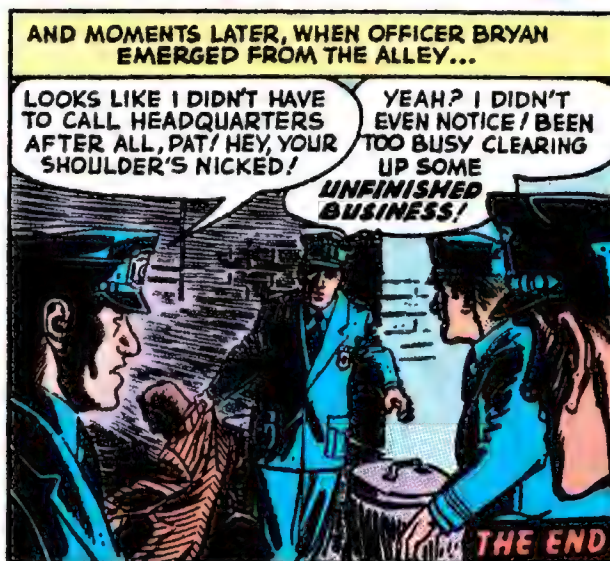
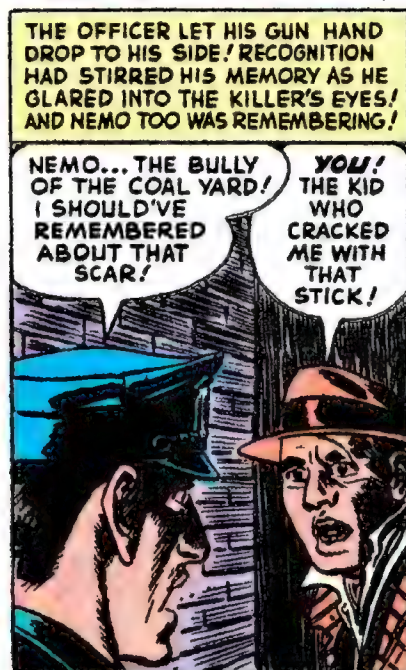
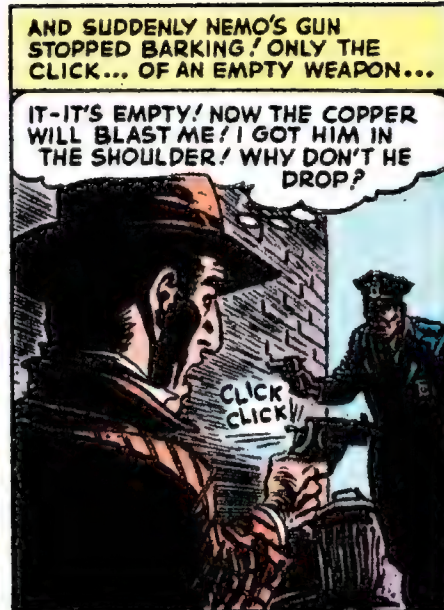
TH- THEY'VE SPOTTED ME! GOTTA STOP 'EM!



THIS IS MY BABY, ED! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

DON'T TAKE UNNECESSARY RISKS, PAT! THAT GUY'S A KILLER! BETTER LET ME RADIO HEAD-QUARTERS FOR MORE MEN!





ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS



POLICE ACTION

JULY

Approved
A.C.B.

Complies
with the
Comic
Code

POLICE STRIKE BACK AT GANGLAND!

POLICE ACTION

10¢

YOU GUYS HAVE ENOUGH
MONEY TO RETIRE...ONLY
WHERE ARE YOU GOING
TO SPEND IT?



NEVER BEFORE

... AT THIS LOW PRICE!

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**Comes with Handsome
Matching Expansion Band
AT NO EXTRA COST!
WEAR AND ENJOY
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**ORDER
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This Swiss-Precision Watch is Also a

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• **TELEMETER:** Measures distance between points.

and

• **12 HOUR RECORDER**

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PRISON BREAK!

ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 4TH, 1939, THE SIRENS OF CROWLEY PRISON WAILED OMINOUSLY ACROSS THE FOG-FILLED AIR! MOMENTS LATER, MACHINE GUN FIRE JOINED THE UNHOLY CHORUS, AND IN THE LANGUAGE OF PRISON SOUNDS, IT SPELLED BUT ONE WORD... "PRISON BREAK!"



THE YELLOW CIRCLE OF LIGHT STABBED OUTWARD IN A SWEEPING ARC, THEN CAME TO AN ABRUPT HALT...

THE STACCATO COUGH OF MACHINE GUN FIRE WAS RESUMED, BUT THE TARGET LEAPED FORWARD AND THEN FELL FLAT INTO THE YIELDING EARTH! HIS NAME WAS CHUCK LANSING, A THREE-TIME LOSER AND HE WAS ON THE WAY OUT...

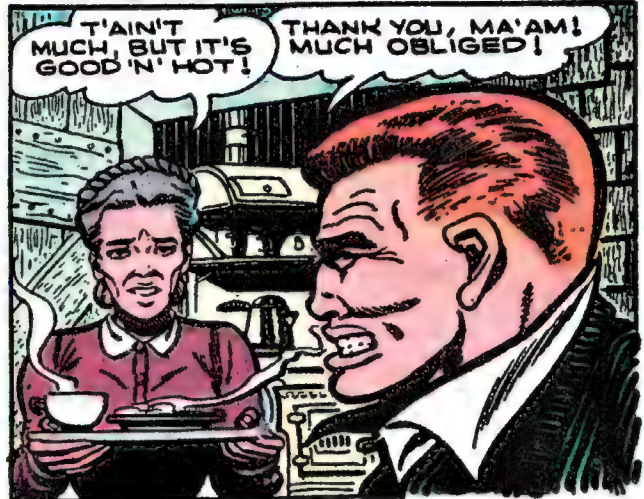


BY SOME MIRACLE, CHUCK LANGING EVADED THE BULLETS AS WELL AS THE PURSUING LAW OFFICERS! FOR SIX DAYS HE TRAVELED BY NIGHT THROUGH SWAMP COUNTRY, BUT HE HAD MADE IT - HIS SECOND EFFECTIVE BREAK WITHIN FIVE YEARS -



THIS TIME IT'S GONNA STICK! I'M OUT FOR GOOD!

A SHARECROPPER'S SHACK PROVIDED HIM WITH A CHANGE OF CLOTHES, AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED HE TRAVELED NORTH ALONG COUNTRY ROADS! WHAT FOOD HE NEEDED, HE BEGGED -



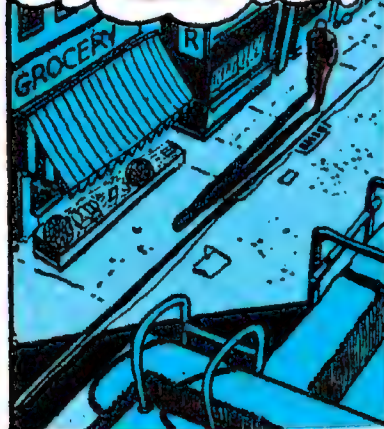
T'AIN'T MUCH, BUT IT'S GOOD 'N' HOT!

THANK YOU, MA'AM! MUCH OBLIGED!

ON THE TWELFTH DAY HE REACHED ST. LOUIS, THAT WAS APRIL 16, 1939! A SHARP WIND BLEW IN ACROSS THE RIVER, BUT TO LANGING IT WAS HEART-WARMING! THIS WAS HOME -

A HALF-HOUR LATER, HE WAS AT HIS DESTINATION -

I'LL MAKE EDDIE'S PLACE FIRST THING! A CHANGE OF CLOTHES, A SHAVE AND SOME REAL GRUB IS ALL I NEED! THEN I'LL BE READY TO GET STARTED AGAIN!



CHUCK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE -

YEAH, ONLY I'M HERE NOW! I'M BACK, EDDIE! BACK WITH MY PALS!



BUT YA CAN'T STAY HERE, CHUCK! ST. LOUIS IS THE WORST PLACE! THE COPS'LL FIGURE YOU CAME HERE FIRST THING!

LEAVE THE WORRYIN' TO ME, EDDIE! I'LL TELL YA WHAT I WANT OF YOU!



NOTHIN' DOIN', CHUCK! I AIN'T GONNA GET MIXED UP WITH THE LAW!

KEEP YAPPIN' AN' YOU'RE GONNA DO A LOT WORSE THAN JUST GETTIN' MIXED UP! NOW SHUT UP! FROM NOW ON I'M RUNNIN' THIS SHOW!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, DETECTIVE FRANK MARKEY AND HIS SUPERIOR, CHIEF GALLOP, WERE DISCUSSING A DISPATCH THAT HAD COME IN OVER THE WIRE -

LANGING IS OUT AGAIN, MARKEY, AND THEY'VE ALERTED US TO CHECK ALL LEADS! I WANT YOU TO MAKE THE USUAL INQUIRIES!

RIGHT, CHIEF! IF HE'S BACK IN ST. LOUIS, I'LL KNOW IT INSIDE OF FORTY- EIGHT HOURS!



IN POLICE LANGUAGE, THE USUAL "INQUIRIES" MEANT CONTACTING PEOPLE WHOSE BUSINESS PLACED THEM IN A FAVORABLE POSITION AS TO GANGDOM'S ACTIVITIES! AS IN THE PAST, THESE CONTACTS HAD PROVEN THEMSELVES OVER AND OVER, AND MARKEY LOST NO TIME...



THERE'S BEEN A RUMBLE MAKING THE ROUNDS! SEEMS THAT CHUCK LANSING BLEW IN YESTERDAY!

ANYTHING DEFINITE?

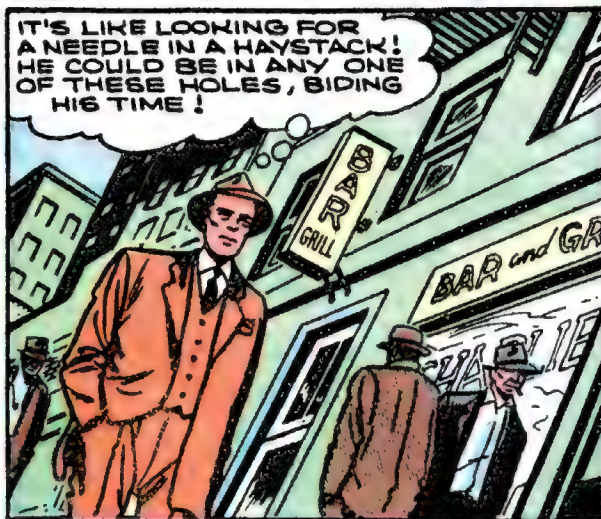


MOSTLY TALK, BUT IT'S STIRRING UP A WIND! NO ONE'S POINTING A FINGER YET!

THANK'S, CHARLIE, AND KEEP LISTENING!

IT WAS A LEAD, A SLIM ONE, BUT ONE THING MARKEY WAS CERTAIN OF... LANSING WAS HERE! BUT THE QUESTION REMAINED, WHERE?

LANSING'S MOVE CAME SOONER THAN THE POLICE EXPECTED! A GAS STATION AT THE EDGE OF TOWN, WITH THE NIGHT ATTENDANT THE HAPLESS VICTIM...



IT'S LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK! HE COULD BE IN ANY ONE OF THESE HOLES, BIDDING HIS TIME!



OH!!!

SNAP IT UP, CHUCK! A PROWL CAR C'N COME ALONG ANY SECOND!

STOP YAPPIN'! I JUST WANNA GET EVERY BUCK HE'S GOT ON 'IM!

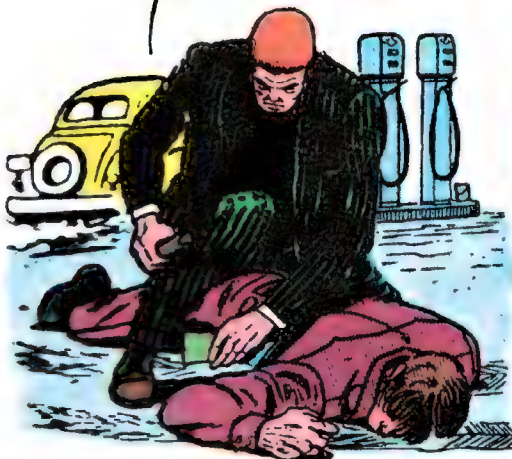
COMPLETING THE JOB, THE PAIR HURRIED BACK TO EDDIE'S PLACE...

A HUNDRED FORTY-SIX BUCKS, COUNTING WHAT WAS IN THE REGISTER! WE'RE IN BUSINESS, EDDIE! IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, WE'LL SNOWBALL IT INTO BIG MONEY!

COUNT ME OUT, CHUCK! YOU SAID THIS ONE JOB AN' YOU'D BLOW!

SO I'M CHANGIN' MY MIND! I'LL BLOW WHEN I'M READY... AN' MEANWHILE YOU LEARN YER PLACE!

OWWWW!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, CHIEF! IT WAS CHUCK LANSING ALL RIGHT! THE ATTENDANT GAVE US A PERFECT DESCRIPTION AT THE HOSPITAL! HE'S IN BAD SHAPE THOUGH! MAY NOT MAKE IT!

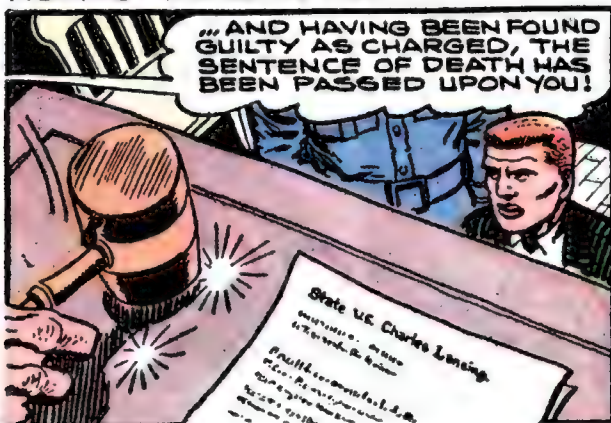


WITH TYPICAL POLICE EFFICIENCY, DETECTIVES MARKEY AND GRIMES WERE AT THE ADDRESS WITHIN MINUTES! THE STARTLED LANSING, AWAKENED FROM A NAP WHEN THEY BURST THROUGH THE DOOR, WAS TAKEN COMPLETELY OFF GUARD...



POLICE, LANSING! OUT OF THAT BED, AND GET YOUR HANDS UP... FAST!

WHEN THE ATTENDANT DIED SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE CHARGE AGAINST LANSING WAS CHANGED TO MURDER! MEANWHILE, HIS PAL, EDDIE COX, SURRENDERED TO THE POLICE AND TURNED STATE'S WITNESS! EDDIE RECEIVED A FIFTEEN YEAR SENTENCE FOR THE UNWILLING ROLE HE PLAYED, BUT THE CHARGE AGAINST LANSING HELD...



...AND HAVING BEEN FOUND GUILTY AS CHARGED, THE SENTENCE OF DEATH HAS BEEN PASSED UPON YOU!



WHO IS THIS?



WHAT IS IT, CHIEF?

THAT LOUSY, NO GOOD EDDIE! I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS!

WE'LL SAVE YOU THAT JOB, LANSING! BUT IF THAT ATTENDANT DIES, YOU'RE THROUGH! MURDER IS A RAP EVEN YOU WON'T BEAT!



SENTENCE WAS GET FOR THE LAST WEEK IN SEPTEMBER, AND IN HIS CELL IN DEATH ROW, LANSING UNDERWENT AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE! AT SUDDEN INTERVALS HE WOULD BREAK OUT IN EXPLOSIVE TIRADES OF SELF-ADMONISHMENT...



I DESERVE TO DIE! I'VE TAKEN A LIFE AND NOW I MUST GIVE UP MY OWN! BUT I'M NOT AFRAID!

THE WEEKS PASSED AND THE DAY OF HIS EXECUTION DREW NEAR! THERE WERE A FEW VISITORS FROM HIS HOME TOWN IN ILLINOIS, BUT MOST OF THE TIME LANSING SPENT IN SCRIBBLING AT HIS SMALL TABLE!



THE WRITING WAS MOSTLY LETTERS TO PEOPLE HE HAD KNOWN, AND THE THEME WAS PERSISTENT THROUGHOUT...

THESE ARE THE GAME AS THE OTHERS, WARDEN! HE KEEPS REPEATING ABOUT THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS, AND DESERVING HIS PUNISHMENT!

I GUESS IT CAN HAPPEN WITH A MAN LIKE LANSING! I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN BEFORE, WITH DEATH STARING THEM IN THE FACE!



I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, WARDEN! AT FIRST I HAD A NOTION HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING! BUT I GUESS ALL HE WANTS NOW IS FORGIVENESS!

HE'S EVEN REQUESTED TO SEE THE FAMILY DOCTOR FROM HIS HOME TOWN!



THUS, LANSING'S LAST REQUEST WAS COMPLIED WITH...

IT'S THE THIRD CELL TO YOUR LEFT, DOCTOR WALKER! I THINK YOU'LL FIND HIM A CHANGED MAN ALTOGETHER!

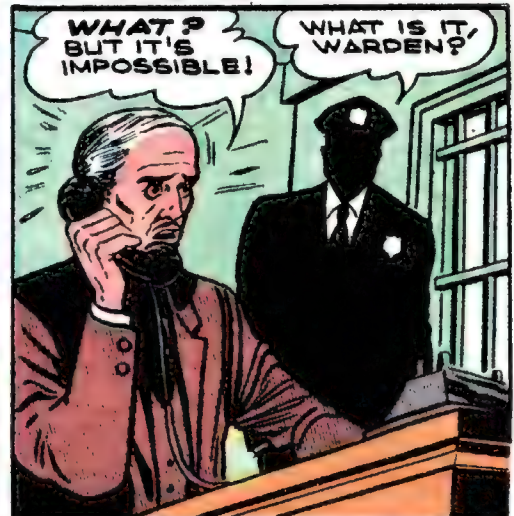
WHEN ONE STANDS ON THE THRESHOLD, ONE USUALLY SEES THE LIGHT! I WILL GO TO HIM AT ONCE!



BUT WHEN WARDEN CRAWFORD RETURNED TO HIS OFFICE, A LONG DISTANCE CALL BROUGHT HIM TO HIS FEET...

WHAT? BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WHAT IS IT, WARDEN?



THAT MAN WITH LANSING **ISN'T** DOCTOR WALKER! I'VE JUST SPOKEN WITH THE **REAL** DOCTOR! HE CALLED TO SAY HE COULDN'T MAKE IT TILL TOMORROW!

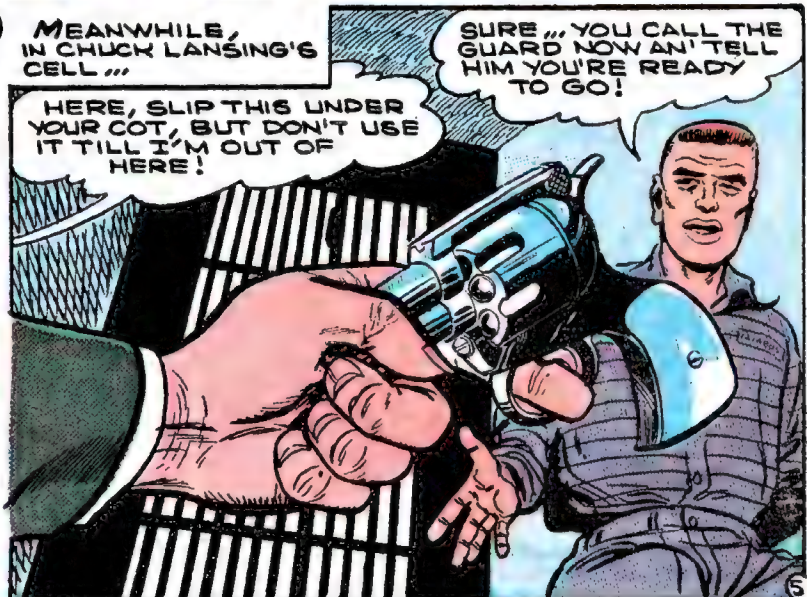
THEN WHO **IS** WITH LANSING?



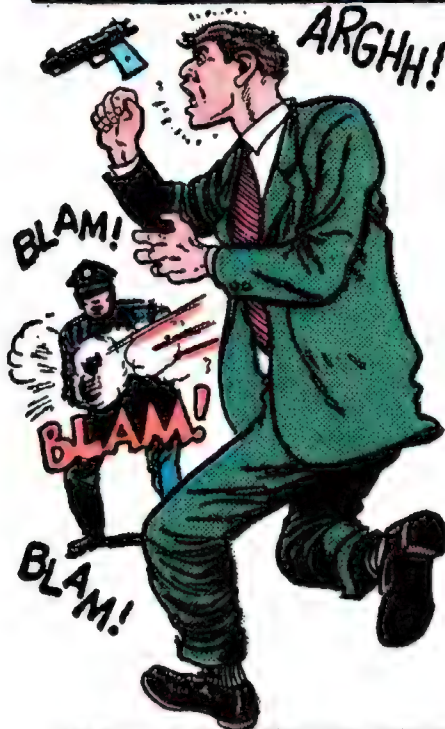
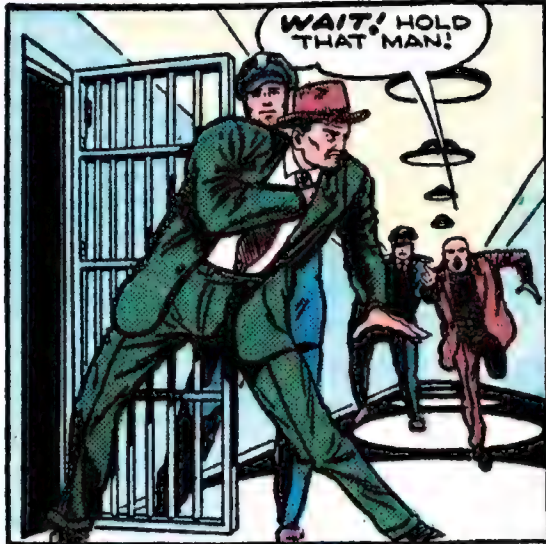
MEANWHILE, IN CHUCK LANSING'S CELL...

HERE, SLIP THIS UNDER YOUR COT, BUT DON'T USE IT TILL I'M OUT OF HERE!

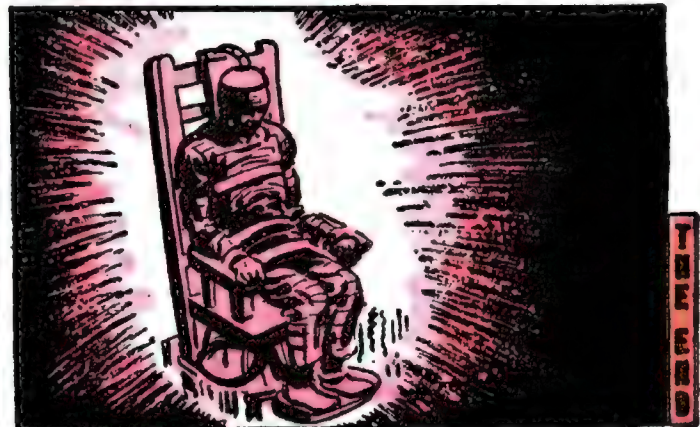
SURE... YOU CALL THE GUARD NOW AN' TELL HIM YOU'RE READY TO GO!



BUT AS THE GUARD OPENED THE DOOR FOR THE MASQUERADING DOCTOR...

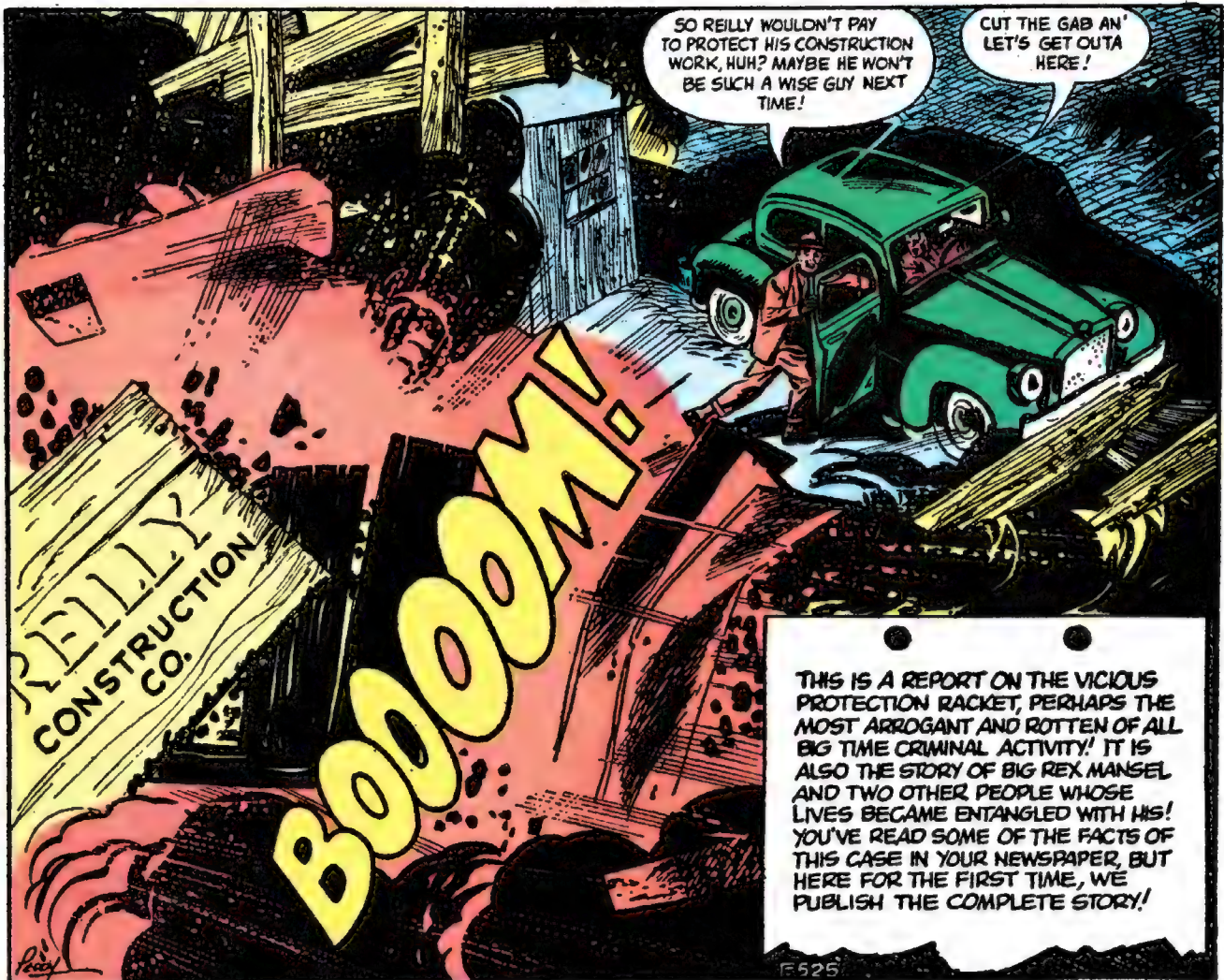


LATER IDENTIFICATION DISCLOSED THE PHONY DOCTOR AS LANSING'S STEPBROTHER, A LAWBREAKER WANTED BY THE POLICE IN THREE EASTERN STATES! THUS, ONE OF THE MOST FABULOUS ESCAPES IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME WAS NIPPED IN THE MAKING, AND THREE DAYS LATER CHUCK LANSING PAID HIS LAST AND FINAL DEBT!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

MOB VIOLENCE!



THE HOODS DROVE TO A LOCAL DOWNTOWN HEADQUARTERS WHICH USED AN ATHLETIC CLUB FOR BEHIND-THE-SCENES CRIME! IT WAS THE EVENING OF MARCH 17TH, 1936...





THE MAN KNOWN TO THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT AS 'BRAINS' WAS PAUL J. CASTIN, A CRIMINAL LAWYER! FOLLOWING ORDERS FROM THE 'BIG BOSS', HE USED A PUBLIC TELEPHONE TO REPORT! OFFICE PHONES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO BE TAPPED...



HELLO! THIS IS 'BRAINS'? THAT LITTLE MATTER HAS BEEN ATTENDED TO! WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

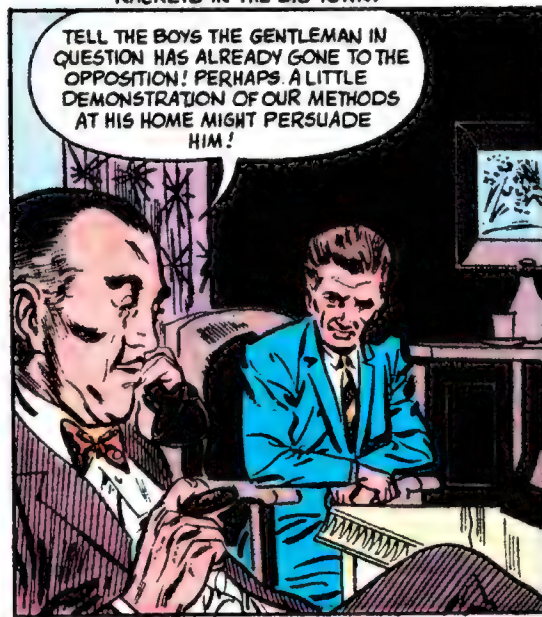
THE VOICE OF 'BRAINS' WAS CARRIED BY THE TELEPHONE CABLES TO THE MANSEL BUILDING, AND IN THAT BUILDING TO THE OFFICE OF...



HI, 'BRAINS'! ALL TAKEN CARE OF! BLASTED THAT NEW BUILDING OF REILLY'S SKY HIGH!

GOOD! I'LL LET YOU KNOW YOUR NEXT MOVE AS SOON AS I HAVE THE WORD!

TO THE PUBLIC, REX MANSEL WAS A WEALTHY INVESTMENT BROKER, BUT TO A FEW TRUSTED MEMBERS OF THE UNDERWORLD HE WAS, **BIG REX**, KINGPIN OF THE RACKETS IN THE BIG TOWN!



TELL THE BOYS THE GENTLEMAN IN QUESTION HAS ALREADY GONE TO THE OPPOSITION! PERHAPS A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION OF OUR METHODS AT HIS HOME MIGHT PERSUADE HIM!

BIG REX LOVED ONLY THREE THINGS... POWER, MONEY, AND HIS STEPDAUGHTER ELAINE...



I WISH I COULD SPEND MORE TIME WITH ELAINE!

I COULD TAKE YOUR PLACE, BOSS!



YOU STINKIN' GUTTER-BRED GUNSEL! YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO SHINE HER SHOES! I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU EVER SAY A THING LIKE THAT AGAIN!

POW!

2



I DRAGGED YOU FROM THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR... MADE YOU MY BODY-GUARD! IF YOU EVER DRAW THAT ROD ON ME, I'LL TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU, AND LET YOU HAVE IT WITH YOUR OWN GUN!

AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN FRONT OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, ELAINE MANSEL PAUSED TO BUY A PAPER BEFORE ENTERING THE BUILDING...



READ ALL ABOUT IT! GANGSTERS BLOW UP CONSTRUCTION COMPANY! 16 INJURED AND FOUR DEAD!



PRETTY MESSY BUSINESS, ISN'T IT?



THE FELLOW SHE TURNED TO SEE WAS FAMILIAR! SHE'D SEEN HIM AT CONCERTS, THEATRES AND MUSEUMS, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME THEY'D SPOKEN...

OH, HELLO...

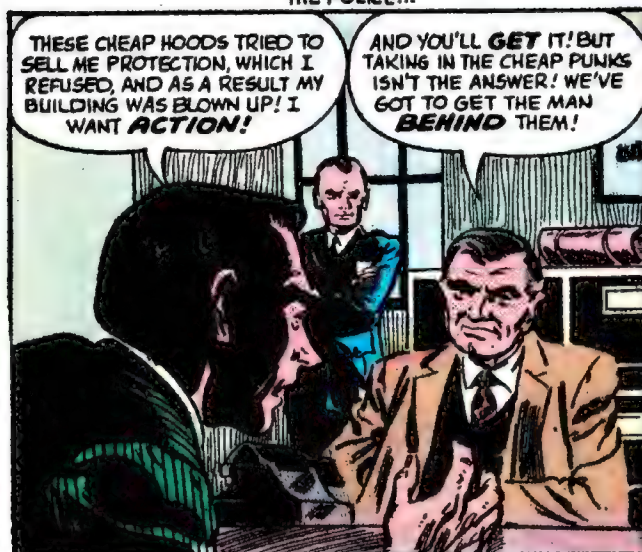
JOHNNY FRAME! IF YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE MATISSE SHOW, SO AM I! THIS TIME LET'S SEE IT TOGETHER!



I'VE OFTEN WONDERED WHY A LOVELY GIRL LIKE YOU SPENDS SO MUCH TIME GOING TO CONCERTS AND MUSEUMS... AND ALWAYS **ALONE!**

MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND MY STEPFATHER'S A VERY BUSY BUSINESSMAN WHOM I SEE VERY INFREQUENTLY! I'VE BEEN AWAY TO SCHOOL AND KNOW FEW PEOPLE IN TOWN!

MEANWHILE, REILLY, THE "GENTLEMAN IN QUESTION" BIG REX HAD REFERRED TO, HAD, AS HE'D SAID, "GONE TO THE OPPOSITION"... THE POLICE...



THESE CHEAP HOODS TRIED TO SELL ME PROTECTION, WHICH I REFUSED, AND AS A RESULT MY BUILDING WAS BLOWN UP! I WANT **ACTION!**

AND YOU'LL **GET** IT! BUT TAKING IN THE CHEAP PUNKS ISN'T THE ANSWER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE MAN **BEHIND** THEM!



WHAT? YES, MR. REILLY'S HERE! HIS HOME BLOWN UP? WIFE AND CHILD...

MARIE... LITTLE BILLY! THEY KILLED THEM! WHY DIDN'T I **PAY** THEM? WHY DID I HAVE TO FIGHT THEM?



I'M GOING TO PUT EVERY MAN ON THIS! WE'LL GET THOSE DIRTY MURDERERS! BUT THE REST OF YOU CONSTRUCTION MEN MUST HELP!

HELP? LIKE REILLY DID, YOU MEAN? NOT ME!

IN THE MONTH THAT FOLLOWED, MANY OF THE CONSTRUCTION CONCERNS PAID THE BLOOD MONEY! THOSE WHO DIDN'T SUFFERED THE SAME FATE AS REILLY...



AND MANY INNOCENT BYSTANDERS PAID TOO, IN PAIN OR DEATH, FOR SIMPLY WALKING DOWN A STREET IN A CITY WHERE CRIME RAN RAMPANT...



IN THE SAME MONTH, SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ELAINE AND JOHNNY FRAME TOO...



I LOVE YOU, ELAINE!

I LOVE YOU TOO, JOHNNY!

AN HOUR LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



THE GIRL HAS NO IDEA WHAT HER STEP-FATHER'S REAL BUSINESS IS! SHE'S JUST A SWEET, LONELY KID! LOOK, CHIEF, I WANT TO BE TAKEN OFF THIS ASSIGNMENT!

SO THAT'S IT! YOU'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ELAINE MANSEL!



JOHNNY, YOU'VE GOT TO STAY ON THIS! BIG REX MANSEL IS THE MAN WE'VE GOT TO GET, AND WITH THE "IN" YOU'VE GOT, YOU CAN GET THE GOODS ON HIM!



THINK OF THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THIS CRIMINAL'S DRIVE FOR MONEY AND POWER! HE'S THE BIG WHEEL, AND WHEN WE GET HIM, WE'LL CRUSH CRIME IN THIS CITY!

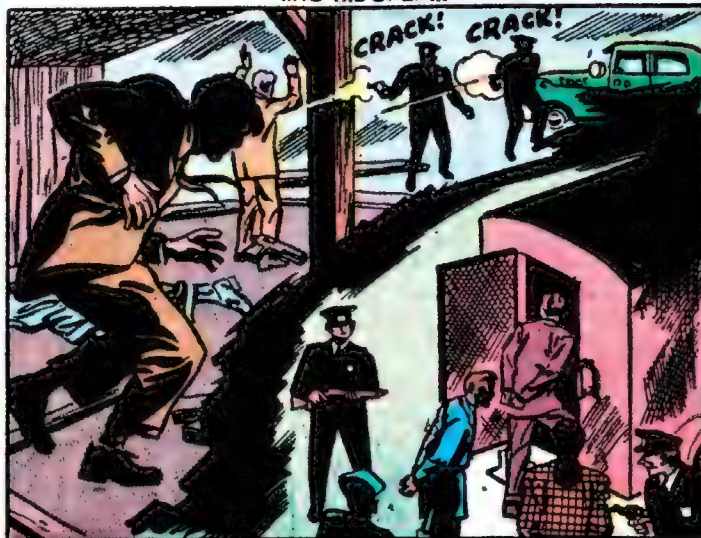
ALL RIGHT... I'LL KEEP AT IT!

YES, THE POLICE KNEW WHO THE BIG WHEEL WAS, NO MATTER HOW HE TRIED TO DISGUISE HIMSELF IN THE CLOAK OF RESPECTABILITY! BUT IT WAS ANOTHER MATTER TO FIND SUFFICIENT PROOF TO ARREST AND CONVICT HIM...

YOU HAVE ACCESS TO BIG REX'S HOME, THROUGH HIS DAUGHTER! WHEN YOU CAN DO IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN, RUN A TAP ON THE PHONE! WE'LL RECORD ALL CONVERSATIONS!



MEANWHILE, THE POLICE CLAMPED DOWN ON THE SMALLER FRY IN THE ORGANIZATION, HOPING TO STIR UP ENOUGH ACTION TO FORCE BIG REX INTO THE OPEN...



JOHNNY HAD SUCCEEDED IN TAPPING THE WIRES OF MANSEL'S HOME! THE RESULTS WERE MOSTLY NEGATIVE...

WITHIN 24 HOURS, THE MAN KNOWN AS 'BRAINS' WAS FOUND AND TAKEN BY THE POLICE...

BUT BIG REX TRUSTED NO ONE, AND EVERY MAN HIGH UP IN THE ORGANIZATION OF CRIME WAS CAREFULLY AND CONSTANTLY WATCHED, AND WAS EXPENDABLE...



HELLO, THIS IS 'BRAINS'... I'VE TOLD YOU NOT TO CALL ME HERE AT MY HOME...

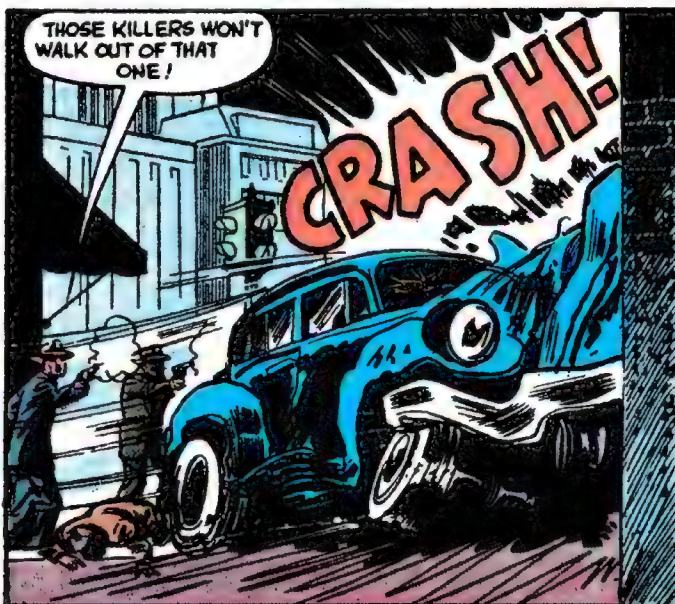
'BRAINS' THAT'S THE TAG FOR PAUL CASTIN, THE UNDERWORLD LAWYER! PERHAPS IF WE PICK HIM UP...



THIS IS AN ARREST, CASTIN! YOU'RE WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS!



ARG-GH!



THOSE KILLERS WON'T WALK OUT OF THAT ONE!

CRASH!

SO THE FIRST REAL LINK THE POLICE HAD BETWEEN BIG REX AND THE CRIME COMBINE WAS ERADICATED! MEANWHILE JOHNNY AND ELAINE WERE ABOUT TO LEAVE BIG REX'S CITY APARTMENT ON A DATE...



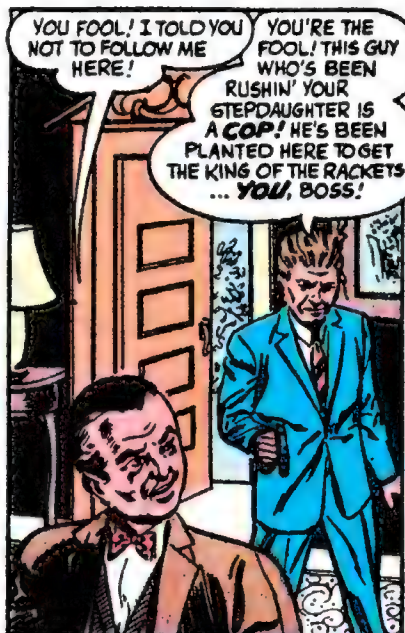
ELAINE, THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU! IT CONCERNS MY JOB!

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS, AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT A GANGSTER! LET'S TALK ABOUT THE DATE OF OUR MARRIAGE INSTEAD, SO I CAN TELL DAD!



ELAINE! I'M GLAD I CAUGHT YOU IN! SO **THIS** IS YOUR BEAU?

OH, DADDY! THIS IS WONDERFUL! I SO SELDOM SEE YOU... AND I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT JOHNNY AND ME AND OUR PLANS!



YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU NOT TO FOLLOW ME HERE!

YOU'RE THE FOOL! THIS GUY WHO'S BEEN RUSHIN' YOUR STEPDAUGHTER IS A **COP**! HE'S BEEN PLANTED HERE TO GET THE KING OF THE RACKETS ... **YOU**, BOSS!



YOU THE KING OF THE RACKETS... THE MAN WHO KILLS INNOCENT PEOPLE! I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE A BUSINESS-MAN!

I NEVER WANTED YOU TO KNOW!

THIS COP'S GOTTA GO!

JOHNNY KNEW THAT CRAZY KILLER'S GLEAM THAT TOUCHED THE EYES OF THE GUNSEL! HE DREW HIS GUN...



CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!



ALL RIGHT, COPPER! NOW IT'S MY MOVE!

NO! I WON'T LET YOU MURDER AGAIN... NOT JOHNNY!



NOT JOHNNY... NOT JOHNNY!

ELAINE! YOU... SHOT ME! YOU...

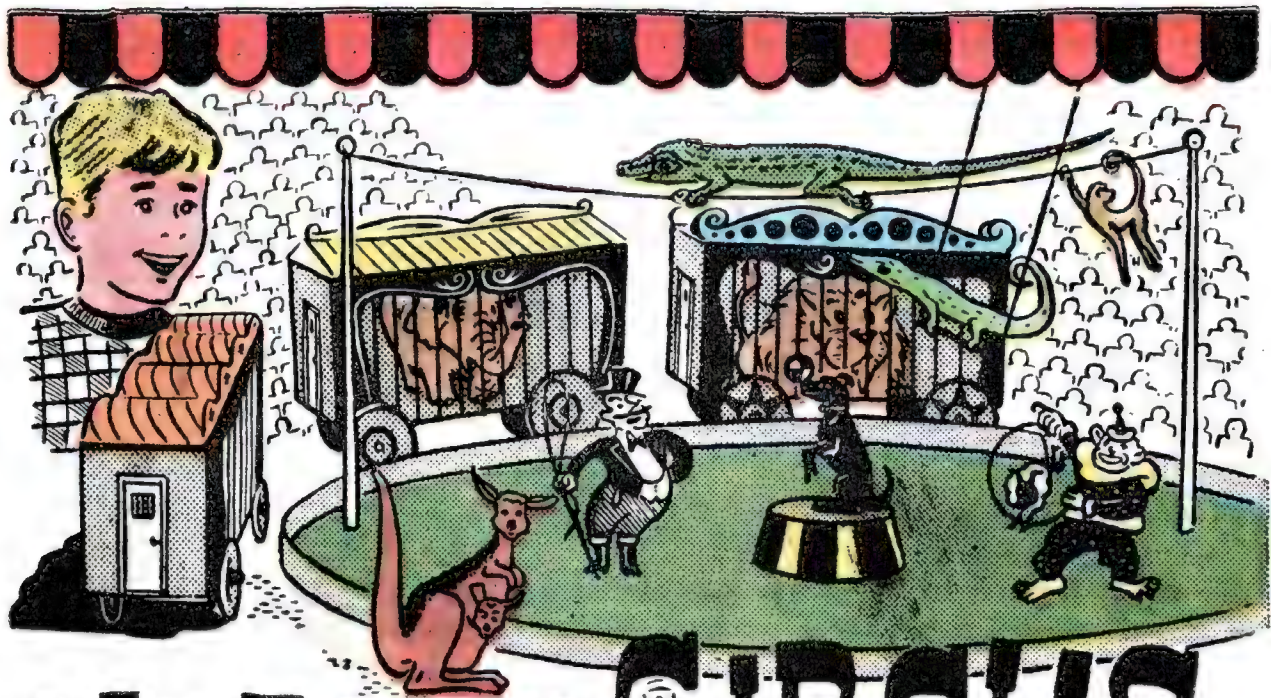


AND I... I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOFT! I'M PROUD OF YOU! YOU'RE LIKE ME... WHAT YOU WANT YOU DON'T LET ANYONE TAKE AWAY FROM YOU! EXCEPT I... DID IT... **WRONG**... WAY...

WITH THE DEATH OF BIG REX, THE CRIME SYNDICATE WAS SMASHED... THUS ENDING ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S CONSTANT WAR AGAINST CRIME!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS



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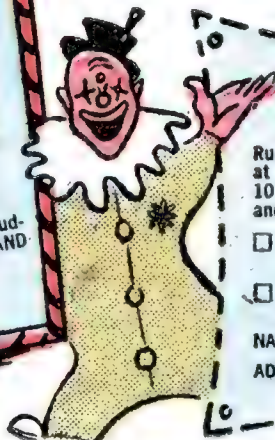
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SWEET REVENGE

STEVE GRINDO stepped off the bus five blocks away from Detective Benson's home and took a deep breath. Five years, but he was coming back at last to fulfill an oath he had sworn.

An oath to kill Detective Benson!

He walked slowly along the main street, keeping his hat well down over his eyes and being careful to walk in the shadow of the buildings as much as possible. He had twenty minutes to waste.

"That's the whole point of a good murder," he muttered to himself. "Coordination. Knowing your victim's habits and keying everything to them. I'll shoot Benson the moment he walks up the graveled path to his house when he comes off duty at five!"

He caressed the weight of the German Parabellum pistol in his right-hand coat pocket. It meant revenge, sweetest revenge, and one moreover that he had sworn he would take. Steve Grindo was proud of always keeping his word.

He passed a newsstand and noticed the evening papers had come out. Pausing slightly, he

examined one out of the corner of his eye.

Sure enough, his picture was plastered all over the front page.

"That old rogue's gallery shot," he observed in annoyance.

"Why don't they use the better pictures they got at the trial?"

But at the memory of the trial, at the recollection of how Detective Benson's plodding testimony had stripped away his alibis one by one so that the D. A. had no trouble at all in getting a conviction, Steve's fists balled up at his sides. If he could have gotten his hands on Benson at that moment, he would probably have strangled him in the crowded street.

"Take it easy, boy!" he muttered. "Take it real slow and real easy. Blow your stack like that and all your careful plans go up the spout! Remember you want to kill Benson and get away in one piece!"

To calm himself, he forced himself to read the newspaper. He bought one and moved into a corner beanery where he could peruse it at his leisure.

He glanced at the clock before parking on a stool. 4:45. Detective Benson had exactly fifteen minutes to live.

The paper was filled with lurid accounts of his escape from the penitentiary. The headline read:

"LIFER SHOOTS TWO GUARDS, BREAKS LOOSE"

And under that, in somewhat smaller type:

"MANHUNT UNDER WAY IN THREE STATES; GRINDO BELIEVED HEADING SOUTH"

He really grinned at that. So they were looking for him to head for Mexico, eh? Well, wasn't that just too bad! He'd headed south when he'd broken out of the pen, just to give that impression, then swung around in a great curve back to Waltham City. Steve Grindo didn't intend to go anywhere else until he had fulfilled his sworn oath.

4:50. He rose from the stool and waved at the counterman who had hurried up afraid that a customer was leaving in anger at not being served in time.

"That's all right, bub," he said graciously. "I changed my mind. Here's a tip for you anyway."

And he dropped into the hands of the grateful man a dollar bill—one of the dollar bills

he had taken out of the pockets of the automobile-driver who had given him a lift back to Waltham City and whom he had murdered in sight of town.

"Now why did I do that?" he wondered as he walked away. "Suppose they connect that dollar tip with the robbery?"

But then he realized again that it was very unlikely and felt better. After he'd killed the driver, he'd driven the car off a cliff that was on the side of a little-used highway. They wouldn't find that car for a week — if then.

"And I have to watch out for my reputation," he said humorously. "I always leave a big tip somewhere nearby everytime I murder a guy I said I would. I like the way the papers play it up afterwards. That and the way I keep my word."

He passed a clock and noticed the time in passing. 4:55. He'd have to hurry if his timing wasn't to be off. He turned down the side street on which Benton lived and looked around for a good spot to hide. Fortunately, it was a quiet residential neighborhood: there were only a few children about.

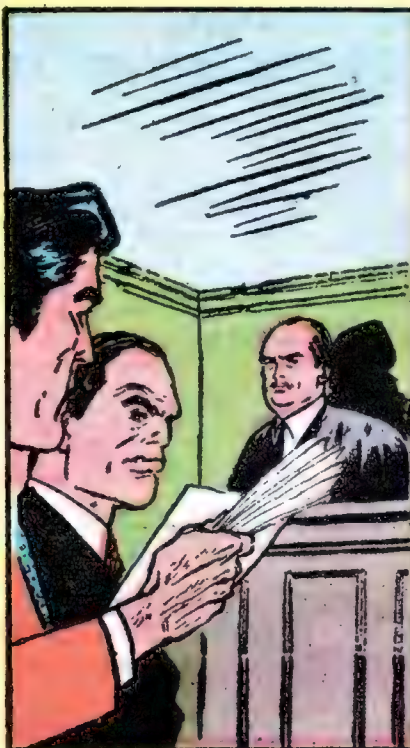
Steve selected an alleyway across the street from Benton's house. It had a little hedge in front of it which would be excellent cover, and it gave him a clear line of fire at the path up which Benton had to walk to enter his front door. And best of all the alleyway behind him ran all the way back to an

empty lot.

Perfect getaway. With his retreat covered, he could relax and wait for his victim.

He estimated that Detective Benson had left at the most some two or three minutes of life.

"Of course," he mused, "some people would say I was stupid to come back and do this. I've murdered men before but always gotten away with it. If they catch me now, it'll be the



chair sure for those two guards I murdered breaking out of jail. But I said I'd kill Detective Benson and I'm going to kill Detective Benson! And I'm going to get away with it!"

Abruptly, he stiffened. A familiar figure had turned the corner and was striding down the street with a plainclothesman's definite assurance. Ben-

son. Steve grinned wolfishly. The flatfoot was right on time. For his own death!

He gripped the pistol and waited. No point in doing anything until Benson was directly opposite him. That way he could be certain of getting a clear shot.

There was certainly a lot to be said for studying a man's habits. He nodded triumphantly and watched Benson move along the sidewalk.

Now! He pulled the Parabellum out and—

"Get your hands up," a steely voice said behind him as he felt a gun muzzle jam into his back. "Get 'em up and drop that pistol!"

He complied, dazedly wondering what had happened. The open alleyway behind him — that's how the copper had managed to sneak up!

Benson raced across the street. "Good job," he called. "I knew he'd leave a dollar tip here sooner or later. Once the counter-terman called me—we'd alerted all the restaurant help in the neighborhood, by the way, Steve — I knew you'd be waiting for me. That dollar tip was the signal. Like I always say—nothing like knowing a man's habits!"

THE END 9515

IT WAS A BREEZY MORNING IN APRIL 1876, WHEN A FLURRY OF EXCITED WHISPERS RAN THROUGH A CURIOUS CROWD WHO WATCHED A TALL, BLACK-GARBED GENTLEMAN EMERGE FROM A REGAL CARRIAGE! HIS BEARING, GRACE OF MANNER AND THE ROYAL CREST EMBLAZONED ON HIS CARRIAGE DENOTED A GENTLEMAN OF RANK AND BREEDING! HE WAS FAMOUS AS...

THE MAN IN BLACK!



BYSTANDERS WERE AWED BY THE PRESENCE OF ROYALTY...

I'VE HEARD OF HIM BEFORE, A NOBLEMAN OF HIGH BIRTH! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE WORLD!

YES, BUT WHO IS HE REALLY? THE PAPERS SAID HE WOULD BE ABOARD, BUT THEY ONLY CALLED HIM THE MAN IN BLACK!



ALL EYES WERE ON THE MYSTERIOUS MAN AS HE WALKED UP THE GANGPLANK...

SO MANY PEOPLE BOTHER HIM FOR SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL REASONS, THAT HE TRAVELS INCOGNITO!



THE MAN IN BLACK INSPECTED HIS REGAL STATEROOM WITH A SOPHISTICATED EYE, AND DISMISSED HIS SERVANTS IN VIEW OF SOME PASSING VOYAGERS...



WE WISH YOU A GOOD VOYAGE, EXCELLENCY!

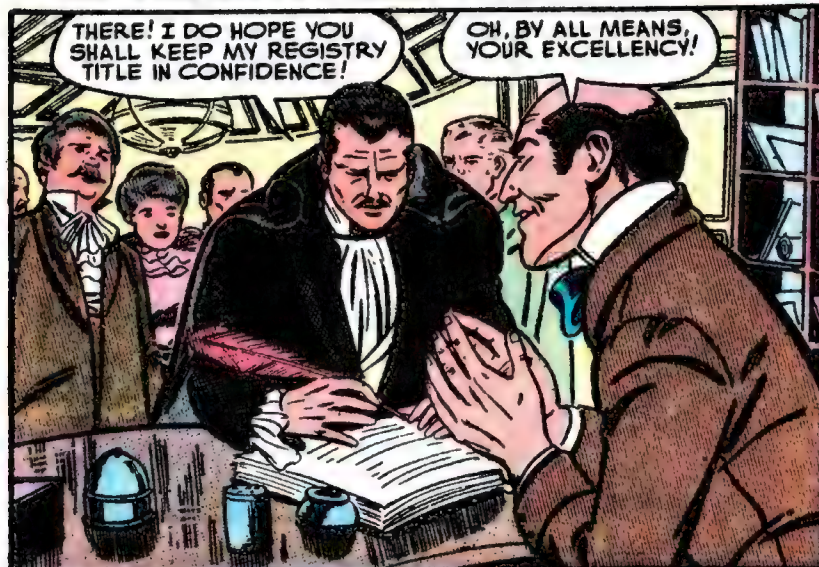
GRACIAS! PLEASE RETURN TO THE MANSION AND SEE THAT THE HORSES ARE ATTENDED TO!

DID YOU SEE THAT BUNDLE OF BILLS HE HANDED THEM?

WHY SHOULDN'T HE? I UNDERSTAND HE OWNS HALF THE DIAMOND MINES IN THE WORLD!



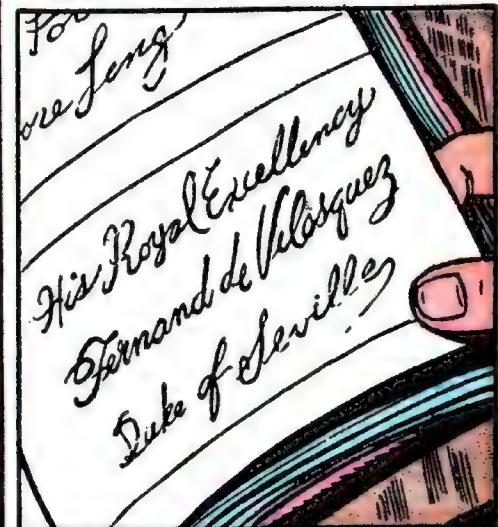
LATER, THE MAN IN BLACK SIGNED HIS NAME ON THE PASSENGER LIST WHILE AWED BYSTANDERS WATCHED!



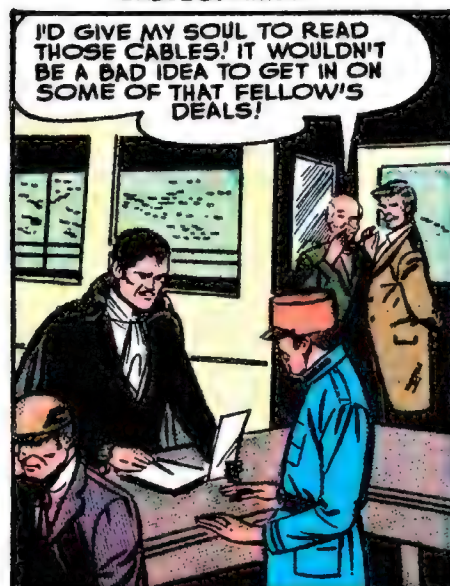
THERE! I DO HOPE YOU SHALL KEEP MY REGISTRY TITLE IN CONFIDENCE!

OH, BY ALL MEANS, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

BUT THE PAGE WAS LEFT OPEN FOR OTHERS TO SEE! IT WAS HUMAN NATURE FOR THE FAWNING OFFICIAL TO FEEL HE HAD SPOKEN WITH ROYALTY!!



HIS EXCELLENCY WENT FORTHWITH TO THE CABLE ROOM AND SENT HALF A DOZEN EUROPEAN CABLEGRAMS...



I'D GIVE MY SOUL TO READ THOSE CABLES! IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA TO GET IN ON SOME OF THAT FELLOW'S DEALS!

AS THE DUKE OF SEVILLE LEFT, ONE OF HIS CABLES FLUTTERED TO THE FLOOR!!!



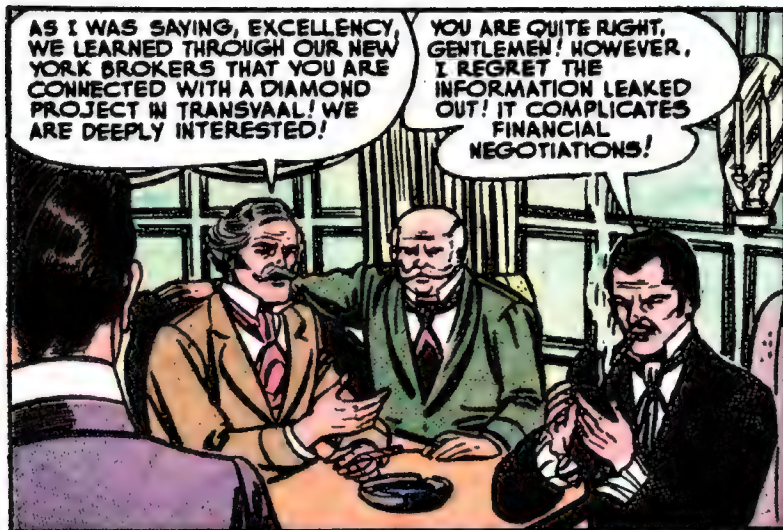
IT DROPPED! SEE IF YOU CAN GET IT!

GET BETWEEN THE CLERK AND THE CABLE! I'LL READ IT CASUALLY AND THEN RETURN IT TO THE DESK!

LISTEN TO THIS! I AM PREPARED TO ACCEPT FINANCIAL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ORGANIZING STOCK COMPANY FOR NEW DIAMOND STRIKE IN TRANSVAAL! TWO MILLION DRAFT FOLLOWS TO SECURE! SIGNED: FERNAND DE VELASQUEZ!



HUGHES AND MAITLAND WERE SURPRISED TO FIND THEIR ROYAL FELLOW PASSENGER TO BE A MAN OF CONGENIAL COMPANY AND A GOOD LISTENER...



AS I WAS SAYING, EXCELLENCY, WE LEARNED THROUGH OUR NEW YORK BROKERS THAT YOU ARE CONNECTED WITH A DIAMOND PROJECT IN TRANSVAAL! WE ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED!

YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! HOWEVER, I REGRET THE INFORMATION LEAKED OUT! IT COMPLICATES FINANCIAL NEGOTIATIONS!

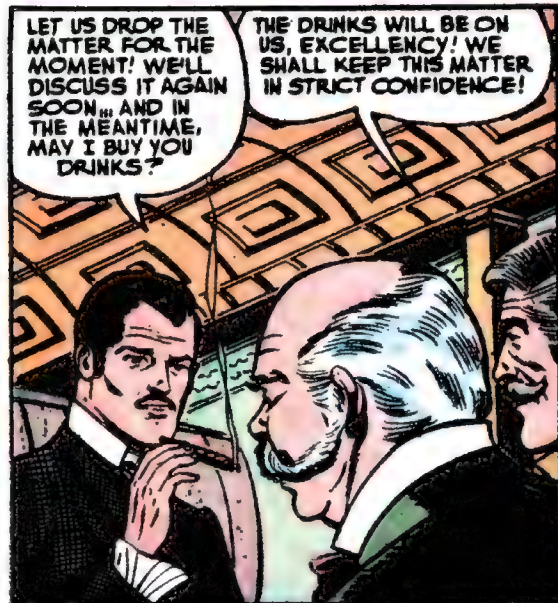
OF COURSE, ANY INVESTMENT WOULD REQUIRE TREMENDOUS CAPITAL OUTLAY! IT IS BETTER TO RESTRICT THIS TO A LIMITED FEW!

I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT MR. HUGHES AND MYSELF ARE QUITE PREPARED IN THAT RESPECT! WE HAVE, IN THE PURSER'S SAFE, SUFFICIENT FUNDS FOR DEPOSIT!



LET US DROP THE MATTER FOR THE MOMENT! WE'LL DISCUSS IT AGAIN SOON... AND IN THE MEANTIME, MAY I BUY YOU DRINKS?

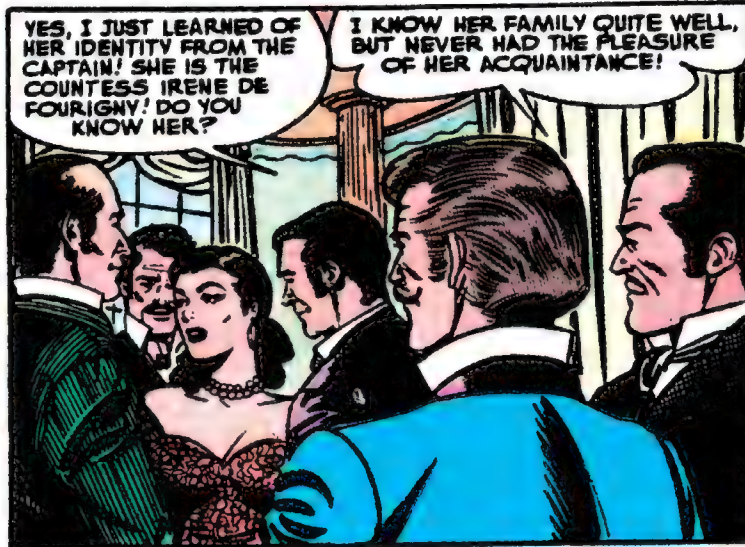
THE DRINKS WILL BE ON US, EXCELLENCY! WE SHALL KEEP THIS MATTER IN STRICT CONFIDENCE!



IT WAS AT A BALL ON THE FOURTH DAY OUT THAT THE DUKE BECAME AWARE OF ANOTHER ROYAL PASSENGER ABOARD...

YES, I JUST LEARNED OF HER IDENTITY FROM THE CAPTAIN! SHE IS THE COUNTESS IRENE DE FOURIGNY! DO YOU KNOW HER?

I KNOW HER FAMILY QUITE WELL, BUT NEVER HAD THE PLEASURE OF HER ACQUAINTANCE!



MATTERS WERE EASILY ARRANGED THROUGH THE CAPTAIN BY THE EAGER FUTURE PARTNERS OF THE DUKE...

ALL EYES WATCHED THE ROMANCE FLOURISH, AND BY THE END OF THE EVENING THE TWO REGAL PASSENGERS WERE GOOD FRIENDS...

THE DAYS FLEW BY AND THE ENTIRE SHIP BUZZED WITH THE GOSSIP OF THE ROYAL ROMANCE! THE COUPLE WERE INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS...

I AM PROUD TO HAVE TWO DISTINGUISHED GUESTS ABOARD... COUNTESS IRENE DE FOURIGNY... HIS EXCELLENCY, THE DUKE OF SEVILLE!

I'M CHARMED!



I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I AM AT THIS CHANCE MEETING, COUNTESS! IT SEEMS A SHAME WE HAVE BEEN KEPT APART SO LONG!

WELL, WE CAN MAKE UP FOR IT NOW! I'M SURE WE SHALL HAVE A WONDERFUL CROSSING!



IT MUSTN'T END, IRENE... NOT WITH THE FALLING OF THE ANCHOR AT LE HAVRE... NOT WITH THE PASSING OF MONTHS OR YEARS! THERE MUST BE NO PARTING!

PLEASE... LET US NOT SPEAK OF IT NOW! I AM CONFUSED! WE ARE NOT ORDINARY PEOPLE! WE ARE BOUND BY TRADITIONS!



THAT EVENING, IN HIS STATEROOM, THE DUKE OF SEVILLE... THE MAN IN BLACK... PACED ENDLESSLY...

SOMEHOW I MUST MANAGE IT! SHE KNOWS NOTHING OF ME, THE BLUE-BLOODED LITTLE FOOL! BUT SHE IS REAL ROYALTY... I AM NOT! THE DECEPTION CAN'T LAST LONG!



IF I CAN MARRY HER... IF I CAN CARRY ON THE BLUFF LONG ENOUGH TO TIE THE BONDS, I CAN BE A RICH MAN FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!



I'M BROKE... PENNILESS! I'LL ARRIVE AT LE HAVRE LIKE A PAUPER! IT MUST BE DONE NOW... WHILE WE'RE BOTH ON THE SHIP!



SO THE MAN IN BLACK PRESSED HIS CAUSE WITHOUT SCRUPLES! HE USED ALL HIS WILES, ALL HIS CONTINENTAL CHARM TO WIN THE GIRL...

IRENE, PERHAPS I CAN IMPRESS UPON YOU MY ARDENT LOVE WITH THIS LITTLE GIFT! TO ME IT IS PRICELESS... A FAMILY POSSESSION FOR OVER THREE HUNDRED YEARS!

FERNAND... DON'T!



IT WAS THE LAST POSSESSION HE OWNED... THE ONE THING HE HAD PLANNED ON SELLING TO RAISE CASH...

OH, FERNAND... IT IS BREATH-TAKING! IT IS EXQUISITE!

A SHABBY BAUBLE TO GRACE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HAND IN THE WORLD! ACCEPT IT, MY DARLING, WITH MY LOVE!



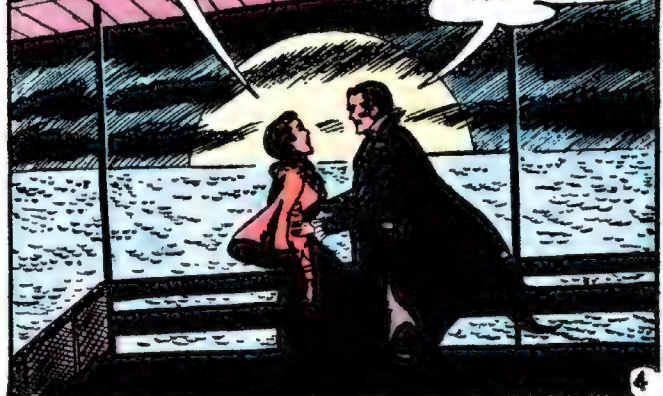
LISTEN TO ME, IRENE! LET'S GET MARRIED... NOW! WE CAN MAKE IT A CIVIL CEREMONY ABOARD THIS SHIP! LATER WE CAN ARRANGE THE REAL THING!

OH, I DON'T KNOW, FERNAND! I'M MISERABLE! THERE ARE SO MANY THOUGHTS IN MY MIND!

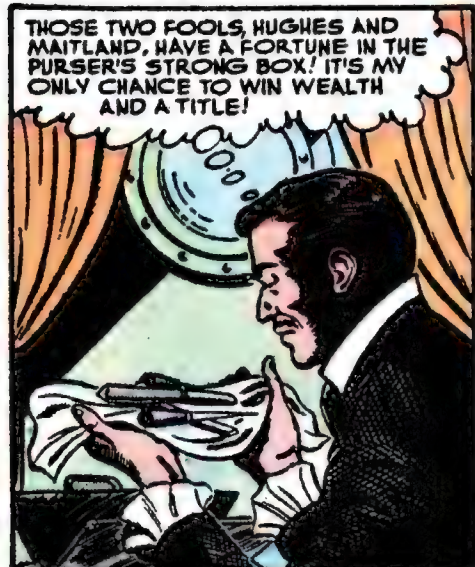


I AM FAMILIAR WITH THE PAINFUL FINANCIAL CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE HOUSE OF SEVILLE! SUCH A MARRIAGE WOULD BE FROWNED ON BY MY PEOPLE! BUT, PERHAPS...

YES, IT IS TRUE! THE HOUSE OF SEVILLE HAS FALLEN ON BAD TIMES! BUT I PROMISE YOU THIS... I SHALL COVER YOU WITH DIAMONDS AND SURROUND YOU WITH MORE WEALTH THAN YOU HAVE DREAMED OF!



THE MAN IN BLACK WAS DESPERATE... AND HE DECIDED TO TAKE A DESPERATE CHANCE TO WIN HIS COUNTESS! LATER, IN HIS CABIN...



THOSE TWO FOOLS, HUGHES AND MAITLAND, HAVE A FORTUNE IN THE PURSER'S STRONG BOX! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO WIN WEALTH AND A TITLE!

AT 3:00 A.M., THE MAN IN BLACK CLIMBED A FLIGHT OF STAIRS AND HALTED MOMENTARILY BEFORE A DOOR...



NOT A SOUND INSIDE! I'LL JIMMY THE DOOR LOCK!



OPEN! SO MUCH THE BETTER!

HE WALKED NOISELESSLY INTO THE ROOM! SUDDENLY, HE HEARD THE FAINT RASP OF STEEL ON STEEL... A VAGUE RUSTLING! HE SWITCHED ON HIS FLASH-LIGHT, AND...

THE MAN IN BLACK SMILED... AND THE COUNTESS SMILED ALSO! IT WAS SIMPLE... SO PERFECTLY OBVIOUS...

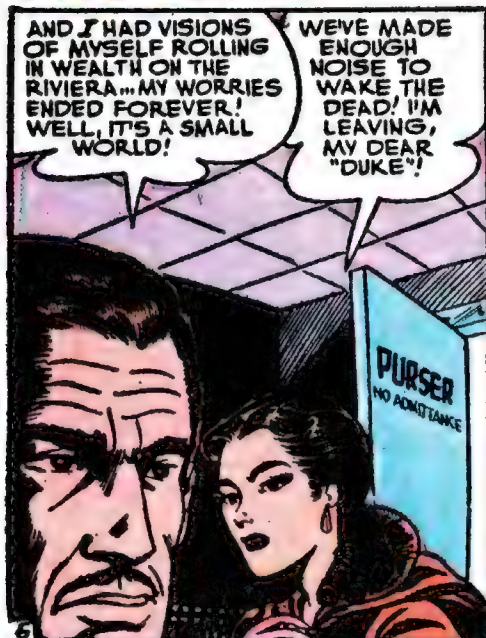


IRENE!



JUST A MATTER OF POOR TIMING, EH, MY DEAR "COUNTESS"?

YES... POOR TIMING AND EVEN POORER JUDGMENT! YOU HAD ME FOOLED FOR A WHILE! I WAS ALL FOR MARRYING INTO THE HOUSE OF SEVILLE!



AND I HAD VISIONS OF MYSELF ROLLING IN WEALTH ON THE RIVIERA... MY WORRIES ENDED FOREVER! WELL, IT'S A SMALL WORLD!

WE'VE MADE ENOUGH NOISE TO WAKE THE DEAD! I'M LEAVING, MY DEAR "DUKE"!



NEITHER ONE OF YOU ARE GOING ANY PLACE! BLACKIE JOHNSON AND MAMIE, ALIAS "THE COUNTESS" MANNOX... THE TWO MOST WANTED "CONFIDENCE" ARTISTS IN THE WORLD! LET'S GO, "YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESSES"!

THE END

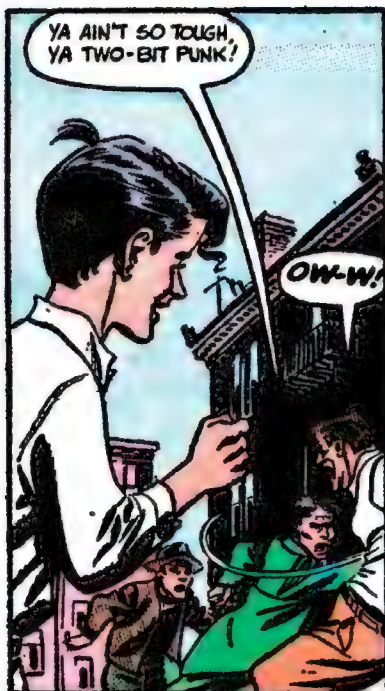
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THIS STORY SHOULDN'T HAVE BEEN WRITTEN... AND IT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IF JOE "IRONHEAD" WADE HADN'T TRIED TO CONVINCE EVERYONE THAT HE WAS A...

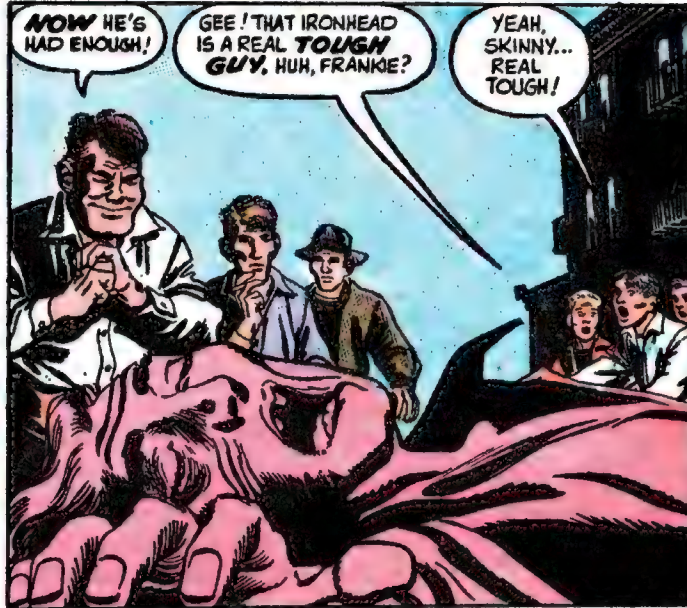
TOUGH GUY!

KIDS ALL OVER THE WORLD PLAY COPS AN' ROBBERS AND THE TWO NOVAK KIDS WHO LIVED IN HELL'S KITCHEN IN NEW YORK WERE NO DIFFERENT... EXCEPT THAT THEY ALWAYS WANTED TO BE THE COPS...





IRONHEAD RAMMED HIS BIG FISTS INTO THE HELPLESS VICTIM'S FACE AND BODY WITH THE FORCE OF TWO SLEDGE HAMMERS...AND HE KEPT IT UP UNTIL EVEN HIS PALS COULDN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER...





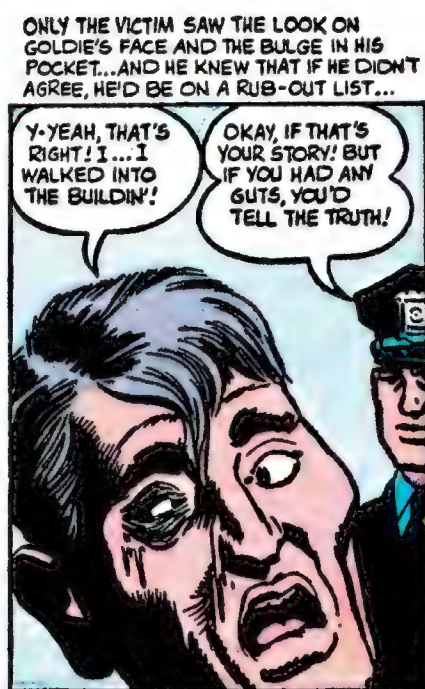
IT ISN'T HARD TO RECOGNIZE YOUR WORK, IRONHEAD! I'M TAKING YOU IN FOR THIS!

ME? I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'! THIS GUY! WASN'T WATCHIN' WHERE HE WAS GOIN' AN' WALKED INTO THE BUILDIN'!



THAT'S RIGHT! I'M A WITNESS! BUT IF YA DON'T BELIEVE US, WHY DON'T YA ASK HIM!

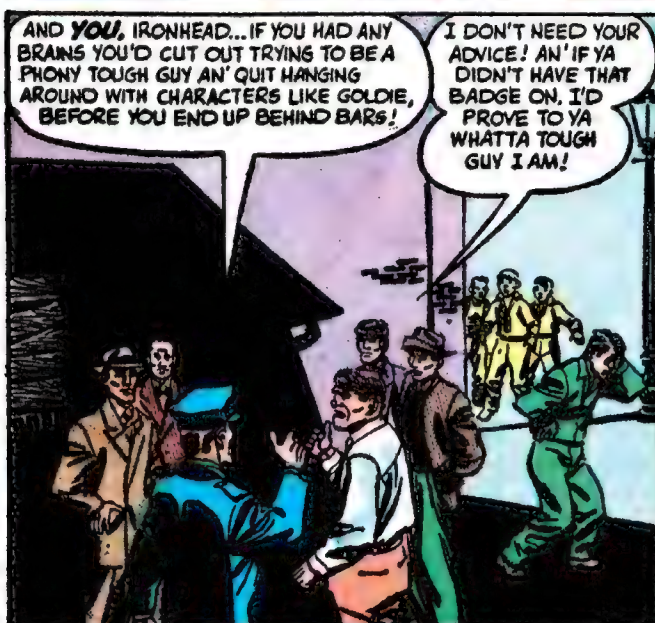
HOW ABOUT IT?



ONLY THE VICTIM SAW THE LOOK ON GOLDIE'S FACE AND THE BULGE IN HIS POCKET...AND HE KNEW THAT IF HE DIDN'T AGREE, HE'D BE ON A RUB-OUT LIST...

Y-YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! I... I WALKED INTO THE BUILDIN'!

OKAY, IF THAT'S YOUR STORY! BUT IF YOU HAD ANY GUTS, YOU'D TELL THE TRUTH!



AND YOU, IRONHEAD...IF YOU HAD ANY BRAINS YOU'D CUT OUT TRYING TO BE A PHONY TOUGH GUY AN' QUIT HANGING AROUND WITH CHARACTERS LIKE GOLDIE, BEFORE YOU END UP BEHIND BARS!

I DON'T NEED YOUR ADVICE! AN' IF YA DIDN'T HAVE THAT BADGE ON, I'D PROVE TO YA WHATTA TOUGH GUY I AM!

THE NOVAK KIDS WAITED FOR MIKE TO ACCEPT IRONHEAD'S CHALLENGE...BUT MIKE ONLY CLENCHED HIS FISTS AND TURNED AWAY...



COME ON, FRANKIE AND SKINNY! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU...YOU MIGHT GET CONTAMINATED! I'LL WALK YOU HOME!

NO! LEGGO, MIKE! WE CAN FIND THE PLACE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

OFFICER MIKE BURLEY WALKED AWAY...AND IRONHEAD AND THE OTHER HOODS WHISPERED "YELLOW" UNDER THEIR BREATH AND LAUGHED! AND RIGHT THERE AND THEN, THE TWO NOVAK KIDS HAD A NEW IDOL...



I CHANGED MY MIND, SKINNY! I DON'T WANNA BE A COP WHEN I GROW UP ANY MORE!

ME NEITHER! I WANNA BE LIKE IRONHEAD...A TOUGH GUY!

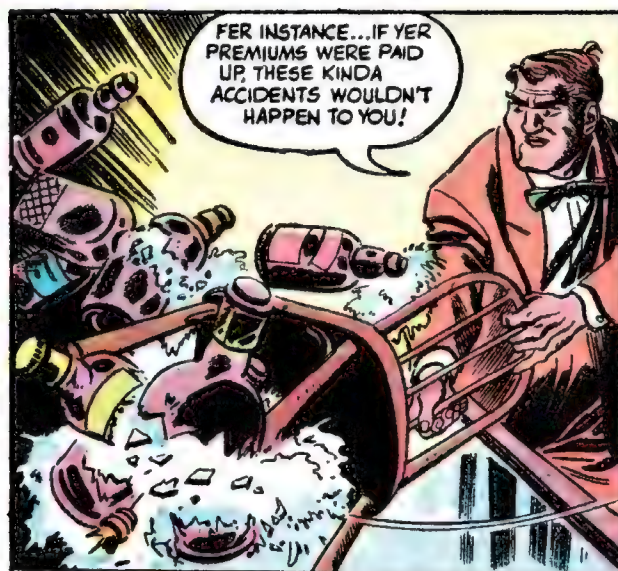
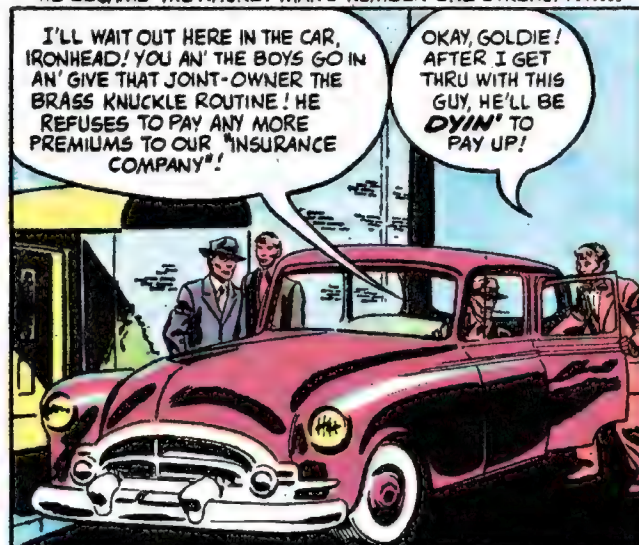
AND WHEN THEY WENT BACK TO THEIR GAME OF COPS AND CROOKS, FRANKIE AND SKINNY WANTED TO BE IRONHEAD...



YA HOLD HIM, FRANKIE! I'LL SHOW HIM WHATTA TOUGH GUY I AM!

OKAY, SKINNY! I'LL BACK YA UP!

IRONHEAD TOOK THE JOB GOLDIE GRAHAM OFFERED HIM AND HE BECAME THE RACKET MAN'S NUMBER ONE STRONGARM...



BUT WHEN THEY GOT TO THE DOOR, PATROLMAN MIKE BURLEY WAS ON HIS WAY IN TO INVESTIGATE THE NOISE...

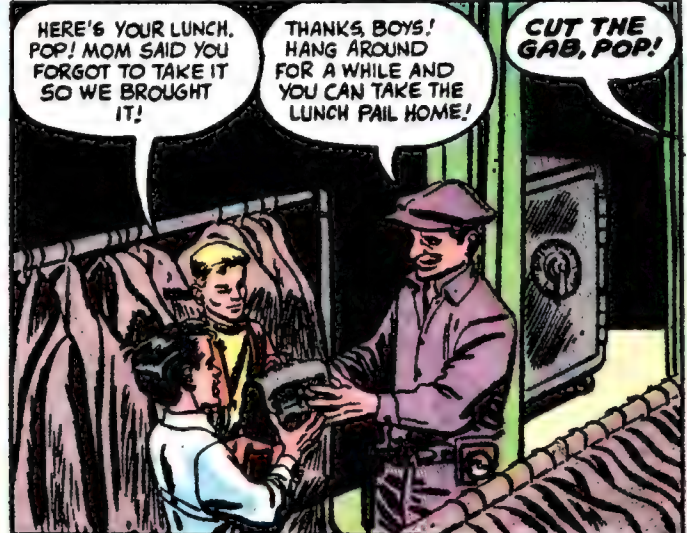


MIKE'S HEAD SLAMMED THE EDGE OF THE DOOR LIKE A BULLET...AND HE CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR WHILE THE HOODS MADE THEIR GETAWAY! THERE WERE TWO WITNESSES TO ALL THIS... THE NOVAK KIDS...



THE POLICE PUT IRONHEAD ON THE **WANTED** LIST AFTER MIKE'S REPORT AND IRONHEAD STAYED UNDER COVER FOR WEEKS...UNTIL EVEN HIS BOSS GOT TIRED OF HIM...

THE CAPER GOLDIE LINED UP WAS A WAREHOUSE LOADED WITH FUR COATS...AND A PLACE WHERE THE NOVAK KIDS' FATHER WORKED AS A NIGHT WATCHMAN...



THE WAREHOUSE ECHOED WITH THE THUNDER OF A GUN SHOT... BUT IT WASN'T IRONHEAD'S THUNDER...



YOU KIDS CALL THE POLICE AMBULANCE FOR YOUR DAD WHILE I FIND OUT HOW TOUGH IRONHEAD IS... WITHOUT HIS GANG OR GUN!



BESIDES COPS AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT TO FIGHT SUSPECTS!

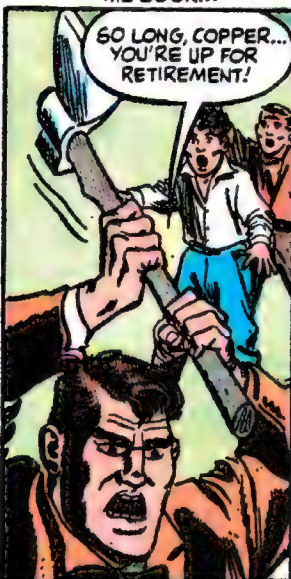
I'LL PUT THE GUN AWAY, IRONHEAD AND I'M **NOT** A COP NOW! IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK... TIME FOR ME TO GO OFF DUTY... SO I'M DOIN' THIS ON MY OWN TIME!



THE NOVAK KIDS WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AS MIKE CHARGED INTO IRONHEAD...



...AND THEY SAW IRONHEAD USE EVERY DIRTY TRICK IN THE BOOK...



I'M GOING TO KEEP POURING PUNCHES, IRONHEAD, UNTIL YOU SAY WHEN!



GEE, FRANKIE, DID JA SEE THAT?

YEAH! AN' WE THOUGHT IRONHEAD WAS A **TOUGH GUY!**

HIS KIND ALWAYS THINK THEY'RE TOUGH WHEN THEY HAVE A GUN OR A GANG TO BACK THEM UP LIKE IRONHEAD DID! BUT WITHOUT THEIR GUNS AND GANGS, THEY'RE YELLOW... THEY'RE **PHONY TOUGH GUYS!**



TODAY POP NOVAK'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND BACK ON THE JOB! AND THE NOVAK KIDS ARE IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYIN' COPS AND ROBBERS... AND THEY STILL INSIST ON BEING THE COPS... **EVEN WHEN THEY GROW UP...**



THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

ATLAS

POLICE ACTION

NO.
5

SEPT.

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. S.



POLICE STRIKE BACK AT GANGLAND!

POLICE ACTION

10¢

LET'S HAVE MORE LIGHT
HERE, BUSTER...WE ALMOST
HAVE THIS SAFE CRACKED!

EMPLOYEES NOT
PERMITTED WITHOUT
SPECIAL
PERMISSION ONLY
EMPLOYEES ONLY HERE

**"THE
SPECIALISTS!"**

JOE
MANEELY



Now, Buddy YOU GET ALL THESE 5 PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

Look at CLEVELAND'S HEROIC CHEST NOW!

1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST

May be LAST CHANCE before \$1 price goes back!

Cleveland BEFORE → NOW

2 This is one-time SKINNY Ken GRIMM AFTER mailing the coupon below

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM

3 MIGHTY GRIP NOW

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK

4 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP

By GEORGE F. JOWETT

5 NOW—YOU MAIL COUPON and GET ALL 5 COURSES

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

FIVE COURSES MUSCLE METER PHOTO BOOK OF STRONG MEN

Dept. M A-49

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

FREE If you mail coupon NOW as I did!

HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day YOU Can Become AN AMAZING NEW 3-D HE-MAN

Like We Did

JIM NORMAN before NOW 1 gained 1000% in HE-MAN LOOKS POPULARITY and STRENGTH

LOOK at ME and MY PALS!

What a Pitiful lot of SKINNY WRECKS like YOU We were BEFORE We mailed coupon! Yes, PAL—NOW

YOU MAIL THE COUPON BELOW and Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY for Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 AND A BIG 15" TALL SILVER CUP LIKE WE DID!

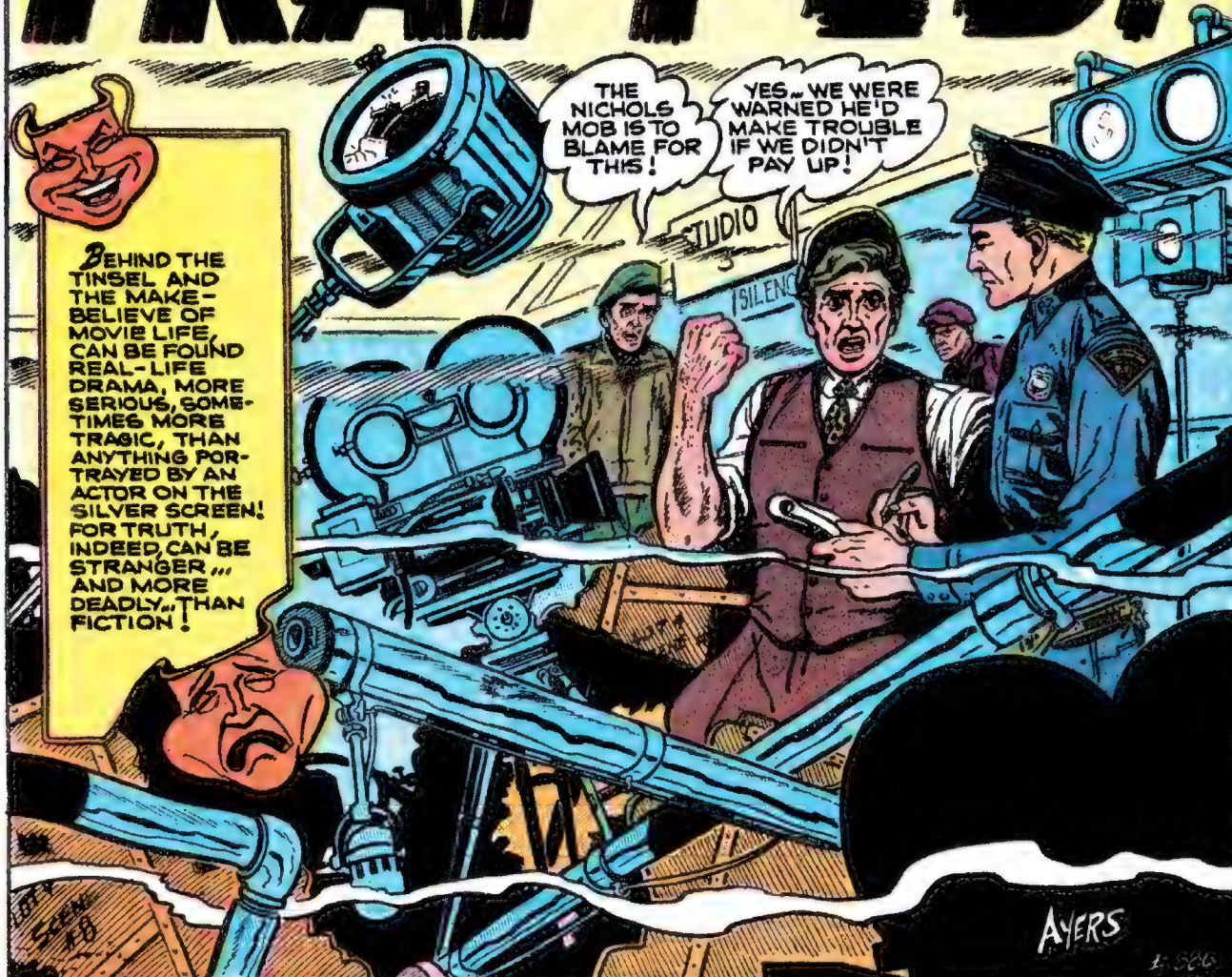
NO! Friend you don't have to be SKINNY, WEAK or FLABBY any more—just mail the FREE coupon below as I did! But DO IT NOW—This may be YOUR LAST CHANCE!

FREE Millions were sold at \$1. PLUS BIG PHOTO BOOK of STRONG MEN which also tells how to WIN TROPHY and \$100!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER AND PRIZES!

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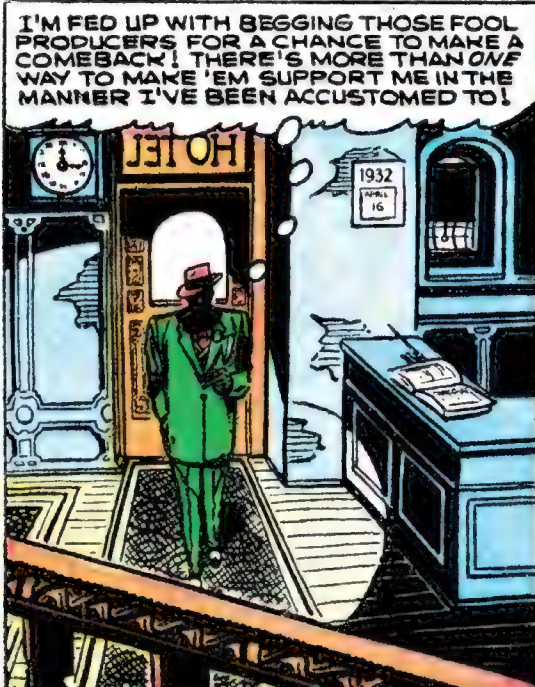
TRAPPED!



1932! THE MOVIES HAD BEGUN TO "TALK"... AND CERTAIN STARS OF THE SILENT CINEMA COULD NOT MAKE THE TRANSITION...



AS FINANCES AT A LOW POINT, NICHOLS HAD BEGUN TO FREQUENT THE CHEAPER HOTELS...



I'M FED UP WITH BEGGING THOSE FOOL PRODUCERS FOR A CHANCE TO MAKE A COMEBACK! THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO MAKE 'EM SUPPORT ME IN THE MANNER I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO!



THOSE CHARACTERS LOOK RIPE FOR A GOOD PROPOSITION! THEY WOULDN'T BE LIVING IN THIS DUMP, IF THEY WERE WELL OFF!

NICHOLS CAREFULLY SELECTED THE MEN HE WANTED IN HIS PROJECTED SCHEME AND GAINED THEIR CONFIDENCE DURING NIGHTLY CARD GAMES...



THIS TOWN IS LIKE A GOLD MINE, WAITING FOR A SMART GUY TO STAKE HIS CLAIM! I GOT SOMETHING GOOD FIGURED OUT! YOU BOYS INTERESTED?

DIDN'T YOU USETA BE IN THE MOVIES, NICHOLS?



THAT'S RIGHT... AND I KNOW THE INSIDE OF THE MOVIE INDUSTRY LIKE NO ONE ELSE OUT HERE! AND I'M TELLING YOU, THOSE PRODUCERS ARE MAKING A FORTUNE!

SO HOW DO WE FIT IN? WE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT PRODUCING OR ACTING...

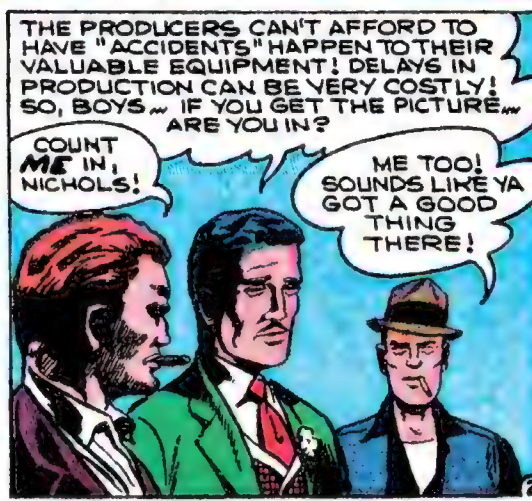


BUT YOU **DO** KNOW PLENTY ABOUT GETTING ROUGH AND TOUGH, WHEN AN UNWILLING "CLIENT" REFUSES TO PAY UP, DON'T YOU?

PAY UP? FOR WHAT?



FOR **PROTECTION**... OF COURSE!



THE PRODUCERS CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE "ACCIDENTS" HAPPEN TO THEIR VALUABLE EQUIPMENT! DELAYS IN PRODUCTION CAN BE VERY COSTLY! SO, BOYS... IF YOU GET THE PICTURE... ARE YOU IN?

COUNT **ME** IN, NICHOLS!

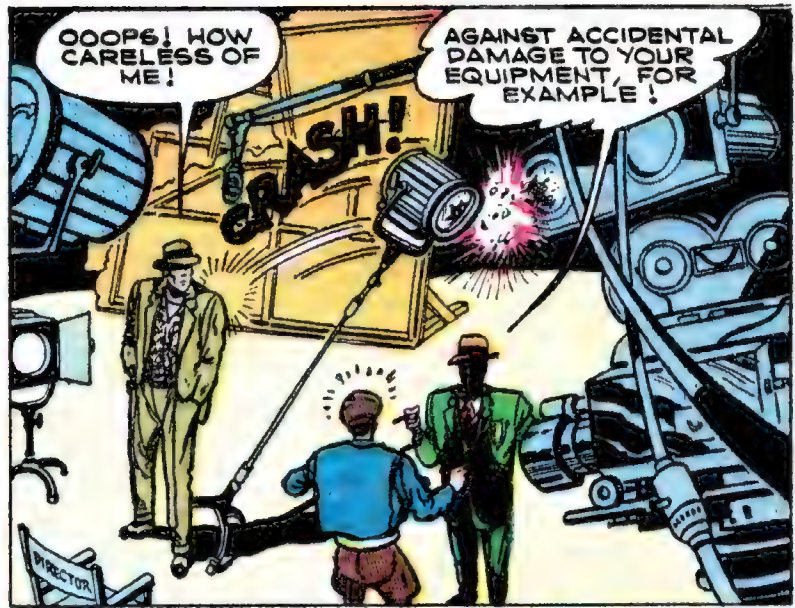
ME TOO! SOUNDS LIKE YA GOT A GOOD THING THERE!

AND SO, BUDDY NICHOLS' PROTECTION RACKET WAS READY TO GO INTO ACTION! HE PLANNED TO "ORGANIZE" THE SMALLER PRODUCERS FIRST, AND LEAVE THE BIG BOYS FOR LAST...

"AND FOR ONLY A THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH, WE GUARANTEE NO ONE WILL INTERFERE WITH THE SMOOTH OPERATION OF YOUR STUDIO! WE'LL PROTECT YOU..."



PROTECT ME? AGAINST WHAT?



OOOPS! HOW CARELESS OF ME!

AGAINST ACCIDENTAL DAMAGE TO YOUR EQUIPMENT, FOR EXAMPLE!



OR AGAINST THINGS LIKE THIS! AFTER ALL, WHEN A FILM IS RUINED AFTER WEEKS OF SHOOTING...

ALL RIGHT! I UNDERSTAND! I'LL PAY! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES LIKE THAT! COME INTO MY PRIVATE OFFICE!

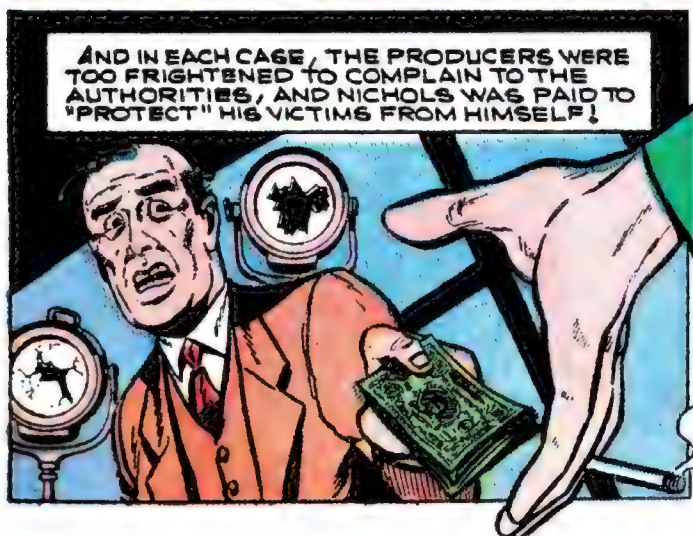


HERE'S YOUR THOUSAND! NOW GET OUT OF MY SIGHT, FOR A MONTH, ANYWAY!

THANKS, MR. FISHER! YOU'RE BEING VERY REASONABLE!



DURING THE MONTHS WHICH FOLLOWED, A NUMBER OF SMALLER FILMLAND PRODUCERS WERE INTIMIDATED BY NICHOLS AND HIS THUGS...



AND IN EACH CASE, THE PRODUCERS WERE TOO FRIGHTENED TO COMPLAIN TO THE AUTHORITIES, AND NICHOLS WAS PAID TO "PROTECT" HIS VICTIMS FROM HIMSELF!

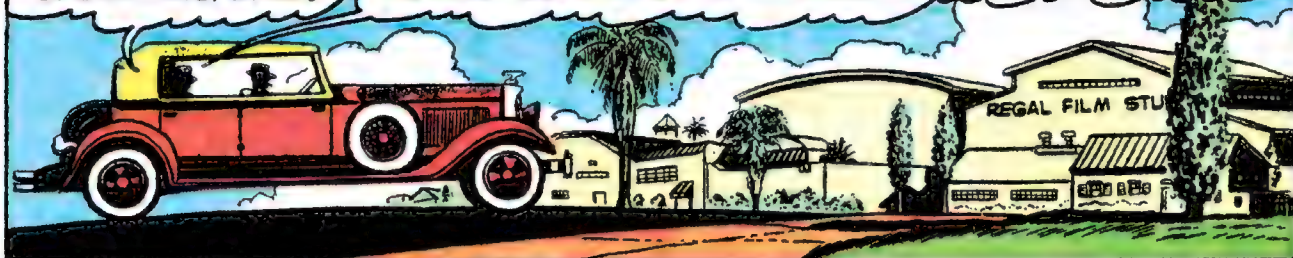


TWO THOUSAND IS RIGHT! YOU CAN AFFORD IT, CORBIN! YOUR LAST FOUR PICTURES WERE TOP HITS!

AND AT LAST NICHOLS WAS READY TO TACKLE THE "BIG" BOYS OF THE INDUSTRY...

DON'T YATHINK WE OUGHTTA BE SATISFIED WITH THE LITTLE OPERATORS, BOSS?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'VE GOT A **PERSONAL** INTEREST IN INVITING MR. ARCHIE BROOKS, OF REGAL FILMS, INTO OUR PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION! HE'S JUST COMPLETED THESE NEW STUDIOS... HE MUST BE LOADED WITH DOUGH!



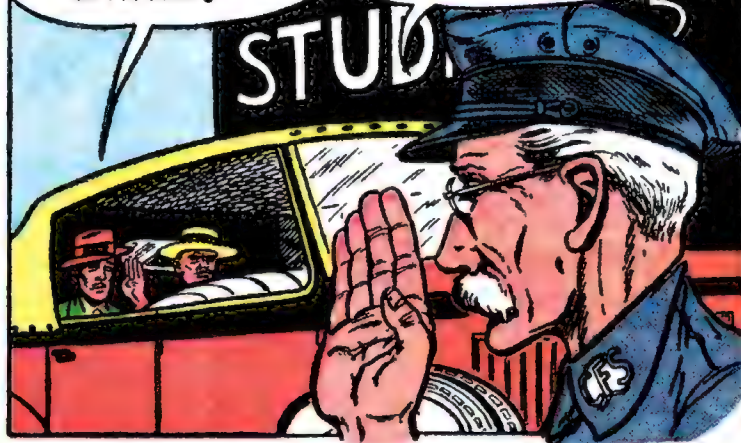
HOW'RE WE GONNA GET PAST THE GUARD AT THE GATE?

IT'S OLD POP DONOVAN... HE'LL REMEMBER ME FROM THE SILENT FILM DAYS, WHEN I WORKED FOR BROOKS!



HELLO, POP! NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! MR. BROOKS INVITED ME OVER TO HAVE LUNCH WITH HIM!

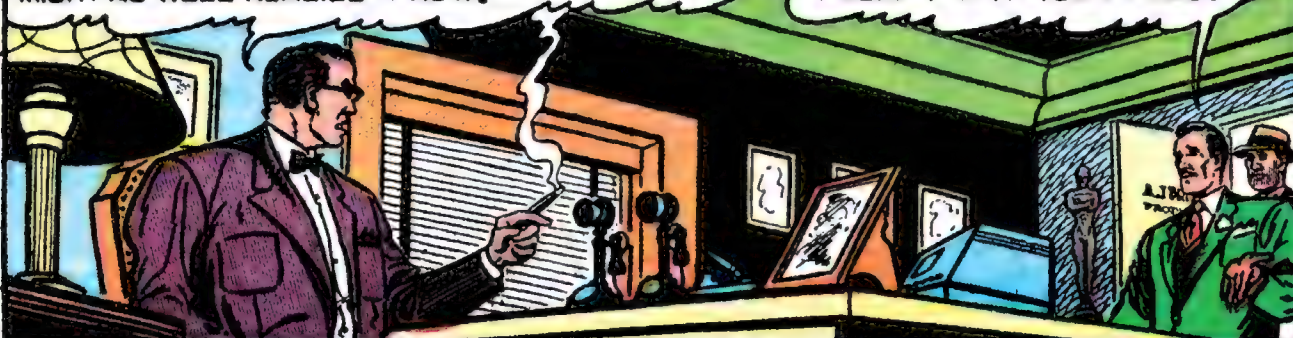
HELLO, MR. NICHOLS! IT CERTAINLY HAS BEEN A LONG TIME! GO RIGHT ON THROUGH, SIR!



MOMENTS LATER, NICHOLS STRODE CONFIDENTLY INTO THE OFFICE OF MOVIE PRODUCER ARCHIE BROOKS...

NICHOLS! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY BUSTING IN HERE? I TOLD YOU ONCE NEVER TO COME INTO MY OFFICE AGAIN! YOUR ACTING DAYS ARE OVER, AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL REALIZE IT NOW!

I'M **NOT** ACTING, BROOKS! I AM NOW THE PRESIDENT OF THE MOVIE STUDIOS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION... AND I'VE DECIDED TO LET **YOU** IN! OF COURSE, YOU'LL BE EXPECTED TO BE PROMPT WITH YOUR DUES!



JUDGING BY HOW MUCH THIS NEW STUDIO MUST'VE COST YOU, I'D SAY YOU COULD AFFORD TO PAY FIVE THOUSAND A MONTH!

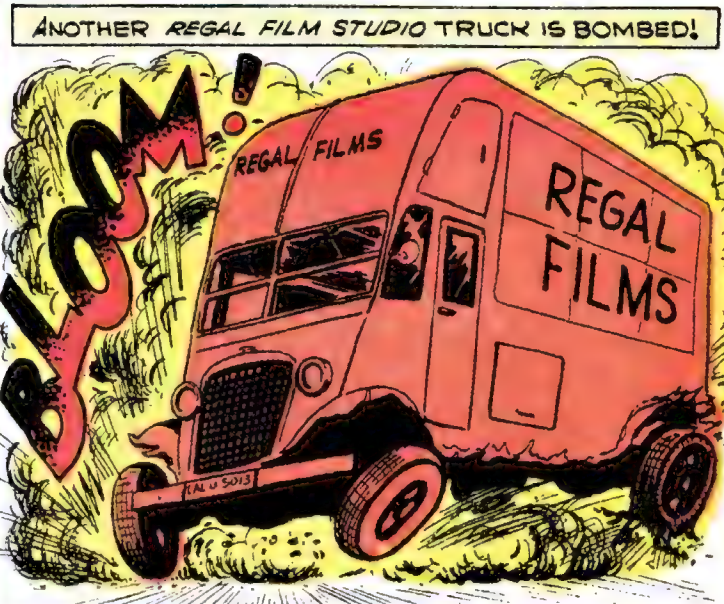
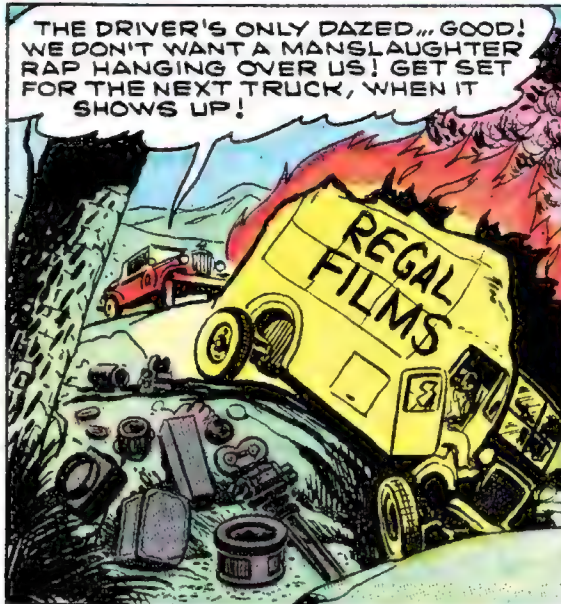
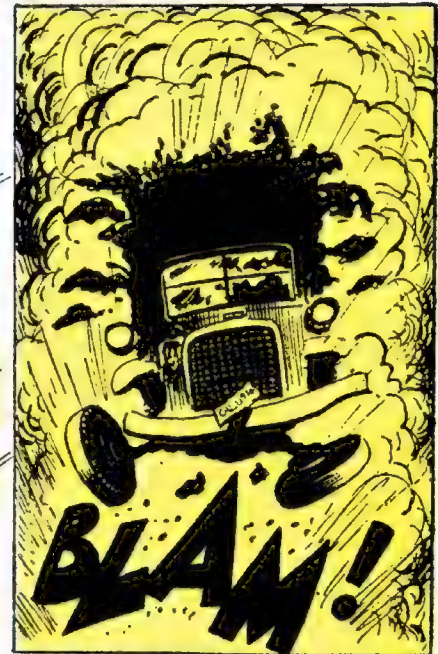
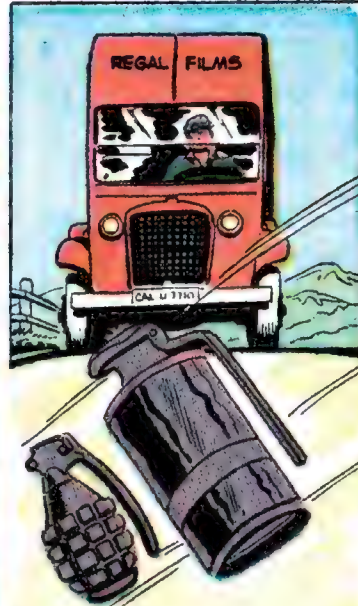
WHAT? YOU CAN'T SCARE ME, YOU CHEAP RACKETEER! NOW TAKE YOUR STOOGE WITH YOU AND GET OUT!

SHOULD I "PERSUADE" HIM TO CO-OPERATE, BOSS?

NO, MONK! WE HAVE OUR OWN **SPECIAL** METHODS OF PERSUASION. REMEMBER?



RESENTMENT AGAINST THE DEFIANT PRODUCER BREWED AN EXPLOSIVE ANGER IN BUDDY NICHOLS! HE READ IN THE PAPER THAT BROOKS' NEXT FILM WOULD BE MADE "ON LOCATION" IN THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAIN RANGES ... AND THE RACKETEER FORMULATED HIS PLAN ...



A FEW DAYS AFTER THE HIGHWAY "ACCIDENTS" ...

BROOKS CAN'T SQUAWK 'CAUSE HE HAS NO PROOF IT WAS US! THE PAPER SAYS HE'S ABANDONED THE FILMING IN THE MOUNTAINS AND WILL GO AHEAD WITH A PICTURE TO BE MADE ON THE STREETS OF LOS ANGELES!

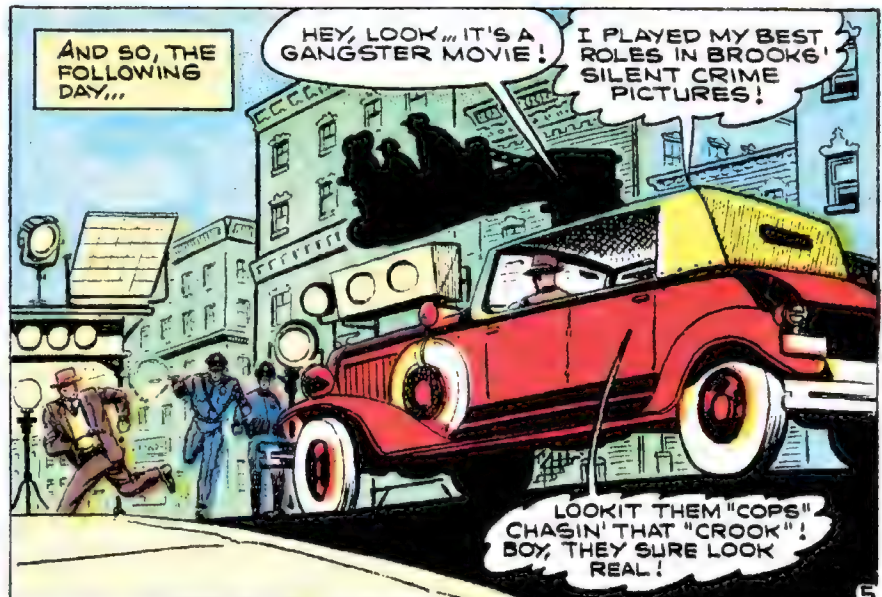
SO WE STAY RIGHT IN TOWN FOR OUR **NEXT** MOVE AGAINST BROOKS, HUH, BOSS?



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY ...

HEY, LOOK ... IT'S A GANGSTER MOVIE!

I PLAYED MY BEST ROLES IN BROOKS' SILENT CRIME PICTURES!



THE "HAM" IN THE FORMER ACTOR REFUSED TO BE DENIED, WHEN NICHOLS VIEWED THE FAMILIAR SETTING, THE CAMERAS TURNING, THE DIRECTOR SHOUTING INSTRUCTIONS...



NO ONE COULD PLAY A HOOD ON THE LAM AS REALISTICALLY AS I DID! I GOTTA GET IN THIS!



HEY! STOP HIM! HE'S RUINING THE WHOLE ACTION!

THERE'S OUR PIGEON! LET'S TRY SOME OF OUR OWN STYLE OF ROUGH-HOUSE! WE'LL SHOW THE BOSS HOW TO MAKE BROOKS COME ACROSS!

BUT THE HARASSED FILM PRODUCER HAD ANTICIPATED POSSIBLE INTERFERENCE BY ASKING FOR POLICE PROTECTION AROUND THE AREA, AND NOW THE REAL POLICE WENT SWINGING INTO ACTION!



STOP THEM! BEFORE THEY RUIN MY CAMERAS! IT'S THOSE PROTECTION RACKETEERS!

AT THIS POINT, IT WAS DIFFICULT TO TELL WHERE THE MAKE-BELIEVE OF THE SCRIPT LEFT OFF AND THE REAL-LIFE DRAMA BEGAN! REALIZING SUDDENLY THAT HE WAS IN DANGER OF EXPOSURE AND CAPTURE, NICHOLS REACHED INSIDE HIS JACKET, AND...



WHAT GOES? THESE COPS ARE REAL! SOMEONE PULLED A FAST ONE ON ME! WELL, I'LL SHOW 'EM!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!



BUT ONE OF THE POLICE OFFICERS WAS ALERT...

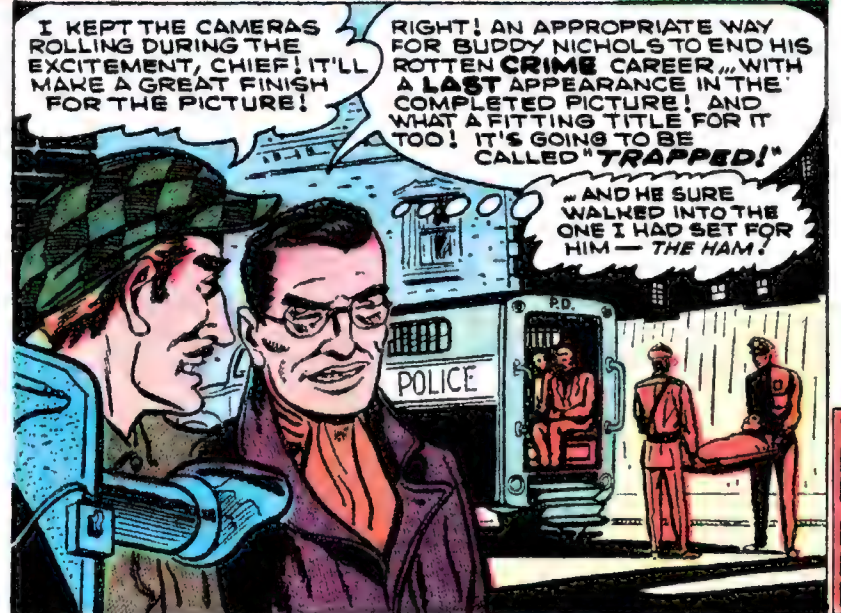
GAAA!

BLAM!



HE'S NOT HURT TOO BADLY! HE WON'T CHEAT A PRISON CELL... AS LONG AS YOU AND THE OTHER VICTIMIZED PRODUCERS ARE WILLING TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM NOW!

DON'T WORRY, OFFICER... I'LL HAVE PLENTY TO SAY!



I KEPT THE CAMERAS ROLLING DURING THE EXCITEMENT, CHIEF! IT'LL MAKE A GREAT FINISH FOR THE PICTURE!

RIGHT! AN APPROPRIATE WAY FOR BUDDY NICHOLS TO END HIS ROTTEN CRIME CAREER... WITH A LAST APPEARANCE IN THE COMPLETED PICTURE! AND WHAT A FITTING TITLE FOR IT TOO! IT'S GOING TO BE CALLED "TRAPPED!"

AND HE SURE WALKED INTO THE ONE I HAD SET FOR HIM — THE HAM!

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE SPECIALISTS!

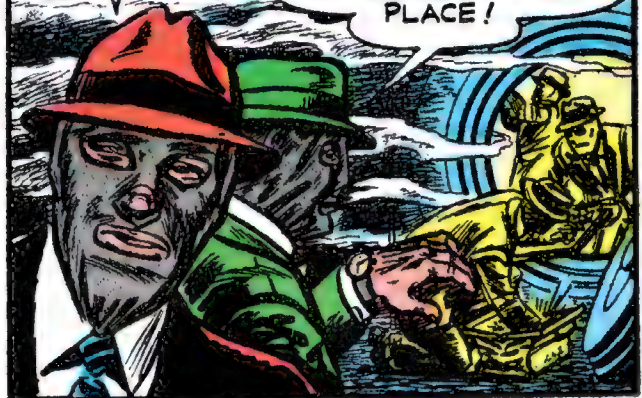
AT 2:30 A.M., IN THE EARLY HOURS OF MAY 14th, 1937, A SUDDEN EXPLOSION RIPPLED THROUGH A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS SECTION IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES...



THE TARGET WAS THE GOTHAM JEWELRY COMPANY, AND IN THE SMOKE-FILLED INTERIOR, FIVE MEN, HEAVILY MASKED, WERE EMPTYING THE SMASHED VAULT...

I HEARD A WHISTLE! WE BETTER SCRAM, BOSS!

WE STILL HAVE TWO MINUTES BEFORE THEY GET HERE! IN THOSE TWO MINUTES, WE CAN CLEAN OUT EVERY TRAY OF GEMS IN THE PLACE!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, NO MORE THAN THREE MINUTES LATER, THE ODOR OF THE BLASTING POWDER FILLED THE AIR! THERE WAS ALSO THE SMASHED VAULT WITH THE EMPTY TRAYS, BUT NO CROOKS...

THEY'VE SKIPPED!

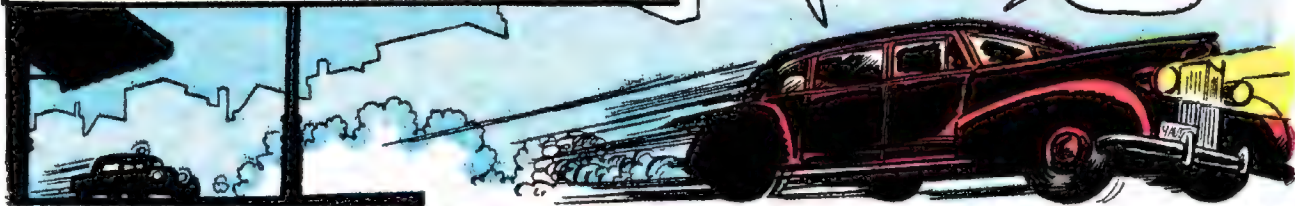
THEY CAN'T BE FAR! I PHONED THE DESK AS SOON AS I HEARD THE BLAST! THEY HAD A CAR ROLLING BEFORE I HUNG UP!



THE POLICE OFFICER WAS RIGHT! IN FACT, THE GETAWAY CAR WAS NO MORE THAN TWO BLOCKS OFF, AND BECAUSE OF ITS SPEED, THE SQUAD CAR'S SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED! IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS IT WAS IN HOT PURSUIT...

WE'RE SPOTTED, BARRY! THAT'S A POLICE CAR ON OUR TAIL!

KEEP IT STEADY, AND USE THE USUAL TECHNIQUE TO THROW 'EM OFF!



THE "USUAL TECHNIQUE" WAS A FAST TURN OFF INTO A DARK SIDE STREET!

DROWN THE LIGHTS AND PULL OVER!



IF THEY TURN IN, VINCE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

THEY'VE JUST PASSED BY! WE'VE SHAKEN 'EM OFF!



HOW ABOUT THAT, BOSS? WE REALLY DID IT SMOOTH TONIGHT!

IT WAS BETTER, BUT THERE'S ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT! WE ALL MADE OUR SHARE OF MISTAKES! WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE PLACE!



BARRY PHELPS, WHO HEADED THE GANG, WAS A STICKLER FOR DETAILS! HE WAS A PERFECTIONIST, A FANATIC, A CRIMINAL MIND WHO SAW HIMSELF AS A SPECIALIST IN CRIME...

I PICKED YOU GUYS TO WORK WITH ME, BECAUSE EACH OF YOU IS A SPECIALIST! THAT'S WHAT I'M AFTER, A TEAM OF SPECIALISTS! BUT GET CARELESS AN' YOU'RE OUT!



NOW I'VE GOT A NEW JOB PLANNED AND WE'RE GOIN' TO GO OVER IT CAREFULLY! I'LL MAKE US THE BEST COMBO YET, OR DIE TRYING!



MEANWHILE, IN POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, THE SAME IDEAS WERE BEING ECHOED, BUT FROM A DIFFERENT POINT OF VIEW...

WE'RE DEALING WITH A PROFESSIONAL, CHIEF! THEY'RE EXPERTS AND HIGHLY ORGANIZED... AND WE DON'T KNOW WHEN OR WHERE THEY'LL STRIKE NEXT!

SURE IT'S TOUGH, BRENNER, BUT WE'RE POLICEMEN! THIS IS OUR PROBLEM, AND IT'S UP TO US TO CRACK IT!



BUT WHILE THE POLICE SIFTED THEIR SCANTY CLUES, THE GANG STRUCK ON AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FRONT! THIS TIME IT WAS A SWANK SUBURBAN MANSION! ENTRANCE WAS GAINED BY MEANS OF A FRENCH WINDOW, AND UNDER THE DEFT TOUCH OF THE MAN CALLED SMITTY, THE LOCK PROVED NO PROBLEM...



NICE GOING, SMITTY! IT TOOK YOU FORTY SECONDS! THE EXACT TIME I ALLOWED YOU!

INSIDE, THE SAFE WAS TACKLED BY BAKER! A SAFE-CRACKER FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS, HE CAME TO HIS TASK WELL PREPARED...



WILL SHE BE TOUGH?

NAW, THIS IS AN OLD BABY! I'M GOIN' THROUGH THE TUMBLERS NOW!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE SAFE YIELDED ITS PRIZE...BUT AS THE GANG LEADER DREW FORTH A FISTFUL OF GEMS...



SOMEONE'S HEADING THIS WAY... FAST! YOU TAKE IT, VINCE!

I SAY, WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?

JUST STAY PUT, BUSTER, UNTIL WE'RE READY TO LEAVE!



MOMENTS LATER THE GETAWAY CAR PULLED OUT WITH A ROAR AND RACED FOR THE HIGHWAY...



SLOW DOWN AS SOON AS YOU GET INTO TRAFFIC! WE DON'T WANT TO DRAW ANY ATTENTION!

RIGHT, BARRY!

WELL, BOSS, HOW'D WE DO THIS TIME?

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT WAS PERFECT! EVERYONE DID HIS PLAY WITHOUT A SLIP, AND THAT MEANS WE'RE A TEAM OF SPECIALISTS!



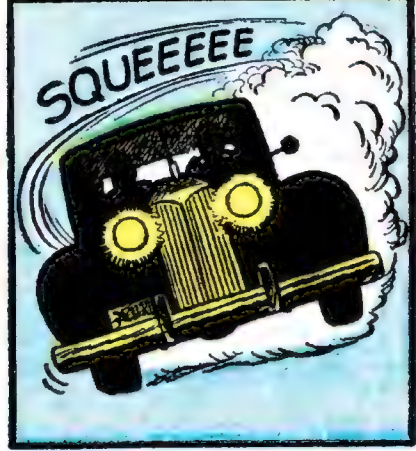
SO THE SPECIALISTS WENT TO WORK. WITH EACH MEMBER DOING HIS PART! BAKER WOULD BLOW THE SAFES...



WITH VINCE TAKING CARE OF ANY INTERRUPTIONS...



AND THERE WAS CHUCK BEHIND THE WHEEL FOR THE PERFECT GETAWAY...



BUT AS THE MONTHS PASSED, AND JOB FOLLOWED JOB WITHOUT A HITCH, A NEW ELEMENT CREPT INTO THEIR RELATIONSHIP! IT WAS PRIDE, BUT THE KIND OF PRIDE THAT GOES BEFORE A FALL...



YOU'RE TAKIN' THINGS A LITTLE TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED, BAKER! IF NOT FOR ME, YOU WOULD'VE SET OFF THE DYNAMITE LAST NIGHT TOO SOON!

WHY YOU...



IF IT WEREN'T FOR ME, THIS OUTFIT WOULDN'T LAST! REMEMBER, I'M THE GUY WHO CRACKS THE SAFES! WITHOUT ME, THERE'S NO LOOT!

LAY OFF, BAKER... AN' STOP ACTIN' BIG!



FOR MONTHS I WATCH OVER YOU GUYS! I'M ON THE LOOKOUT ALL THE TIME! A LOT OF GOOD YOUR LOOT WOULD BE, IF SOME WATCHMAN PLUGGED YA ON THE WAY OUT!

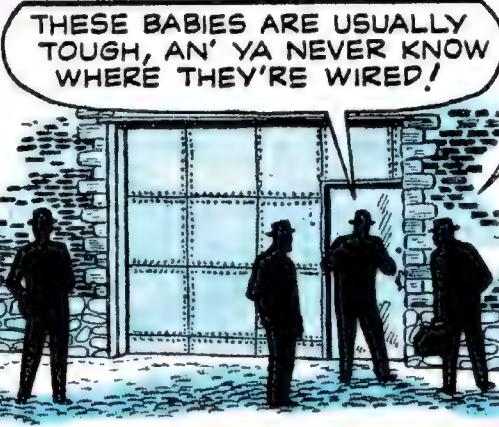


AND THEN THE BOSS STEPPED IN...

THAT'S ENOUGH! THE ONLY BIG MAN IN THIS OUTFIT IS ME! WHERE WOULD ANY OF YOU GUYS BE WITHOUT MY BRAINS?

GEE, BOSS! IT WAS ONLY A FRIENDLY ARGUMENT!





THINGS WERE HAPPENING FAST NOW, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME THE SPECIALISTS KNEW THE MEANING OF PANIC! SMITTY'S BLUNDER OF SETTING OFF THE ALARM WAS PRODUCING A CHAIN REACTION, AND AS THE POLICE SLAMMED OUT OF THEIR CAR, VINCE FIRED TWICE...



HE'S MISSING!
HE'S SO SCARED
HE CAN'T SEE
STRAIGHT!

WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE POLICE ANSWERED THE GUNMEN'S FIRE...



GET BEHIND THAT
WHEEL! WE'RE
PULLIN' OUT!

THEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY!
NOT WITHOUT
A CHASE!
LET'S GO!



THEY'RE DEAD! VINCE,
THE BEST SHOT IN THE
BUSINESS... AN' HE
MISSES! SMITTY FLUFFS,
AN' THEN
BAKER!

FORGET IT,
CHUCK! JUST
CONCENTRATE
ON GETTIN'
US OUT!



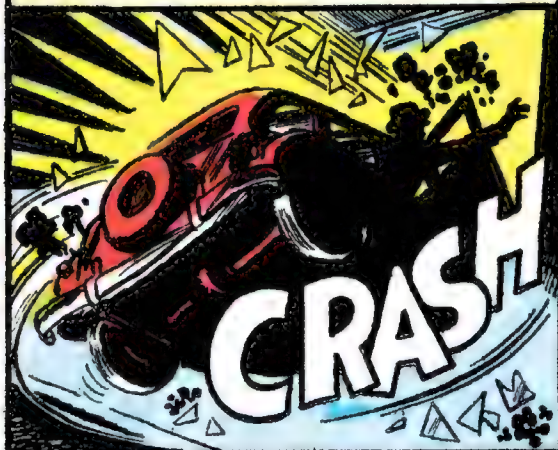
YOU SAID WE WERE THE
BEST... REAL SPECIALISTS!
WE COULDN'T MISS! HOW
COME **THEY'RE DEAD?**
VINCE NEVER MISSED... SMITTY
NEVER FLUFFED... AN' ME...

I'M SUPPOSED
TO BE THE
BEST DRIVER...
OR AM I?

SURE YOU
ARE! YOU
AN' ME...
LOOK OUT!
GIMME THAT WHEEL
BEFORE...



IT WAS TOO LATE! WITH A SICKENING LURCH, THE CAR LEAPED THE CURBING, AND THEN SMASHED THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOW WITH A SHATTERING CRASH!



THOSE LAST MOMENTS WERE NOT WITHOUT THEIR OWN BRAND OF IRONY! FOR THE MAN WHO WAS **FOOL** ENOUGH TO THINK **HE** COULD SPECIALIZE IN CRIME SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT HE **COULDN'T** SUCCEED AGAINST THE **GREATEST SPECIALISTS** OF ALL...
THE POLICE!



THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS



SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY \$1. ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!



SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 68
318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

PERFECT TIMING

JOHNNY TRENT stood on the southeast corner of Main and Grove Streets, his left hand twitching nervously in his pocket, his right, encased in a heavy suede glove, gripping a small rock.

"I've got an hour to kill," he thought. "Maybe I shouldn't have come so early. Maybe I'm crazy to tackle this job. Maybe it's too great a risk." And he began to pace, with slow jerky steps, a nervous tremor shaking his whole body . . . three steps to the right, pivot, three steps to the left . . .

"I'm going to pieces—can't let this happen to me. Got to get a grip on myself. I've planned this thing for six weeks, can't let go now. Just take it easy, kid. Take it slow and easy."

He forced himself to stand still, to suck in deep, slow breaths. "There, that's better. That's much better."

It was now 2:40 A.M. Just 40 minutes more and he would start. In exactly 41 minutes the job would be over and he would be \$15,000 richer. \$15,000. That was a conservative estimate . . . some people even claimed the brooch was worth \$25,000. He gave a short laugh, "I'm no glutton. I'll settle for the fifteen gees."

He was beginning to feel better now. After all, what did he have to worry about? The whole plan was simple . . . and fool-

proof. Most of all it was foolproof.

For six weeks Johnny had stood on the same street corner, in the shadows of the brick archway that marked the entrance to the public library. He knew that from 3:15 till 3:25 the night watchman for Townley's department store was making his rounds at the back of the building; Riley, the cop on the beat, was down around Market Street, ten blocks away. It had to be that way; he had watched their every move for six weeks now.

It would be easy. All he had to do, at 3:20, was walk across the street, smash the glass with the rock, remove the sapphire and emerald brooch from the window and make a dash back across Main, through the alleyway behind the library, down Center Street for six blocks and he'd be home. Home, and \$15,000 richer . . .

2:50 A.M. Just 30 minutes more . . .

He laughed again. Sure the burglar alarm would go off as soon as the glass shattered, but by the time either the watchman or Riley got to the front of the store, he'd be practically home in bed. And if someone happened to walk by at this hour (which hadn't happened once in six weeks he'd been casing the store) well, he'd just let them pass. A wasted minute or two wouldn't matter, he was allowing himself five minutes leeway. He was dead sure this

was going to come off according to plan. Nothing could go wrong. He had spent too many patient hours with this scheme and he knew that it was foolproof. It had to be . . .

3 A.M. Just 20 minutes more . . .

By this time he was so pleased with himself he almost began to whistle. Then he realized that the time to gloat had not yet come. Well, it wouldn't be long. What's 20 minutes of waiting compared to the 21 years he had *already* waited. Oh, he always knew, even when he was just a kid playing hookey from school, he always knew that Johnny Trent would one day be able to gloat. He had brains all right, plenty of brains, but he wasn't wasting them on petty arithmetic. He had saved them for big time stuff and this was it. Not 2 and 2 makes 4, but a good scheme, plus six weeks of careful study makes fifteen grand . . .

3:10 A.M. Just 10 minutes more . . .

The fog which had been growing denser all night was now a thick blanket over the city. This was even more than he had hoped for. It would be a perfect cloak for him. He heard the roar of an airplane overhead, the far off rumble of thunder, and the distant sounds of traffic . . .

3:20 A.M. Now was the time!

He steeled himself. With every ounce of will power he erased all sound, all outside thoughts from his mind, and, making sure that he stayed in the shadows, began the slow, careful walk across the street. When he reached the store, he flattened himself against the building. He stood very still,

scarcely breathing. He fondled the rock, blew on it softly for good luck. "O.K.," he murmured, "*now!*"

With one swift, sure stroke his right hand swung forward, hurling the rock through the window. The alarm went off, jangling his nerves. "Steady," he thought. He reached in and grabbed the brooch from its spot in the showcase.

As he turned to run, he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and saw the gaping barrel of a revolver ten inches from his chest. Behind it loomed the face of Patrolman Riley.

* * *

"What could have happened? It was foolproof, what went wrong?" Johnny sat on the bench in the station house waiting to be booked. "The timing was perfect. I checked the schedules for six weeks. Riley *had* to be down on Market Street at 3:20." He looked at his watch again. It was now 4:20.

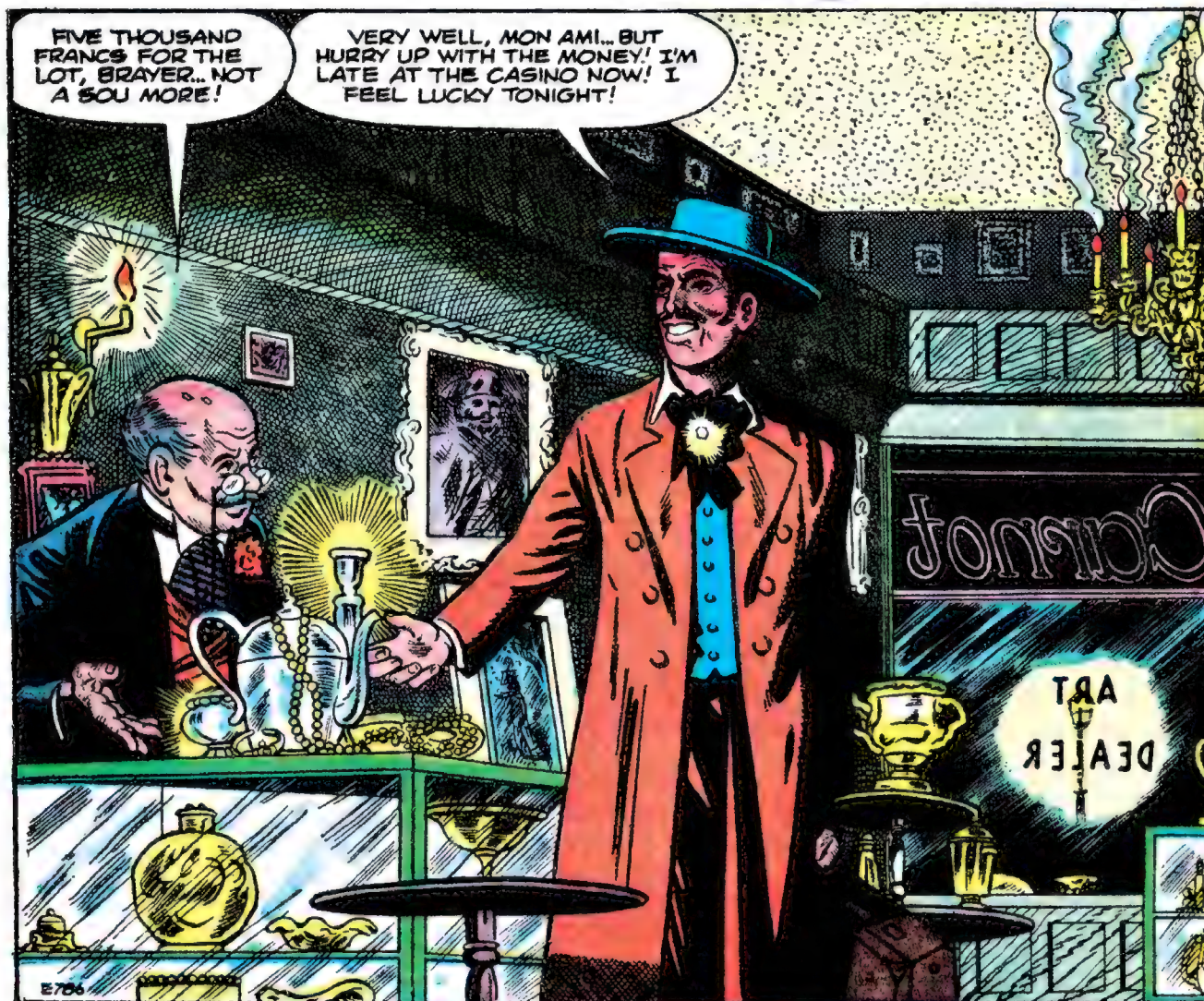
"Okay, buddy, up to the desk," Patrolman Riley said with a contemptuous glance. "The punk," he muttered, "how'd he ever think he'd get away with anything as brazen as that?"

Johnny answered the desk sergeant's questions mechanically, his mind still occupied with only one thought. "What had gone wrong?" As he started to sign the register, his eye caught the date at the top of the page. September 25! Realization burst in his brain like a rocket. This was the day that Daylight Savings Time ceased, and all clocks were turned back one hour!

The correct time was now 3:20!

INSPECTOR GUICHARD *KNEW* LUCIEN BRAYER STOLE THE VALUABLE OBJECTS AT THE MANSIONS WHERE HE WAS AN INVITED GUEST! YES, THE INSPECTOR KNEW LUCIEN DID IT... BUT WHAT HE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WAS...

HOW?



LUCIEN BRAYER, FAMED VENTRILOQUIST, WAS THE RAGE OF THE PARIS MUSIC HALLS AND CABARETS IN THE 1890'S! HE COULD HAVE BECOME A RICH MAN... BUT HE HAD ONE RUINOUS PASSION... GAMBLING!



BRAYER'S FAME AS A PERFORMER FILLED THE CABARET EVERY NIGHT..



AND NOW FOR YOUR PLEASURE, THE GREATEST VENTRILOQUIST OF ALL TIME... THE AMAZING, ASTOUNDING, LUCIEN BRAYER!



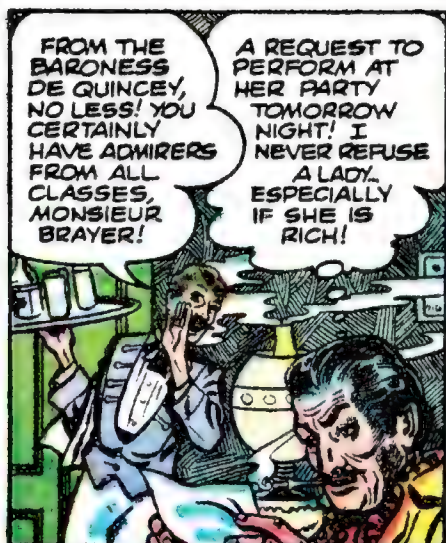
...AND IT WAS ONLY THE BUTCHER AT THE DOOR!

HA! HA! WHAT WIT!

LUCIEN BRAYER IS THE FUNNIEST MAN IN FRANCE!

YOU CAN HARDLY SEE HIS LIPS MOVE!

SHORTLY AFTER HIS ACT WAS ENDED, BRAYER RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM ONE OF THE DELIGHTED LADIES IN THE AUDIENCE...



FROM THE BARONESS DE QUINCEY, NO LESS! YOU CERTAINLY HAVE ADMIRERS FROM ALL CLASSES, MONSIEUR BRAYER!

A REQUEST TO PERFORM AT HER PARTY TOMORROW NIGHT! I NEVER REFUSE A LADY... ESPECIALLY IF SHE IS RICH!



OF COURSE, I ALWAYS MANAGE TO TAKE AWAY MORE THAN MY FEE... MUCH MORE!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING EVENING..

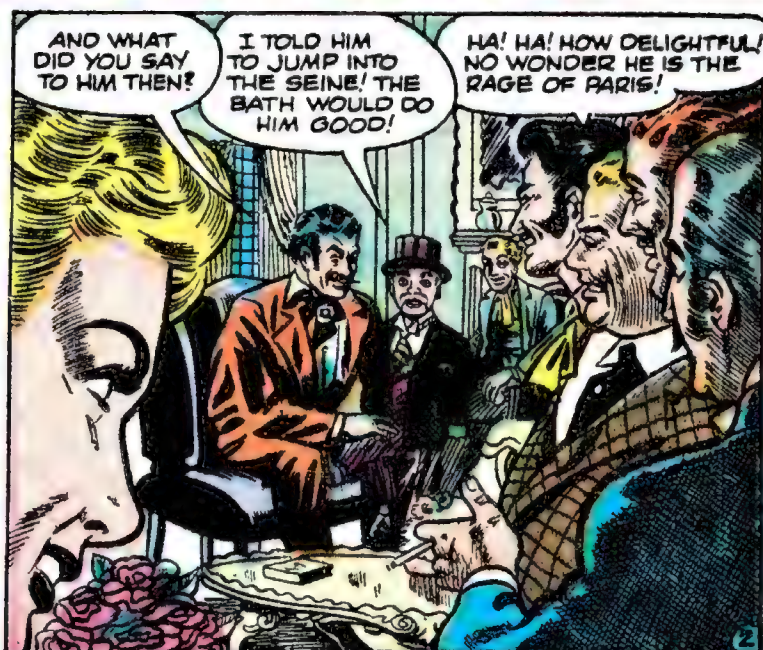


AH, MONSIEUR BRAYER! YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN TO BRING YOUR CHARMING LITTLE "COMPANION," HAVE YOU?

MAIS NON, MADAME! THE DUMMY IS SAFE AND SOUND IN THIS SUITCASE! NOW, IF YOU WILL SHOW ME TO A PRIVATE ROOM WHERE I MAY PREPARE FOR MY PERFORMANCE!



PLENTY OF VALUABLE OBJECTS OF ART IN THIS MANSION FOR THE TAKING, MON AMI... AFTER WE PROVIDE THE BARONESS'S GUESTS WITH SOME ENTERTAINMENT!



AND WHAT DID YOU SAY TO HIM THEN?

I TOLD HIM TO JUMP INTO THE SEINE! THE BATH WOULD DO HIM GOOD!

HA! HA! HOW DELIGHTFUL! NO WONDER HE IS THE RAGE OF PARIS!



YOU WERE JUST WONDERFUL, MONSIEUR! NOW I INSIST YOU JOIN MY GUESTS IN SOME REFRESHMENTS! THERE IS CHAMPAGNE, CAVIAR...

WITH PLEASURE, MADAME, AS SOON AS I PUT MY LITTLE FRIEND BACK IN HIS SUITCASE!



NOW TO MAKE MYSELF AS CONSPICUOUS AS POSSIBLE! THEY WILL SWEAR I NEVER LEFT THIS SALON MORE THAN A BRIEF MINUTE!



TELL ME, HOW DO YOU MAKE THE DUMMY SPEAK SO REALISTICALLY?

AH, THAT IS MY SECRET, MADAME! IF I REVEALED MY TECHNIQUE, THE PUBLIC WOULD NO LONGER CARE TO ATTEND MY PERFORMANCES!

AFTER AN HOUR OF MINGLING WITH THE OTHER GUESTS, BRAYER TOOK LEAVE OF HIS HOSTESS...



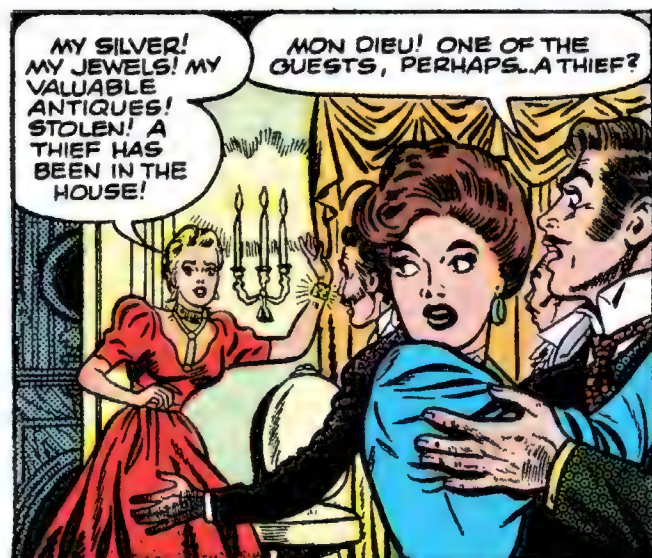
LET ME THANK YOU FOR ENTERTAINING MY GUESTS!

IT IS I WHO THANK YOU, BARONESS! YOUR FEE IS MOST GENEROUS! GOOD NIGHT!



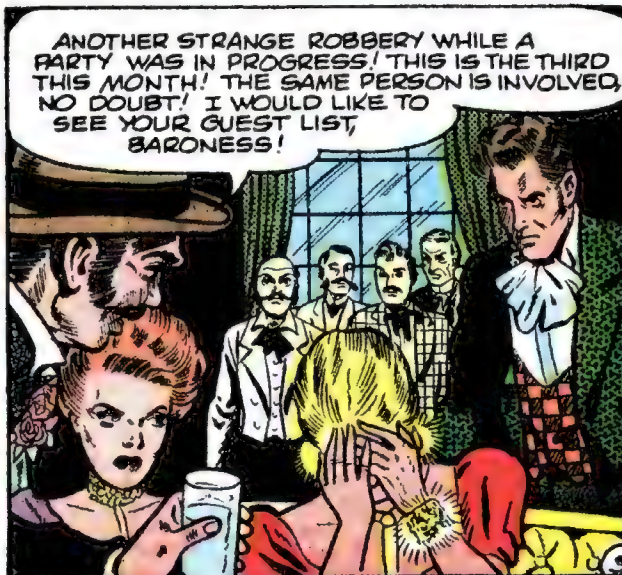
WHAT AN OUTCRY THERE WILL BE WHEN THE ROBBERY IS DISCOVERED! BUT I AM COMPLETELY SAFE FROM SUSPICION!

AND IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER A FEW OF THE GUESTS HAD DEPARTED THAT THE BARONESS MADE THE ALARMING DISCOVERY!



MY SILVER! MY JEWELS! MY VALUABLE ANTIQUES! STOLEN! A THIEF HAS BEEN IN THE HOUSE!

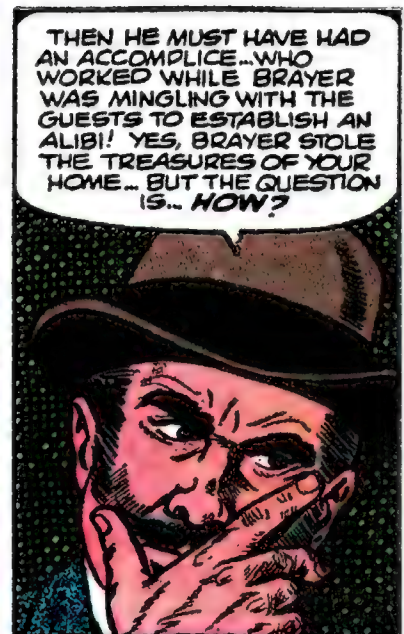
MON DIEU! ONE OF THE GUESTS, PERHAPS...A THIEF?



ANOTHER STRANGE ROBBERY WHILE A PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS! THIS IS THE THIRD THIS MONTH! THE SAME PERSON IS INVOLVED, NO DOUBT! I WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOUR GUEST LIST, BARONESS!



AWA! AN ODD COINCIDENCE! HE WAS ALSO HIRED TO PERFORM AT THE OTHER PARTIES WHERE ROBBERIES TOOK PLACE!

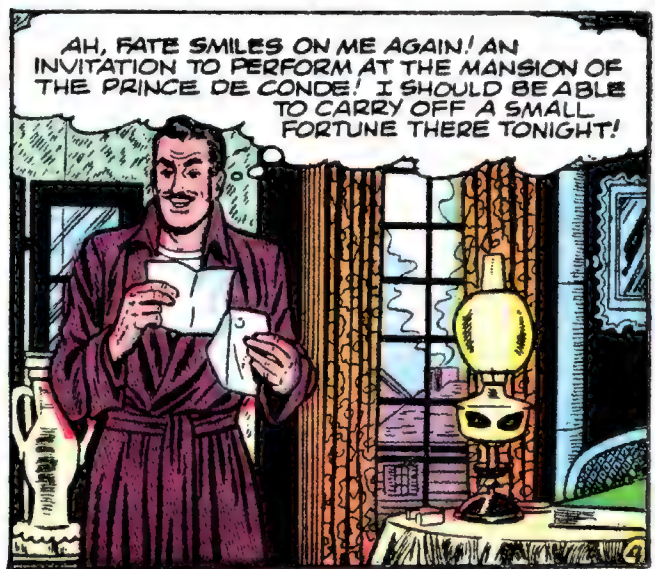


MEANWHILE, BRAYER WAS MAKING A LATE CALL TO HIS UNDERWORLD CONTACT...

THIS WAS WHERE LUCIEN BRAYER SPENT MOST OF HIS NIGHTS...AT THE GAMBLING CASINO! AND HIS LUCK WAS EXTRAORDINARILY BAD ON THIS NIGHT.

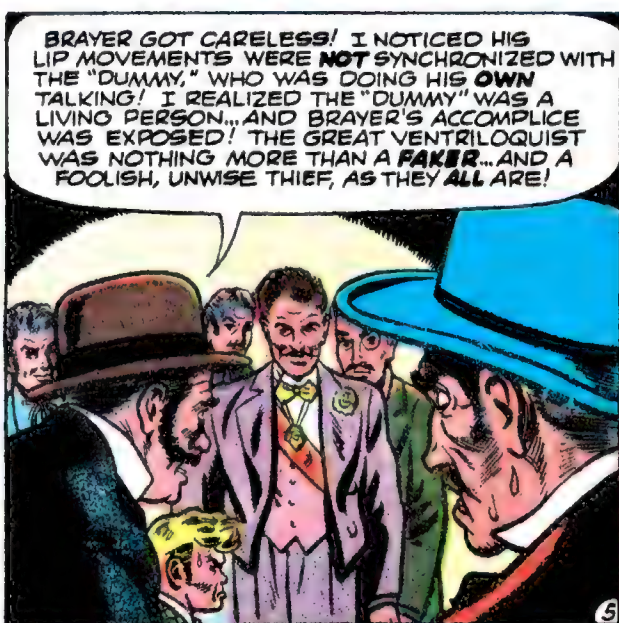
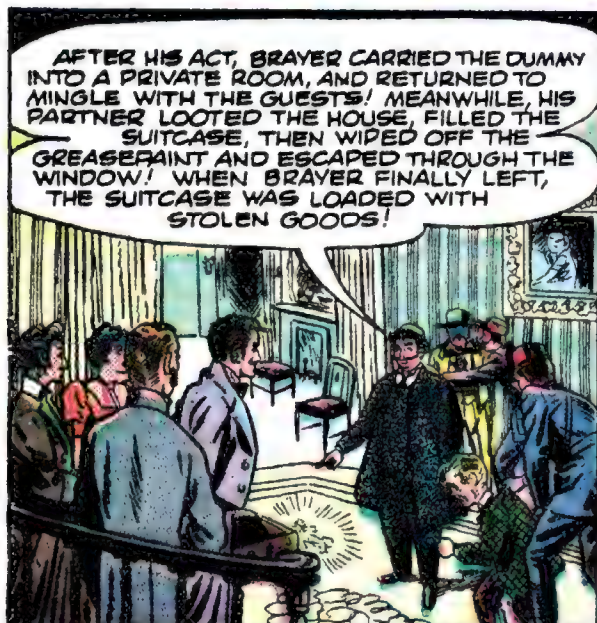


THE VENTRILOQUIST SLEPT LATE THE NEXT MORNING! THE DELIVERY OF THE DAY'S MAIL AWAKENED HIM...



THERE WAS ONE EXTRA GUEST AT THE PRINCE DE CONDE'S PARTY THAT NIGHT...INSPECTOR HENRY GUICHARD, WHO WATCHED EVERY MOVE BRAYER MADE!

AFTER COMPLETING HIS PERFORMANCE, BRAYER MINGLED WITH THE GUESTS FOR AN HOUR, AS WAS HIS CUSTOM...THEN PREPARED TO LEAVE THE MANSION...



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

IN OUR PENAL SYSTEM, THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENT TYPES OF POLICE OFFICIALS AND ADMINISTRATORS WHO UPHOLD THE LAW AND SEE THAT JUSTICE IS DONE! NOT THE LEAST OF THESE IS THE PRISON WARDEN! THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SUCH COURAGEOUS, HONEST WARDEN WHO NEVER FORGOT THE TRUST DECENT CITIZENS HAD PLACED IN HIM!

THE HOSTAGE!



THIS RIOTOUS SCENE, WHICH TOOK PLACE IN A CERTAIN STATE PENITENTIARY LATE IN DECEMBER, 1936, WAS REPORTED AT ONCE TO THE YOUNG WARDEN...





THEY'RE MAKING A SHAMBLES OF THE PLACE ALL RIGHT! BUT IT STILL DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! THEY CERTAINLY KNOW THEY CAN'T BREAK OUT!



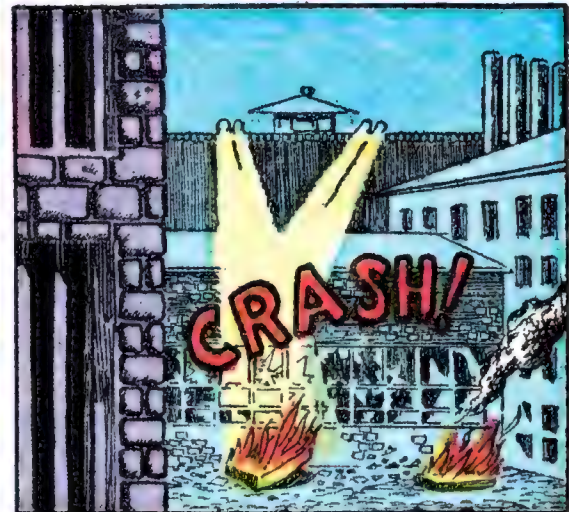
SHALL I ORDER OUT THE TEAR GAS SQUAD AND FORCE THE RIOTERS OUT, SIR?

NO! SOME OF THEM MAY BE INJURED UNNECESSARILY!



SET SOME OF THOSE MATTRESSES ON FIRE AND THROW 'EM OUT! YOU OTHER GUYS SMASH ALL THE WINDOWS!

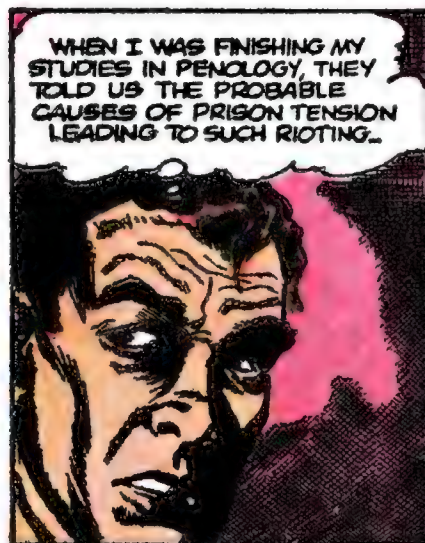
IT WAS EVIDENT THAT BULL TURNER WAS THE LEADER OF THESE UNRULY CONVICTS, FOR THEY FOLLOWED HIS ORDERS AS FAST AS HE SHOUTED THEM...



THE YOUNG WARDEN STOOD THERE, WATCHING THE DEVASTATION TAKING PLACE BELOW! THIS UNEXPECTED DISPLAY OF VIOLENCE WAS HARD FOR HIM TO UNDERSTAND! HE WAS REMEMBERING BACK A FEW MONTHS...

* I REMEMBER THE PROFESSOR MENTIONED SUCH THINGS AS DISSATISFACTION WITH FOOD, LACK OF GAINFUL WORK IN THE SHOPS, NO HOBBIES, NO DIVERSIONS! "

* I WAS IDEALISTIC THEN! I VOWED I WOULD REMODEL AND MODERNIZE ANY PRISON I WAS ASSIGNED TO! "

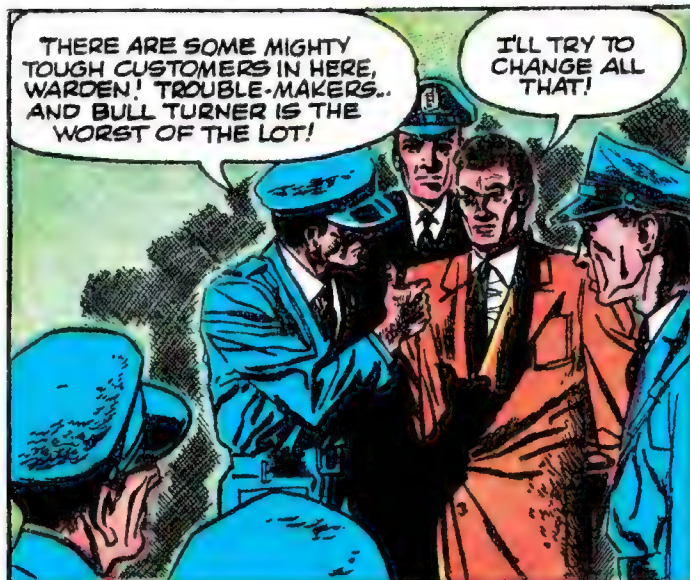


WHEN I WAS FINISHING MY STUDIES IN PENOLOGY, THEY TOLD US THE PROBABLE CAUSES OF PRISON TENSION LEADING TO SUCH RIOTING...

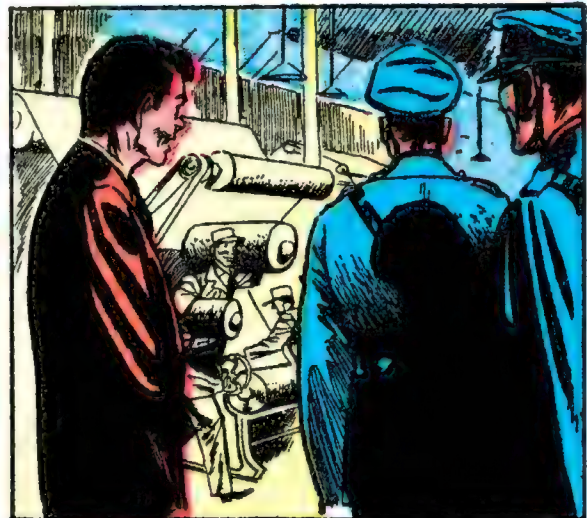


ONE OF THE BIGGEST PENITENTIARIES IN THE EAST! IT'S A GREAT CHALLENGE! I MUST MAKE GOOD!

"EVEN ON MY FIRST DAY, THE GUARDS WARNED ME MY JOB WOULDN'T BE AN EASY ONE..."



"WITHIN A WEEK, I ORDERED UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT FOR THE WORKSHOP! I ALLOWED THOSE PRISONERS INTERESTED IN THE PROJECT TO EDIT AND PRINT THEIR OWN PRISON NEWSPAPER..."



"I HAD THE PRISON LIBRARY WELL STOCKED WITH BOOKS ON EVERY CONCEIVABLE SUBJECT THAT MIGHT INTEREST A PRISONER..."

"AN INTEREST IN ATHLETICS WAS IMPORTANT IN THE REHABILITATION OF THE PRISONERS! THEY WERE PROUD OF THE BASEBALL TEAMS THEY ORGANIZED..."



"NO ONE EVER COMPLAINED ABOUT AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE DAILY MENU AND GREATER VARIETY OF FOOD SERVED IN THE DINING HALL..."

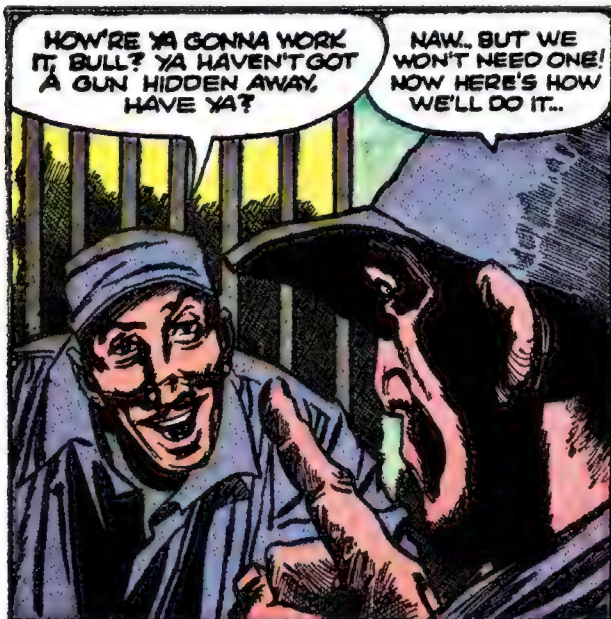


"SO WHAT SET THEM OFF LIKE THIS? WHERE DID I FAIL?"

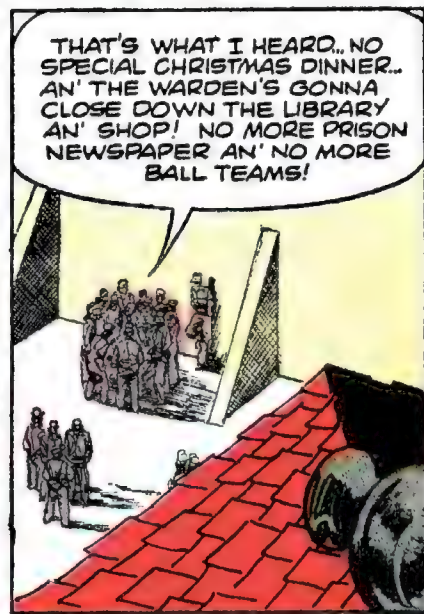


THE YOUNG PRISON WARDEN HAD FAILED TO RECOGNIZE THE DEEP-ROOTED EVIL IN THE BLACK HEART OF BULL TURNER! THIS RIOT PLOT HAD EVOLVED DURING THE PAST WEEK...





BULL AND HIS CELLMATE PUT THE PLAN INTO OPERATION THE VERY NEXT DAY..



SUCH WERE THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO THIS DRAMATIC MOMENT...





HE'S RIGHT! WE COULDN'T SHOOT IF WE WANTED TO! THE WARDEN IS BULL'S **SHIELD!**

MANY PAIRS OF EYES, OF PRISON GUARDS AND CONVICTS ALIKE, WATCHED THE TENSE DRAMA THAT WAS UNFOLDING BEFORE THEM...



HEY! WHAT'RE YA DOIN'?



THE WARDEN'S STRICT TRAINING, PLUS HIS NATURAL COURAGE, HAD PAID OFF WHEN THE CRUCIAL TEST CAME!



SOCK!

CLEAN UP THIS MESS NOW, MEN... AND THEN GO BACK TO YOUR CELLS QUIETLY! THERE WILL BE NO PUNISHMENT, CONSIDERING THAT TOMORROW IS A VERY **SPECIAL DAY!** JUST BULL AND HIS ACCOMPLICES WILL BE PUT IN SOLITARY, TO THINK IT OVER!



LATER...

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE A WHITE CHRISTMAS AFTER ALL!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! **ATLAS**

ATLAS

POLICE ACTION

OCT.
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6

POLICE STRIKE BACK AT GANGLAND!

POLICE ACTION

10¢

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

THIS PLACE IS EMPTY!
THEY'RE PROBABLY MILES
AWAY BY NOW!

KEEP IT LOW! I'VE
GOT A HUNCH THAT
SMOKE COMIN' UP
WILL LEAD US TO
A RAT-HOLE!

OKAY! LET'S SPLIT
UP THE DOUGH AND
BEAT IT! THERE'S
ENOUGH HERE TO
LAST US ALL OUR
LIVES!

ON SALE
MONTHLY

AMAZING NEW WAY TO A SLIMMER FIGURE

REDUCE WITH DELICIOUS KELPIDINE CANDY PLAN!

"WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL LOSE UP TO 5 POUNDS IN 5 DAYS* 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS* 15 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS* 25 POUNDS IN 25 DAYS* AND KEEP IT OFF" * *

***How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly You Order and How Much You Are Overweight**

****You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy—and Keep on the Plan—It KEEPS Weight Off!**

THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS OR BETTER THAN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your craving for high calorie foods! It keeps you from overeating—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to will power, cuts your craving for foods!

NO DANGEROUS DRUGS! NO HARDSHIP DIETS!

Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on tasty appetite satisfying candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T REDUCE TO THE WEIGHT THAT MOST BECOMES YOU!

Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to keep off fat! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening foods—it kills the overpowering urge to overeat—to eat between meal-snacks. Your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy plan. Almost like magic you begin to enjoy this plan for reducing.

SENSATIONAL TWO-WAY GUARANTEE!

This sweet delicious Kelpidine Candy plan is guaranteed (1) to

take off up to 10 pounds of excess weight in 10 days. (2) to taste better or as good as your favorite candy and to be the best plan you ever followed or you get your money back.



SCIENTIFICALLY AND CLINICALLY TESTED!

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE AND STAY SLIM!

Most people are fat because of overeating—too much high calorie fattening foods—to your amazement you will want to keep on eating this delicious candy even after you have reduced to the weight that most becomes you and you'll keep your weight off that way!

AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SCIENCE!

The Kelpidine Candy plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat, it gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between meal snacks. It's so safe even a child

IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! Fat people die years sooner than people with normal weight! So be Safe! Be Fair to yourself! Start taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

can take it without bad effects. With Kelpidine Candy all you taste is its deliciousness—you can't tell the difference!

KELPIDINE CANDY IS DIFFERENT!

The amazing clinical tested and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors—Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the last word in Reducing.

DON'T CUT OUT FOODS CUT DOWN ON CALORIES!**

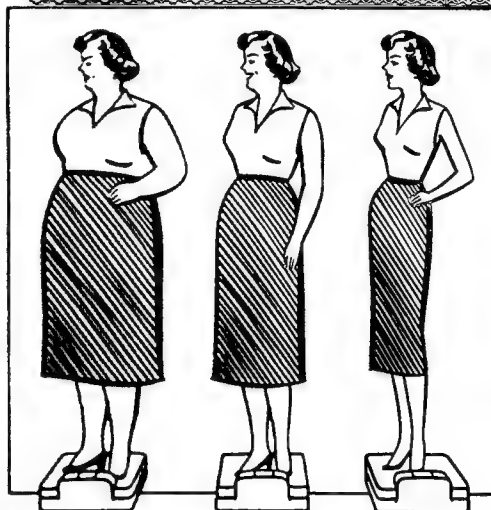
You never starve, you always feel full with Kelpidine Candy plan—You'll never suffer hunger pangs—Your desire for high calorie fattening foods is always satisfied! With Kelpidine Candy Plan you eat the same quantity of foods—you merely cut down on the high calorie rich foods with the help of Kelpidine Candy. You eat as much as you want. Your calorie intake will be less—That's the delightful amazing thing!

YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!

Try the liberal supply of Kelpidine Candy Plan on our 10-day no risk offer. Keep a record of your weight—if you are not pleased with your loss of weight; if you can taste any difference between this candy and your favorite candy—return for refund. Just fill out coupon and mail to AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. K-101 Candy Division, 318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—Don't delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight so mail coupon below now!



THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU! WITH THIS DELICIOUS REDUCING CANDY PLAN!

Let this delicious candy plan help you control your desire for fattening food! Let it help you put a stop to the habit of overeating—A habit that's so hard to break! Kelpidine candy contains that new discovery many doctors prescribe to help curb your desire to overeat (the main cause of overweight).

\$1.00 TRIAL SAMPLE SIZE!

CUT OUT AND MAIL—NO RISK COUPON NOW!

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY, Dept. K-101 Candy Division, 318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00, send trial sample size, postage pre-paid!
- ☐ Rush a Liberal Supply of Kelpidine Candy plan. I enclose \$3.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)
- ☐ Rush a Large Economy Supply of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose \$5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90c postage by sending payment with order.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ Sent on Approval

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STRAIGHT FROM THE CONFINES OF THE BIG HOUSE...OUT OF THE CELLS AND THE YARD OF A GREAT PRISON...FROM BEHIND THE GRAY WALLS THAT FORM THE HORIZON OF THE WORLD TO THOUSANDS OF MEN WITH A DEBT TO PAY TO SOCIETY...OUT OF ALL THIS COMES THE INSIDE STORY OF A CONVICT WHO ENTERED...

THE WORLD WITHIN!



ON OCTOBER 5, 1949, THOMAS POTTER, CONVICTED OF A HOLDUP AND SENTENCED TO FIVE YEARS, ENTERED A CERTAIN PRISON IN THE MIDWEST...

HE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED, FINGERPRINTED, AND GIVEN A CHANGE OF CLOTHES! THOMAS POTTER HAD CHANGED HIS IDENTITY! HE WAS NOW PRISONER NO. 549832...



WARDEN PAUL THOMPSON WAS A MAN WITH MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN PRISON WORK AND PRISONER REHABILITATION...



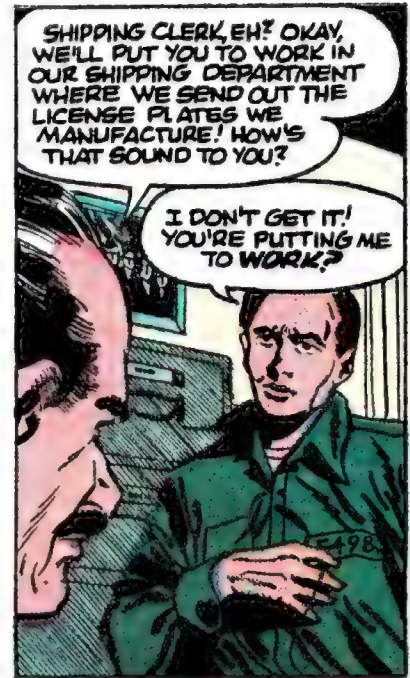
HELLO, POTTER! THEY TREATING YOU ALL RIGHT?

HUH? ER, YES, I GUESS SO...



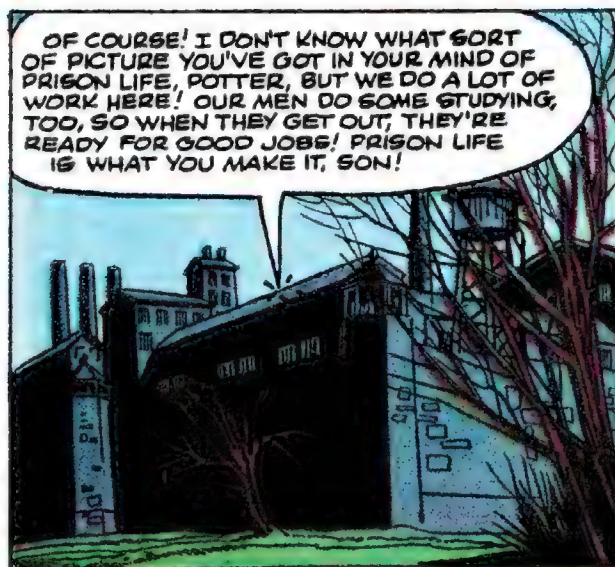
I LIKE TO SEE ALL THE NEW MEN WHO COME IN! WE'RE GOING TO BE TOGETHER A LONG TIME, SO WE MIGHT AS WELL GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER! NOW WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE YOU GOT INTO TROUBLE?

WELL, I WAS A SHIPPING CLERK UNTIL THE PLACE FOLDED!



SHIPPING CLERK, EH? OKAY, WE'LL PUT YOU TO WORK IN OUR SHIPPING DEPARTMENT WHERE WE SEND OUT THE LICENSE PLATES WE MANUFACTURE! HOW'S THAT SOUND TO YOU?

I DON'T GET IT! YOU'RE PUTTING ME TO WORK?



OF COURSE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SORT OF PICTURE YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR MIND OF PRISON LIFE, POTTER, BUT WE DO A LOT OF WORK HERE! OUR MEN DO SOME STUDYING, TOO, SO WHEN THEY GET OUT, THEY'RE READY FOR GOOD JOBS! PRISON LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT, SON!



OF COURSE, YOU CAN GET INTO TROUBLE HERE, TOO! THERE ARE SOME BAD EGGS WHO WILL ALWAYS BE BAD! HANG OUT WITH THEM, AND YOU'LL END UP AS THEY ARE... PERPETUAL CRIMINALS! IT'S ALL UP TO YOU, POTTER!

AS TOM LEFT, THE WARDEN CROSSED HIS FINGERS! WHICH ROAD WOULD THE YOUNG PRISONER TAKE IN THIS WORLD OF STONE AND STEEL? LIKE ALL NEWCOMERS, TOM WAS STILL MOODY AND SILENT, AND THERE WAS NO WAY OF JUDGING!



HERE'S YOUR CELL, POTTER... AND YOUR ROOMMATE...

HI! I'M HARRY JONES!

TOM'S HEART WAS FILLED WITH FURY AND SELF-PITY AS THE CELL DOOR CLANGED SHUT... AND HE HAD NO TIME FOR SALUTATIONS...

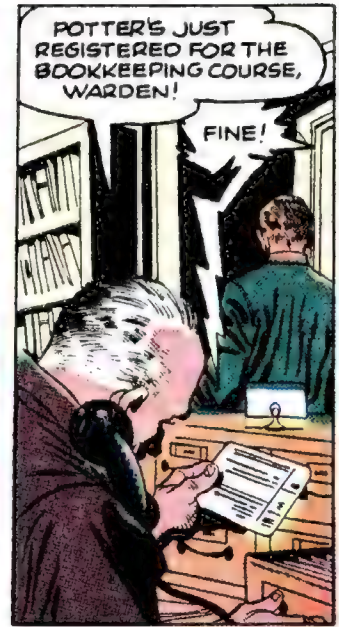
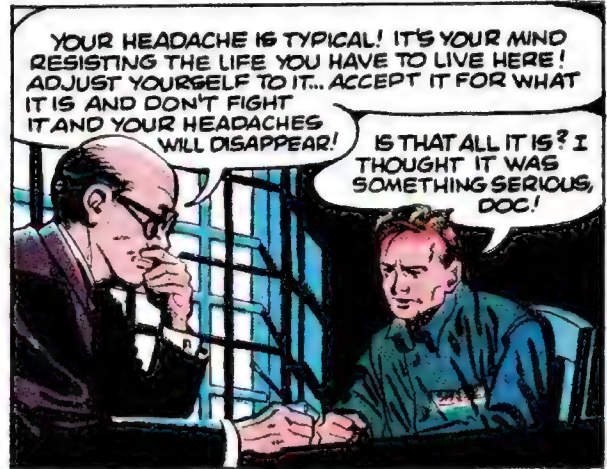


LET ME ALONE, YOU HEAR? LET ME ALONE!

SURE... SURE...

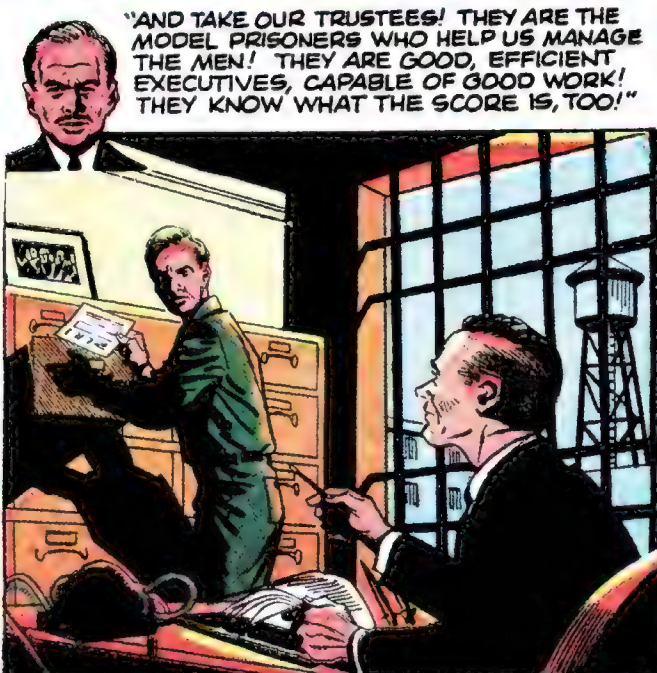
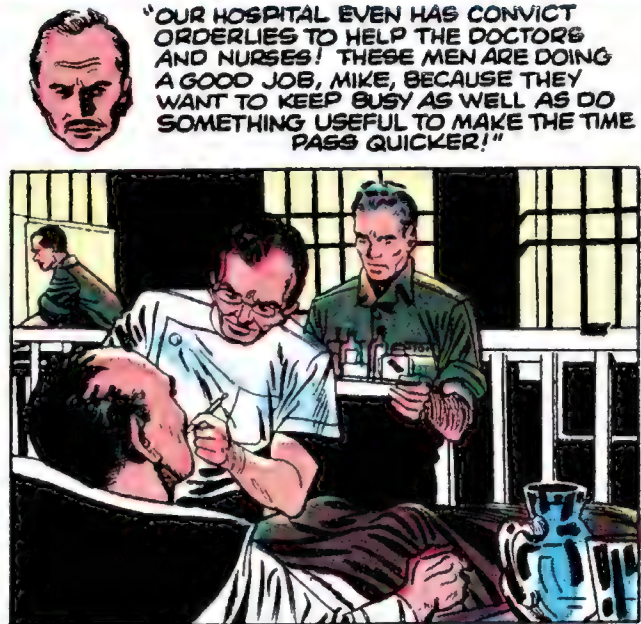
IT WASN'T EASY FOR TOM TO ACCEPT PRISON! FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE COULDN'T GO WHERE HE WANTED TO GO OR DO WHAT HE WANTED TO DO! THE FIVE YEARS AHEAD SEEMED TO STRETCH OUT INTO ENDLESS INFINITY AS HE WENT ABOUT HIS DAILY CHORES...

SLOWLY, TOM BEGAN TO SEE THE COMPLICATED MACHINERY THAT WAS PART OF THE LIFE OF THE WORLD WITHIN THE WALLS! HIS FIRST STEP IN THAT DIRECTION WAS IN THE OFFICE OF DR. COOPER, THE PRISON PSYCHIATRIST...



BUT TOM POTTER HAD MADE UP HIS MIND! HE WASN'T GOING TO SERVE TIME...HE WAS GOING TO LET TIME SERVE HIM!





TOM POTTER STUDIED THROUGH HIS BOOKKEEPING COURSE AND WAS ASSIGNED TO THE PRISON RECORD WORK...



SUMMERS HE PLAYED WITH THE PRISON BASEBALL TEAM, PLAYING AGAINST GOOD SEMI-PRO COMPETITION...



DURING THE WINTERS HE PLAYED BASKETBALL! HIS BODY AS WELL AS HIS MIND IMPROVED AND GREW STRONG...



BUT PRISON ISN'T ALL STUDY AND PLAY! PRISON IS ALSO THE LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS OF LONELINESS, WHEN A MAN HAS TO THINK OF WHAT HE HAS DONE AND WHAT HE WILL DO IN THE FUTURE...



PRISON IS THE TIME SPENT AWAY FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE...AND FROM THE PEOPLE YOU KNOW AND LOVE, AND WHOM YOU SEE ONLY ON RARE VISITS...



PRISON IS THE LINES ON YOUR FACE AND THE AGE THAT CREEPS INTO IT AS THE WEEKS AND THE MONTHS AND THE YEARS GO BY...



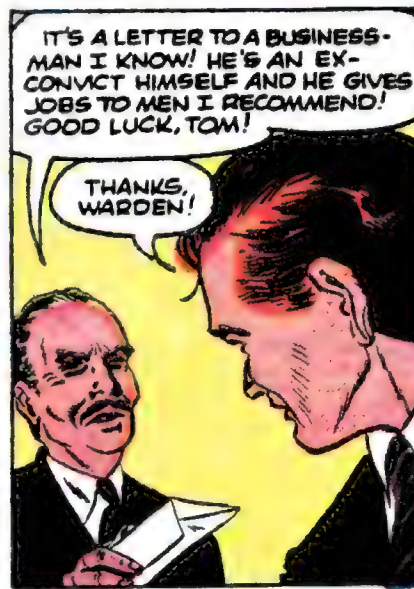
PRISON IS THE KNOWLEDGE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY...



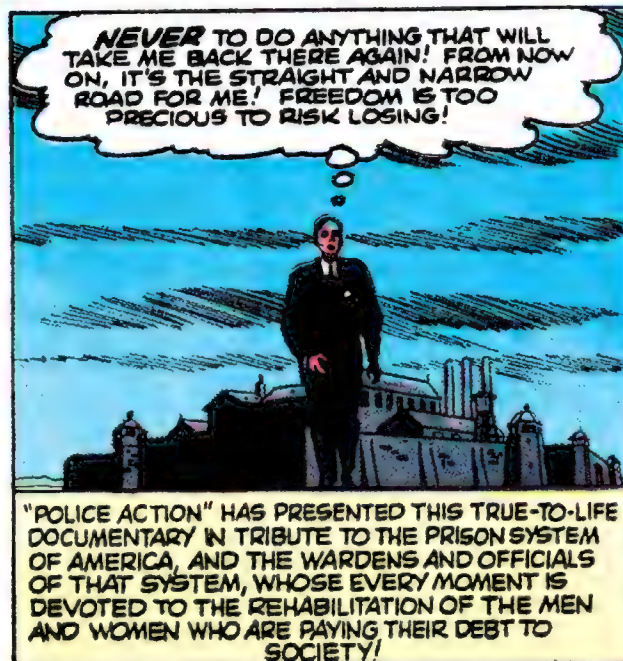
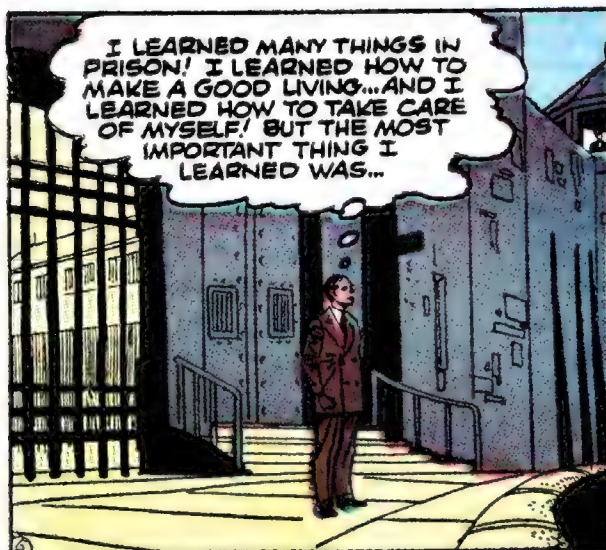
BUT PRISON IS ALSO THE PAYMENT OF DEBT...AND SOMEDAY THAT DEBT IS PAID...



TOM POTTER WAS GIVEN A SUIT OF CLOTHES AND TEN DOLLARS..



AFTER THREE YEARS OF TIME WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE GREAT PRISON, TOM POTTER WAS A FREE MAN ONCE AGAIN! HE STEPPED OUTSIDE THE GATE AND TOOK A DEEP BREATH...HIS FIRST FREE AIR IN MANY, MANY MONTHS...



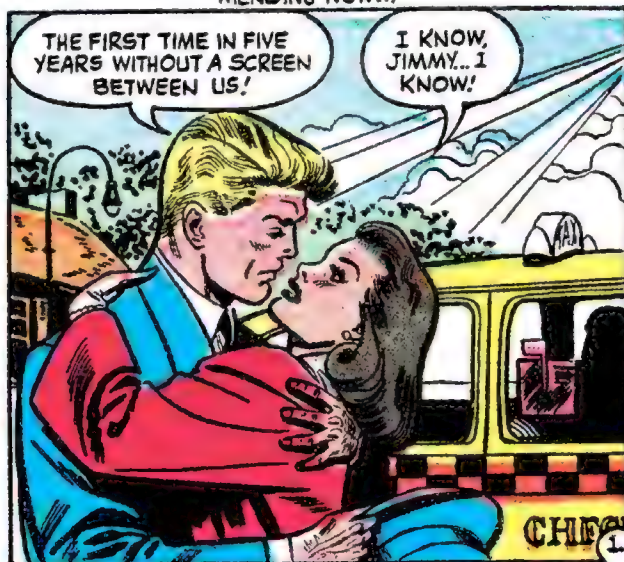
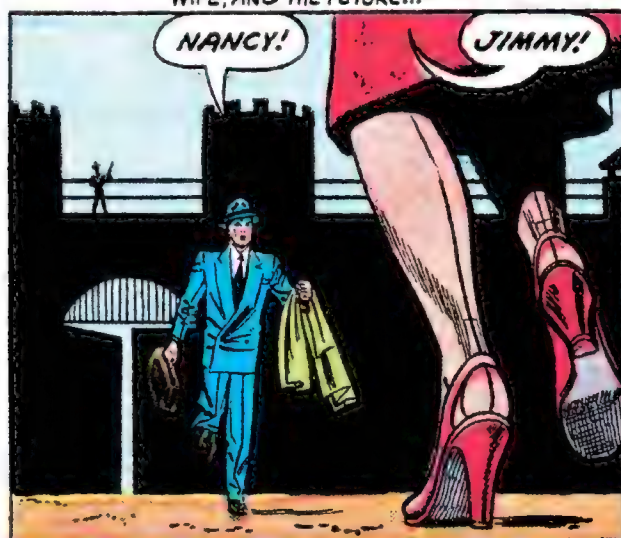
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE CON WHO WENT STRAIGHT!



JIMMY BLAINE HURRIED THROUGH THE GATES THAT HAD CLOSED BEHIND HIM FIVE YEARS BEFORE...HURRIED AWAY FROM THE GRIM, GRAY WALLS AND TOWARD HIS YOUNG WIFE, AND THE FUTURE...

EACH UNDERSTOOD THE WORDS THAT WERE UNSPOKEN ...THE DREAMS THAT HAD BEEN BROKEN AND NEEDED MENDING NOW...



IN THE TAXI TAKING THEM HOME, THEY TALKED OF THE FUTURE...



I'LL HAVE TO STAY IN TOWN... I MUST REPORT TO THE AUTHORITIES AT REGULAR INTERVALS! IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH!

NOT ANY TOUGHER THAN THE LAST FIVE YEARS, DARLING!

THE DETECTIVE, TOM LESSER WHOM YOU'LL HAVE TO REPORT TO, WAS OVER YESTERDAY AND SAID HE HAD A JOB FOR YOU! JIM, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, YOU WON'T...?



NEVER, NANCY! I'M GOING STRAIGHT!

DETECTIVE TOM LESSER WAS WAITING AT THEIR LITTLE APARTMENT WHEN THEY ARRIVED...



WELCOME HOME, JIMMY! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU... TRUCK DRIVER FOR THE HARMON TOY FACTORY! MR. HARMON KNOWS ABOUT YOU AND HE GAVE YOU THE JOB ON MY RECOMMENDATION!

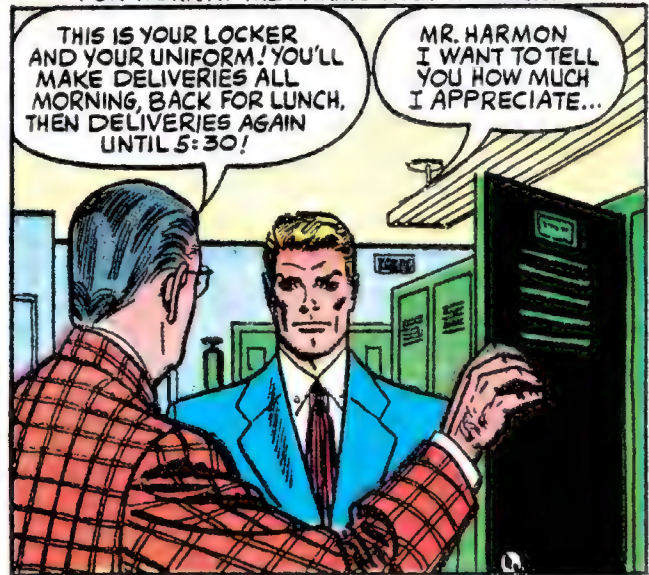
THAT'S GREAT, MR. LESSER! I'LL DO MY BEST!



YOU'VE GOT A TOUGH FIGHT AHEAD! PRESSURE TO FORCE YOU BACK TO THE OLD CROOKED GROOVE! IT'S UP TO **YOU** TO KEEP STRAIGHT!

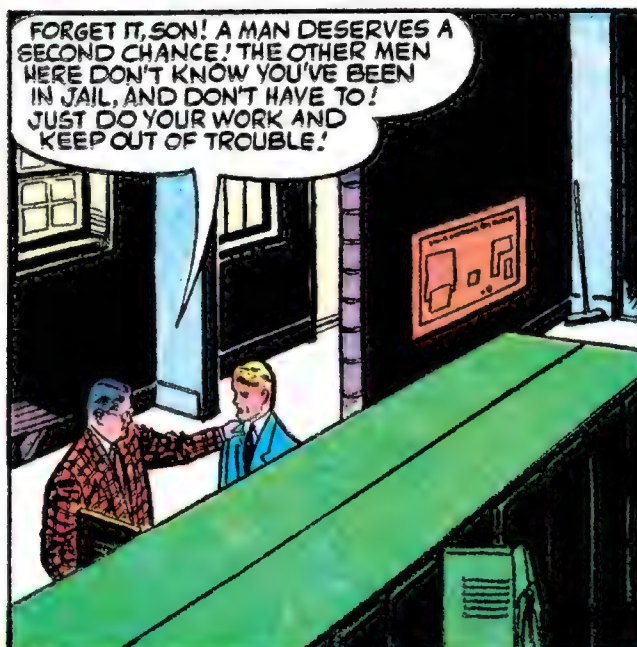
I EXPECT IT'LL BE TOUGH! BUT I'M NEVER GOING BACK TO JAIL... **NEVER!**

THE NEXT MORNING, AT 7:30, JIMMY BLAINE REPORTED FOR WORK AT THE HARMON TOY FACTORY...



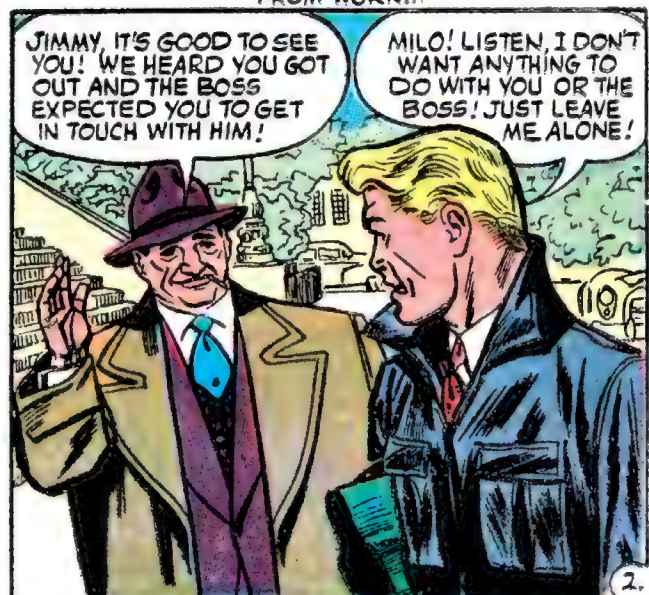
THIS IS YOUR LOCKER AND YOUR UNIFORM! YOU'LL MAKE DELIVERIES ALL MORNING, BACK FOR LUNCH, THEN DELIVERIES AGAIN UNTIL 5:30!

MR. HARMON I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE...



FORGET IT, SON! A MAN DESERVES A SECOND CHANCE! THE OTHER MEN HERE DON'T KNOW YOU'VE BEEN IN JAIL, AND DON'T HAVE TO! JUST DO YOUR WORK AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE!

THREE NIGHTS LATER, AS JIMMY WAS WALKING HOME FROM WORK...



JIMMY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! WE HEARD YOU GOT OUT AND THE BOSS EXPECTED YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM!

MILO! LISTEN, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU OR THE BOSS! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!



DON'T BE LIKE THAT! WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS! WE FIGURED YOU MIGHT NEED SOME DOUGH!

I DON'T NEED MONEY! I'VE GOT A JOB AND I'M GOING STRAIGHT!



WE'LL GIVE YUH A LITTLE MORE TIME, UNTIL YOU FIND OUT WHAT THE SCORE IS! YOU'LL BE BACK WITH US, KID!

NEVER!



YES, IT WAS TOUGH ON JIMMY! HE SAW THE WAY THE NEIGHBORS WHISPERED BEHIND HIS BACK... FIVE YEARS IN THE PEN...

FINE THING, HAVIN' TO LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE AS A CONVICT!

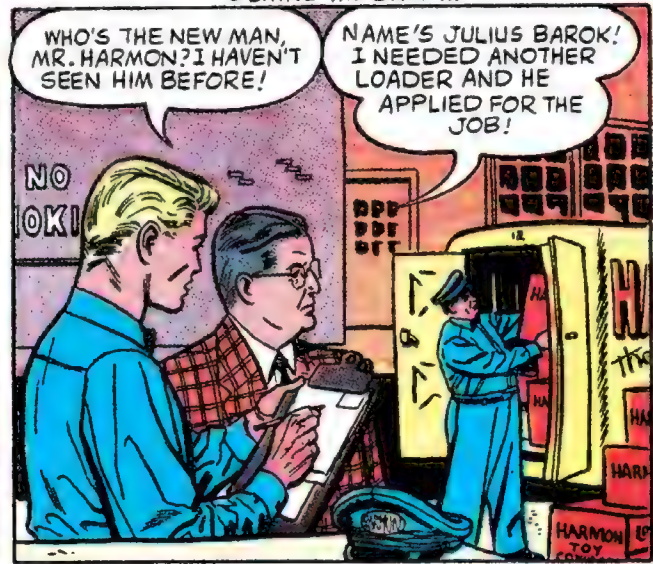
JIMMY AND HIS WIFE AVOIDED GOING OUT AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, SO THEY WOULDN'T MEET THE NEIGHBORS IN THE HALL OR ON THE STREET! IT BECAME WORSE AS THE WEEKS WENT BY...



CAN'T THEY GIVE A GUY A BREAK? I PAID MY DEBT TO SOCIETY FOR MY MISTAKE!

FORGET THEM! IT WILL PASS! THE ONLY IMPORTANT THINGS ARE YOU AND ME AND THE FUTURE!

IT WAS DIFFERENT AT THE FACTORY! HE WENT ABOUT HIS WORK AND WASN'T BOTHERED BY WHISPERS BEHIND HIS BACK...



WHO'S THE NEW MAN, MR. HARMON? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM BEFORE!

NAME'S JULIUS BAROK! I NEEDED ANOTHER LOADER AND HE APPLIED FOR THE JOB!

THAT NIGHT, AS HE LEFT THE FACTORY...



HEY, JIMMY! LOOK WHO'S HERE!

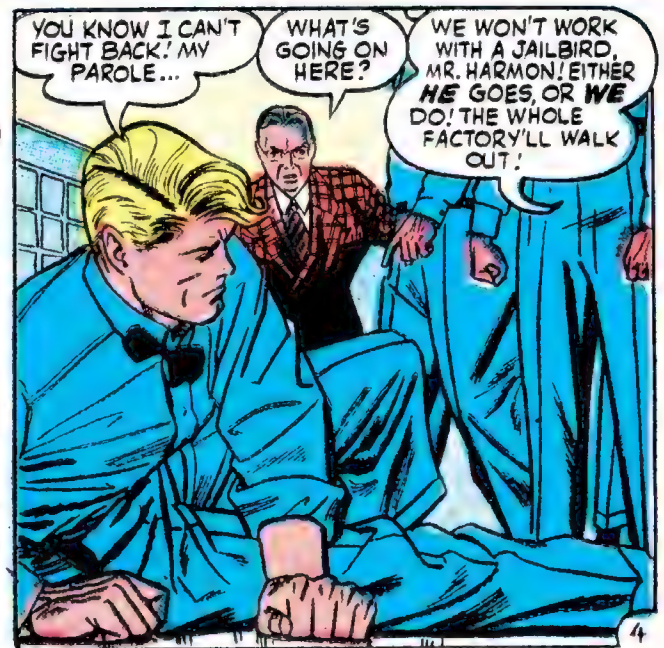
BOSS CADDO!

BOSS CADDO WAS THE MAN JIMMY HAD WORKED FOR, THE TOP MAN OF A BIG MOB! JIMMY HAD DRIVEN THE GETAWAY CAR FOR THE MOB! HE'D ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF CADDO...



GOOD TO SEE YUH AGAIN, JIMMY! THINGS TOUGH?

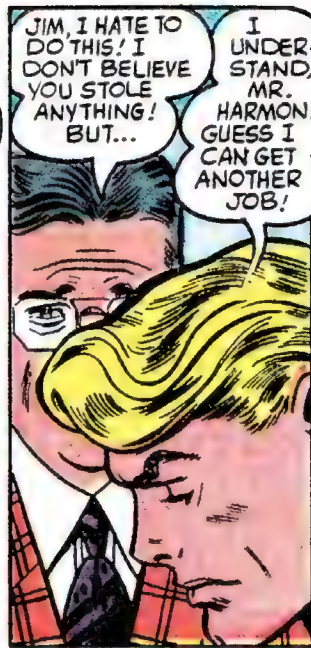
NOT TOO TOUGH THAT I CAN'T STAND THEM!





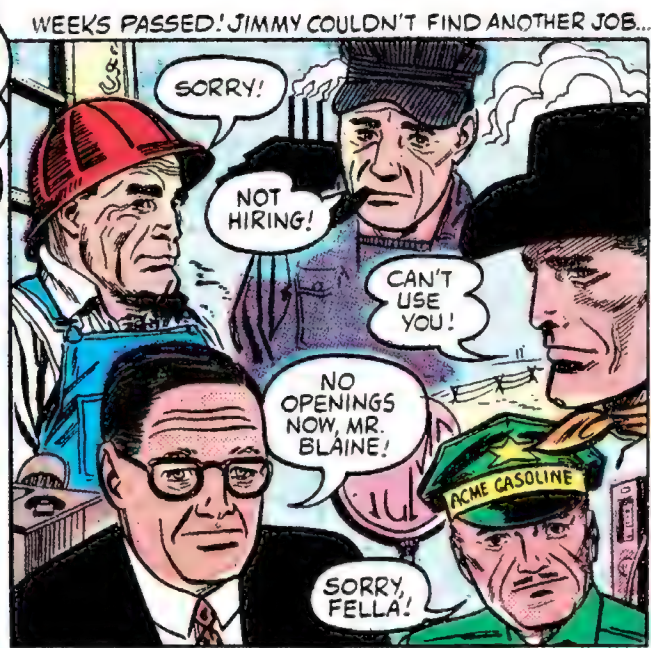
ALL RIGHT!
WE'LL
STRAIGHTEN
THIS OUT!
GET BACK
TO WORK
NOW!

WE MEAN
IT, MR.
HARMON!
FIRE THAT
CROOK, OR
WE WALK
OUT!



JIM, I HATE TO
DO THIS! I
DON'T BELIEVE
YOU STOLE
ANYTHING!
BUT...

I UNDER-
STAND,
MR.
HARMON!
GUESS I
CAN GET
ANOTHER
JOB!



WEEKS PASSED! JIMMY COULDN'T FIND ANOTHER JOB...

SORRY!

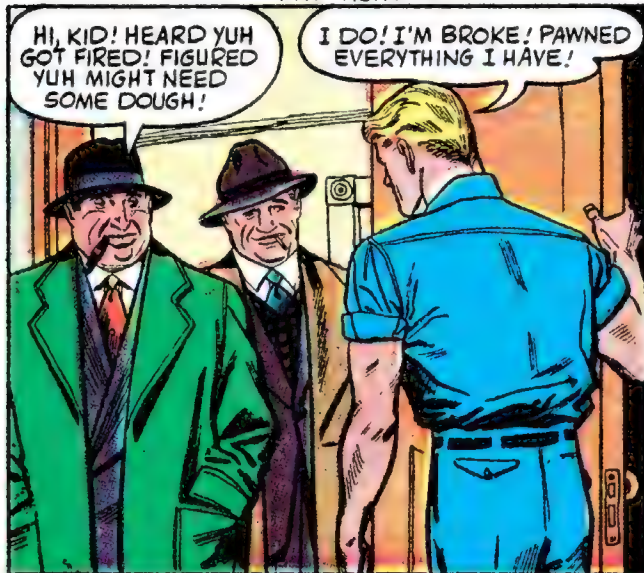
NOT
HIRING!

CAN'T
USE
YOU!

NO
OPENINGS
NOW, MR.
BLAINE!

SORRY,
FELLA!

NANCY WAS OUT DOING THE SHOPPING, WHEN JIMMY HAD VISITORS...



HI, KID! HEARD YUH
GOT FIRED! FIGURED
YUH MIGHT NEED
SOME DOUGH!

I DO! I'M BROKE! PAWNED
EVERYTHING I HAVE!



GET WISE, JIMMY!
WE'RE ON YOUR
SIDE! SEE HOW
THE OTHERS
TREAT YUH?

HERE, TAKE IT! I'LL GIVE
YUH THE SAME JOB AS
BEFORE... DRIVIN'! EASY
WORK, BIG MONEY!

JIMMY WAS AT A LOW EBB! HE WANTED TO REFUSE BUT WHAT ELSE WAS THERE FOR HIM TO DO... WHERE ELSE COULD HE GET MONEY...



I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT! NOBODY
CAN SAY I
DIDN'T TRY!

NOW YOU'RE GETTIN'
SMART! I'VE GOT A
CAPER LINED UP! I'LL
DROP BY TONIGHT AND
FILL YOU IN!



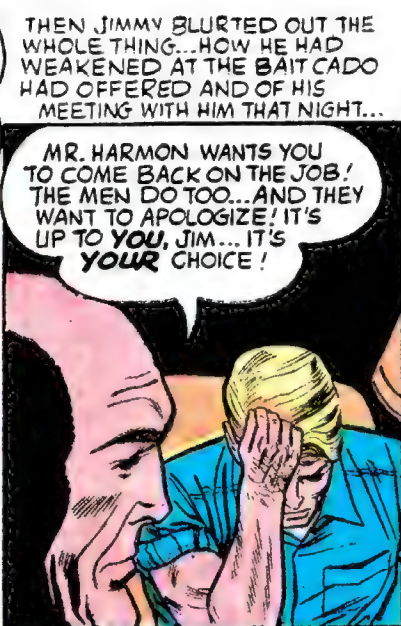
SORRY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE
TO GET AROUND SOONER, JIMMY!
I'VE BEEN KEEPING TABS ON YOU
AND DOING SOME CHECKING!
BAROK, THE LOADER AT HARMON'S,
STOLE THOSE THINGS... TOLD THE MEN
YOU WERE A CON AND TURNED
THEM AGAINST YOU!

BUT
WHY?



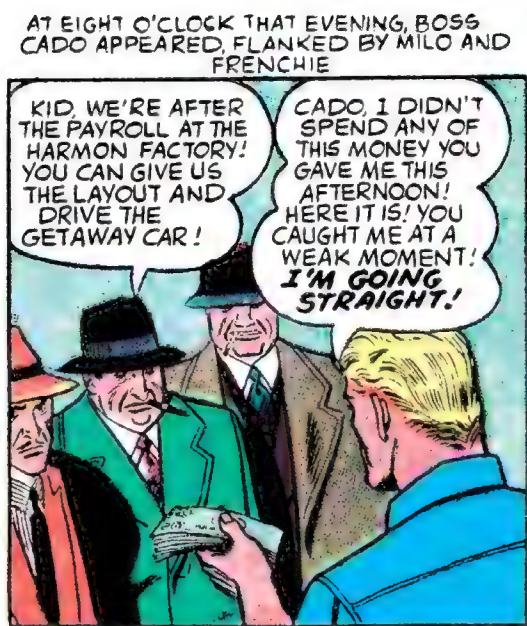
BECAUSE HE WAS **PLANTED** THERE BY BOSS CADO! HE'S ONE OF CADO'S MEN!

SO THAT'S IT! THE WHOLE THING WAS PLANNED TO GET ME BACK INTO THE GANG AGAIN!



THEN JIMMY BLURTED OUT THE WHOLE THING...HOW HE HAD WEAKENED AT THE BAIT CADO HAD OFFERED AND OF HIS MEETING WITH HIM THAT NIGHT...

MR. HARMON WANTS YOU TO COME BACK ON THE JOB! THE MEN DO TOO...AND THEY WANT TO APOLOGIZE! IT'S UP TO YOU, JIM... IT'S **YOUR** CHOICE!

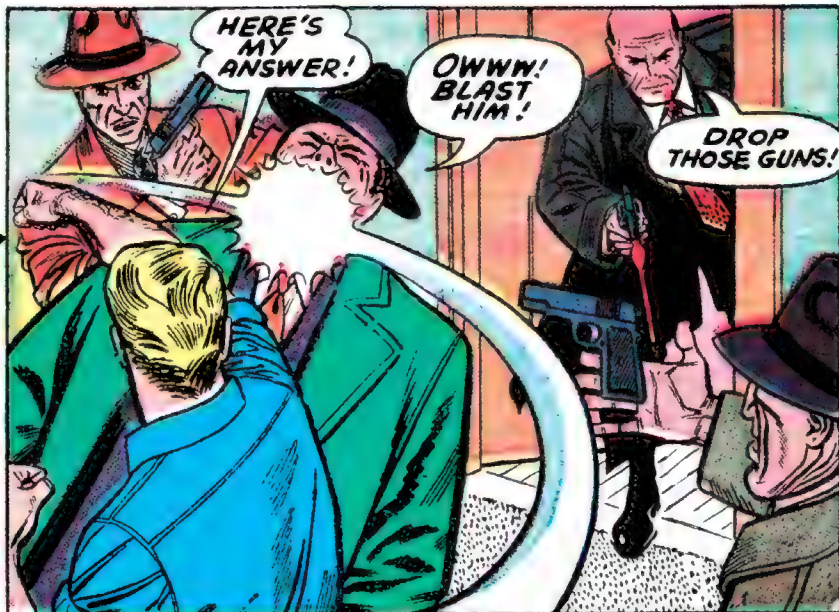


KID, WE'RE AFTER THE PAYROLL AT THE HARMON FACTORY! YOU CAN GIVE US THE LAYOUT AND DRIVE THE GETAWAY CAR!

CADO, I DIDN'T SPEND ANY OF THIS MONEY YOU GAVE ME THIS AFTERNOON! HERE IT IS! YOU CAUGHT ME AT A WEAK MOMENT! **I'M GOING STRAIGHT!**



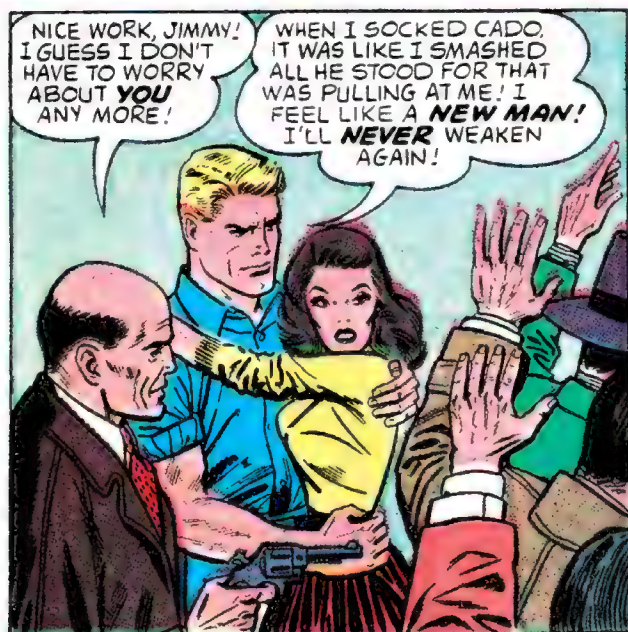
NO, PUNK! YOU KNOW TOO MUCH! YOU'RE **IN...** OR ELSE! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



HERE'S MY ANSWER!

OWWW! BLAST HIM!

DROP THOSE GUNS!



NICE WORK, JIMMY! I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT **YOU** ANY MORE!

WHEN I SOCKED CADO, IT WAS LIKE I SMASHED ALL HE STOOD FOR THAT WAS PULLING AT ME! I FEEL LIKE A **NEW MAN!** I'LL **NEVER** WEAKEN AGAIN!



DETECTIVE TOM LESSER TOOK THE THUGS AWAY...

YOU PEOPLE KNOW I'M AN EX-CONVICT! I'VE PAID MY DEBT AND I'M GOING STRAIGHT!

FORGET IT, BLAINE! WHAT YOU JUST DID TOOK GUTS! WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR WIFE DROP IN AND WATCH SOME TELEVISION SOME NIGHT? BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU, **NEIGHBOR!**

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE END

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

WITH WARD'S FORMULA

PITYROSPORUM
OVALE

MOROCOCCUS

STAPHYLOCOCCUS
ALBUS

MICROBACILLUS

NOTHING, Absolutely nothing
known to Science can do more to

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—on contact
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—fast
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—quickly
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—within 3 seconds

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Read their grateful letters. Study the guarantee—it's *better* than a free trial! Then try Ward's Formula at our risk. Use it for only 10 short days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK**. You be the judge! © Ward Laboratories Inc., 19 West 44th St., N. Y.

TO SAVE YOUR HAIR ACT NOW

Send coupon today for 10-day offer. Send No Money

— ACT TODAY or YOU MAY BE TOO LATE! —

Ward Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 3911W
19 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Rush Ward's Formula to me at once. I will pay postman two dollars plus postage. I must be completely satisfied within 10 days, or you GUARANTEE refund of DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Name
Address
City Zone State
☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.00 with order, and we will pay postage. Some refund offer holds, of course. APO, FPO, Canada & Foreign add 50c; no CODs.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

SCALP ITCH
FALLING
HAIR

DANDRUFF

HEAD
ODORS

Proof!

We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

I must admit I didn't have much faith in it, but I hadn't been using Ward's one week before I could see it was helping me. I could feel my hair getting thicker.

E. K., Cleveland, Ohio

Out of all the Hair Experts I went to, I've gotten the most help from one bottle of Ward's Formula.

C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

After using Ward's for only 12 days, my hair has stopped falling out.

R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.

I am tickled to death with the results. In just two weeks' time—no dandruff! W. T. W., Portola, Cal.

I feel encouraged to say that the infuriating scalp itch which has bothered me for 5 years is now gone.

J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

Guarantee

This written guarantee entitles you not only to return of price paid for Ward's Formula, but **Double Your Money Back** unless you actually SEE, FEEL and ENJOY all benefits herein claimed in only ten days. The test is at our risk. All you do is return unused portion or the empty bottle unless completely satisfied.

Ward Laboratories, Inc.

A CASE OF MURDER!

WHAT started out as just an ordinary case of tailing a husband to make sure he didn't get into any mischief, ended up as a not-so-ordinary case of murder. It was about seven o'clock in the evening, and I was getting ready to close up my dinky little office on Lexington Avenue and 33rd Street, when what should happen? Yep. There's a knock on the door.

"Come in!" I shouted.

She came in. The most delicious hunk of blonde femininity I have ever seen in my life. She walked right up to my desk, and for one fleet second I wished that my office was cleaner — or that it was located on Park Avenue with a barrage of private secretaries and vice-presidents. But, anyhow, she wasn't looking at the office or at the junk on the desk. She was looking straight at me.

"Mr. Ryan, private detective?" she asked.

I tore my eyes from the hypnotic effect of her dazzling mink stole, and sparkling jewelry. A client like *this*, I haven't had since that phoney prince tried to defraud Ann Van Borges,

"Yes," I said, "I'm him."

Without batting one of her big beautiful eyelashes she reached down into her purse and came up with a roll of green stuff big enough to choke a Preakness thoroughbred.

"This is a retainer." She dropped it on my desk and it rolled over and over until it

fell in my lap. "I want you to follow my husband, and give me a report on what he does during the day."

I noticed that the outside bill on the roll was a "C" note. "Sure," I said, "for this kind of dough I'll fasten myself to him with paper clips."

She frowned. You could tell right off that she didn't have a sense of humor. She gave me her name and address. Ava Lawson, 329 West End Avenue. And she wanted a full report at the end of each day. Then I made the biggest mistake I could have. I asked her what he was up to.

"That," she said, "is none of your business." She turned on her heel and went haughtily out the front door.

Now ordinarily when someone pulls that high-falutin' act on me, I tell them to go chase themselves. But as I peeled off the top note on the roll of bills and saw that there were nine more "C" notes like it, I decided not to be hasty. After all, I thought, she might have a good reason.

I got on George Lawson's tail at about 9 o'clock in the morning.

At 10:00 he finished breakfast at a private restaurant on Madison Avenue.

At 12:00 he was at a board meeting, at his office.

At 1:00 he had lunch with a very beautiful redhead.

And at 2:00 he was *dead*.

He had walked out of the restaurant where he and this gorgeous doll had lunch. She got into a cab, and he started to walk down the street. He got half-way up the block, and then just keeled over. When I got to him he was dead.

They picked me up and held me for questioning. I told them all about my client and her husband, and they called her to verify my story.

She told them she'd never heard of me, and that she certainly had never retained me to tail her husband. I had the niggling feeling that the plot was thick and going to get thicker . . . and that I was in the center of a big fat pile of trouble.

They weren't figuring me for the murderer — just a material witness — so the inspector (whose life I saved once) let me go home. That's where I should have gone. But I'm a dope. I didn't. I grabbed a cab and hauled right over to 329 West End Avenue. I wanted to see what gave with a gal that hands me a grand for a private shamus job, and then claims she doesn't know me. The place was — as I expected — a ritzy one. The elevator operator kept giving my herringbone-tweed the once over. You'd have thought that no one ever went into that place with a suit like that. What did I care? I had a murder on my hands, and I kind of figured that before I was through I'd

have more important things to worry about.

I rang the bell to the Lawson's apartment and heard a feminine, "who's there?"

"Phil Ryan," I answered, "private detective."

"Oh! Er — just a minute."

I waited. And a few seconds later the door swung open. I walked in. And the thing that came crashing down on my head sent me into a deep tallspin . . . a black-bottomed pit that sucked me deep into its mire.

When I came to, I was not in the Lawson's apartment. I was in some garage, bound hand and foot, and from the smell of the place it must have been located somewhere near the city dump. I was lying on a dirty old cot, and thru a half-open door I could see three men sitting around a table, under a yellow lamp, playing cards. The lump on my head felt like a billiard ball. I didn't have any plans in particular, so I just let out a yelp.

"Hey, how about one of you lovely people coming in here and talking to me."

They all turned in my direction. One of them got up, and instantly I was sorry that I had opened my big mouth. He took his gun out of a shoulder holster and came at me with it.

"Shaddup!" he said.

"Okay! Okay," I said. "I was just tryin' to be sociable. Don't get excited. Hey, mind tellin' me what I'm in for?"

That was the wrong thing to ask, I found out. Because he whacked me across the face with his hand. The one that was holding the gun.

"Cripes," I said, the blood rushing down the corner of my lip. "you play kinda rough."

"Yeah," he said, "and for

keeps too, *shamus*."

I didn't make any cracks then. Not being a vampire, I don't care for the taste of blood. Even if I did, I wouldn't want to drink my own. So I shut up. It was a good thing, because in a few minutes who should walk in but, Ava Lawson.

She walked right up to the cot where I was relaxing, and looked from my bloody face to that of the mug who had slugged me. Then she does a most surprising thing. She picks up her hand—the one loaded with jewelry — and cracks the hood across the puss with it.

"Hey," he shouts, "what's the



idea?"

"I told you I didn't want you to beat him up."

"Yeah, but—"

"Don't answer me back. We don't want marks on him. Untie him."

The guy didn't ask any questions. He untied me, and—giving me a dirty look—he walked away. I got ideas of a quick and daring getaway, but I decided against it when I saw that Ava dear had a .32 pointed right at my stomach.

"Now, Mr. Ryan," she said sweetly. "It's too bad you de-

cided to follow up the case after my husband's death. Now I don't want to kill you, but it's really necessary for you to die."

I smiled at her.

"You mean that you know, that I know, you killed your husband."

"Yes," she said, "after it was too late I knew that I had done a sloppy job with the poison. You were supposed to be the fall guy, after you had lunch with him. Instead, the dirty double-crosser took that red-head out to lunch."

"And," I added, "you're not taking any chances on having me put the finger on you."

"Right again," she sighed. "I really hate to do it. You're so good-looking. But I can't take a chance. If they even suspected me, I'd never get the insurance money. And believe me, I need it bad."

"I can imagine," I said. "Well anyway, it's always nice to find out that there's a motive for that kind of a murder. It's always so confusing when there's not a motive in sight. It makes a conviction very difficult."

She stiffened when I said that. "Only in this case there isn't going to be any conviction."

"No?" I said. Then before she could move, I lashed out and twisted the gun out of her hand. She wasn't expecting me to try anything and I took her unawares. "You're wrong there. Because this place is surrounded with cops, and they've heard every word you said."

I smiled at her, and winked. "You didn't think I'd come up to a beautiful woman's apartment without a chaperone. I told the inspector to have some of his boys shadow me. That way I knew we'd be able to find out your *motive for MURDER!*

THE END 9497

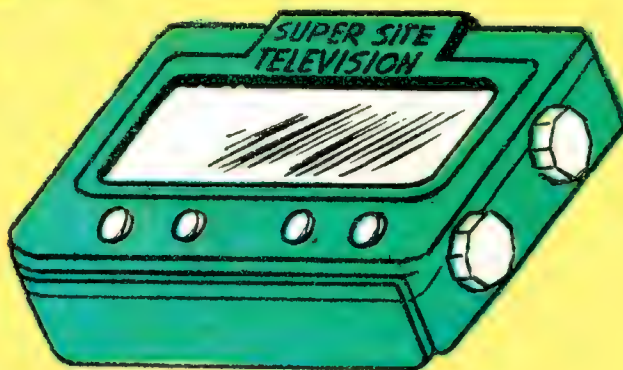
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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Canadian & Foreign orders, \$1.50 with coupon.

THE PLACE: A SMALL VILLAGE IN SICILY! THE TIME: EARLY 1950! THE SITUATION: THE VILLAGERS TERRIFIED NIGHT AND DAY, AFRAID TO SLEEP, EACH DISTRUSTING HIS NEIGHBOR, WITH DEATH STALKING THE LAW-ABIDING PEOPLE WITHOUT LETUP! AND, AGAINST THIS HORROR IS STACKED THE SMALL POLICE FORCE OF THE CARBINIERI TO COMBAT THE DREAD MENACE OF...

FIVE FINGERS!



POST-WAR SICILY WAS STILL RECOVERING FROM THE RAVAGES OF WAR, EVEN UP TO 1950! THE PEOPLE OF THE VILLAGE OF POTIA STRUGGLED TO REBUILD THEIR HOMES AND THEIR SHATTERED LIVES...

ANGELO PATRIMO WORKED HARD AND LONG HOURS TO BRING HIS FARM BACK TO ITS PRE-WAR LEVEL! THE WHOLE VILLAGE WAS HAPPY FOR HIM! BUT, COMING BACK FROM COLLECTING THE MONEY FOR HIS CROP, HE WAS STOPPED SHORT BY...





YES, WHO WOULD? AND WHO WOULD ROB AND KILL THE FAMILY OF PIETRO MICELLI AND LEAVE THE TELLTALE INSIGNIA BEHIND? WHO BUT...

CARBINIERO GINO BARTOLLO WAS YOUNG AND CONSCIENTIOUS! HE QUESTIONED EVERYONE BUT, AS IS USUAL DURING A TERROR, EACH ONE WAS AFRAID TO SAY ANYTHING...



IF IT IS, THEN WE'RE ALL IN DEEP TROUBLE! IT CAN STRIKE ANYWHERE AND ANY TIME...AND IT COULD BE MADE UP OF OUR OWN NEIGHBORS! KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT, GINO!



LIKE A MONKEY, EH? AND AS STUPID! YOU MAY BE THE NEXT ONE, TOMASSO!

NO! DO NOT SAY THAT! TOMASSO, TELL HIM WHAT YOU KNOW!



ALL RIGHT, TOMASSO!

BUT THAT SAME NIGHT, THE MARK OF THE FIVE FINGERS WAS LAID ON THE WIFE OF TOMASSO ANGOSTINO...

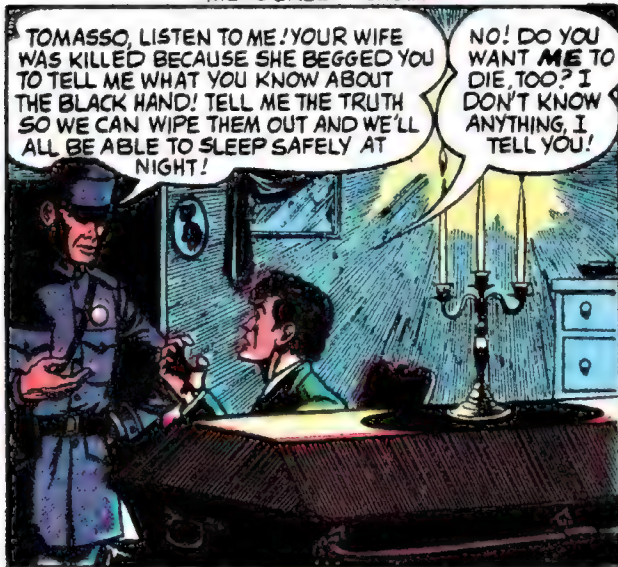


HELP, TOMASSO! HELP!



BUT SHE WAS BEYOND HELP...

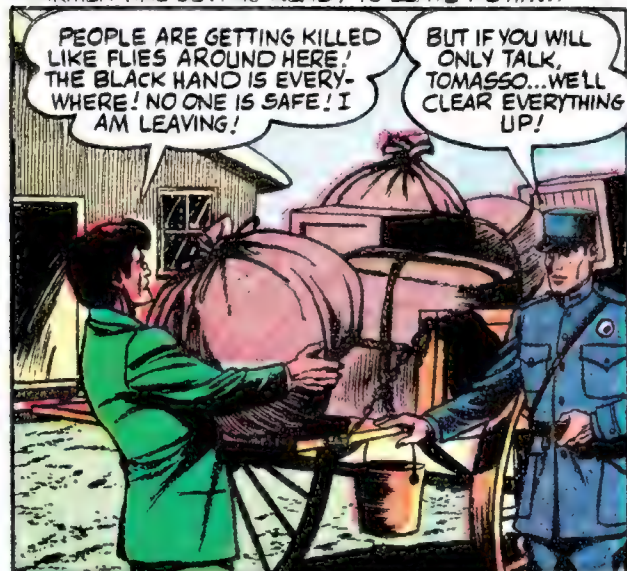
LATER, GINO SPOKE TO THE BROKEN HUSBAND OF THE MURDERED WOMAN...



WITH NO CLUES WITH THE PEOPLE TERRIFIED TO SPEAK, THE POLICE WERE HELPLESS! MEANWHILE, THE MEMBERS OF THE BLACK HAND GREW BOLDER...

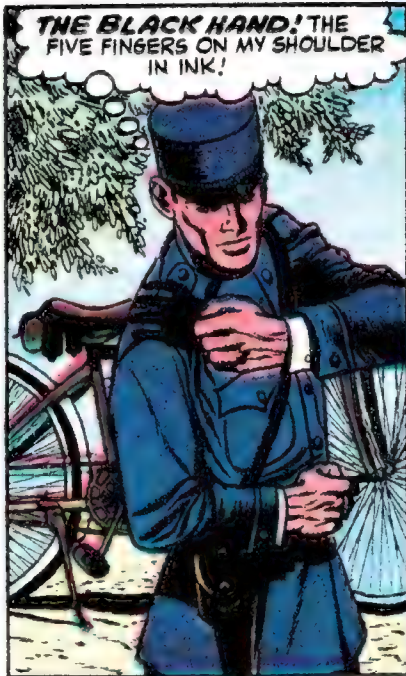


BUT GINO MADE NO HEADWAY! IN FACT, THE TERRIFIED FARMER WAS GETTING READY TO LEAVE POTIA...

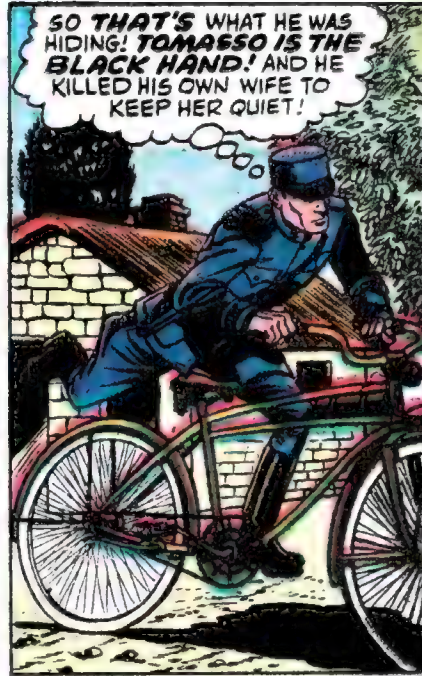




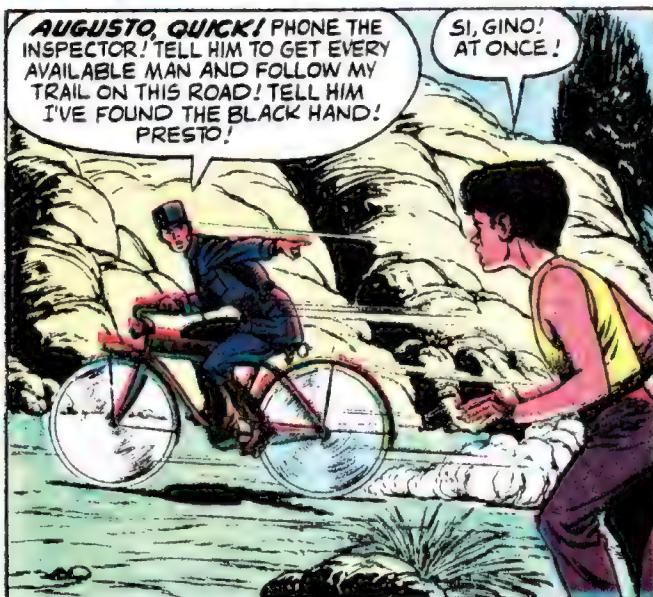
SO HE'S GONE! I CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM! LOST HIS WIFE... STILL, I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHAT HE KNOWS! WHAT'S THIS DIRT ON MY...



THE BLACK HAND! THE FIVE FINGERS ON MY SHOULDER IN INK!

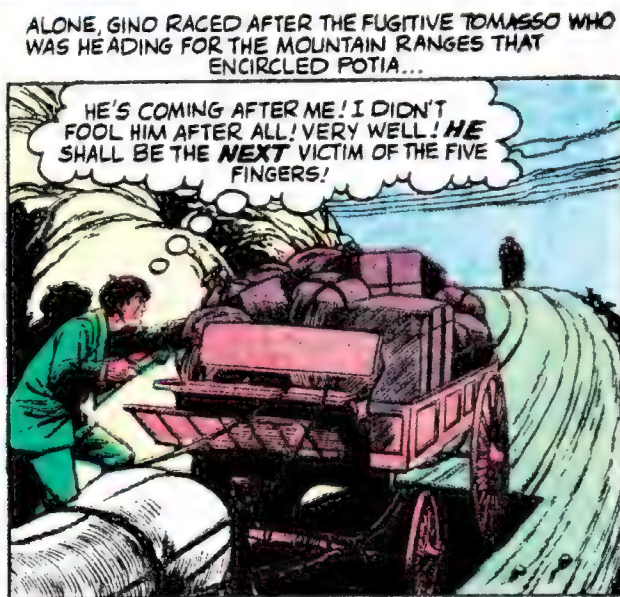


SO THAT'S WHAT HE WAS HIDING! TOMASSO IS THE BLACK HAND! AND HE KILLED HIS OWN WIFE TO KEEP HER QUIET!



AUGUSTO, QUICK! PHONE THE INSPECTOR! TELL HIM TO GET EVERY AVAILABLE MAN AND FOLLOW MY TRAIL ON THIS ROAD! TELL HIM I'VE FOUND THE BLACK HAND! PRESTO!

SI, GINO! AT ONCE!



ALONE, GINO RACED AFTER THE FUGITIVE TOMASSO WHO WAS HEADING FOR THE MOUNTAIN RANGES THAT ENCIRCLED POTIA...

HE'S COMING AFTER ME! I DIDN'T FOOL HIM AFTER ALL! VERY WELL! HE SHALL BE THE NEXT VICTIM OF THE FIVE FINGERS!



A PERFECT SHOT!



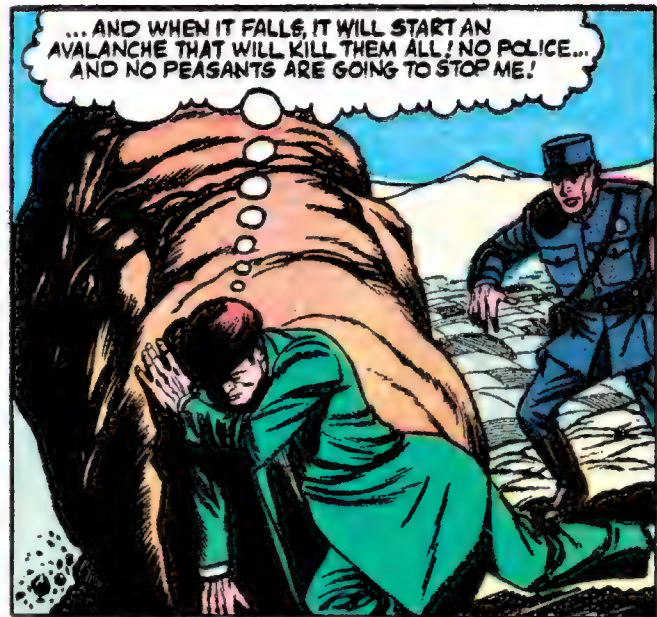
FAREWELL, GINO! NOW I WILL GO ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER LOOT! I SHALL REVIVE THE BLACK HAND ALL OVER SICILY!



BUT GINO WAS PLAYING POSSUM AS HE FELL OVER THE CLIFF AND ONTO A LEDGE!

HE ONLY HIT MY TIRE! SO FAR I AM IN LUCK... BUT HOW FAR CAN MY LUCK CARRY ME?

BUT NOT ONLY THE INSPECTOR AND POLICE TOOK UP THE CHASE! THE WHOLE VILLAGE JOINED IN ON RUNNING DOWN THE OWNER OF THE FIVE FINGERS!



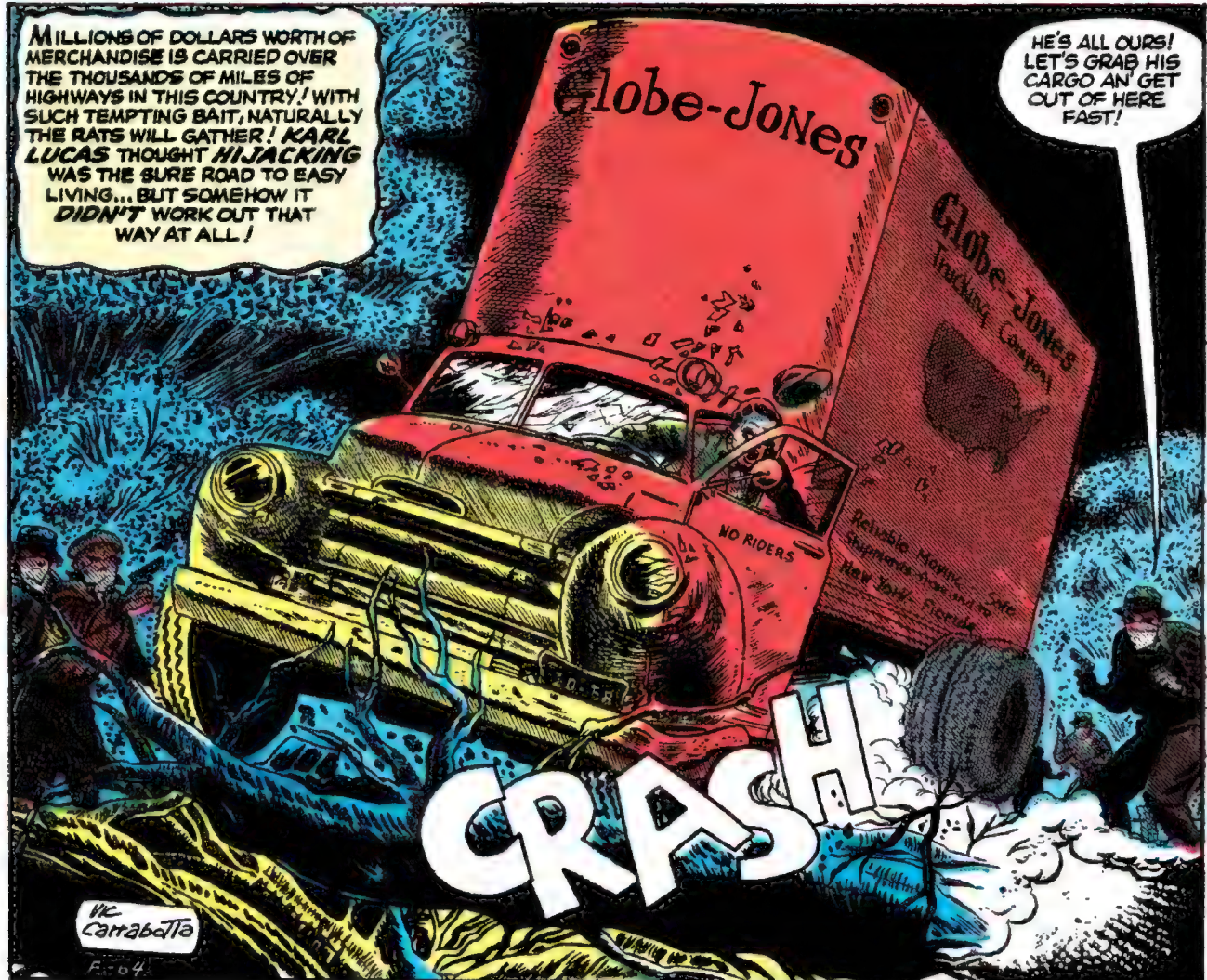
ATTRACTED BY THE COMMOTION, THE VILLAGERS FLED TO SAFETY... BUT THE CRIMINAL FELL VICTIM TO HIS OWN MURDEROUS PLOT, AS ...

A SCREAM... AND THEN SILENCE! AND THE ONLY SIGN LEFT OF THE MAN WHO HAD STARTED A ONE-MAN WAVE OF TERROR WAS THE FINAL MARK OF THE FIVE FINGERS!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

THE RAT-HOLE!



OUR STORY REALLY BEGINS IN THE SUMMER OF 1939, ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK CITY! EVERY NIGHT, YOU WOULD FIND **KARL LUCAS** AND FOUR OF HIS FRIENDS HANGING AROUND A CERTAIN CORNER, AND THEY ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT THE SAME THING...





I'VE BEEN DRIVIN' A TRUCK LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THE VALUE OF THE CARGO I CARRY... AN' I'M FAMILIAR WITH THE HIGHWAY ROUTES TOO!

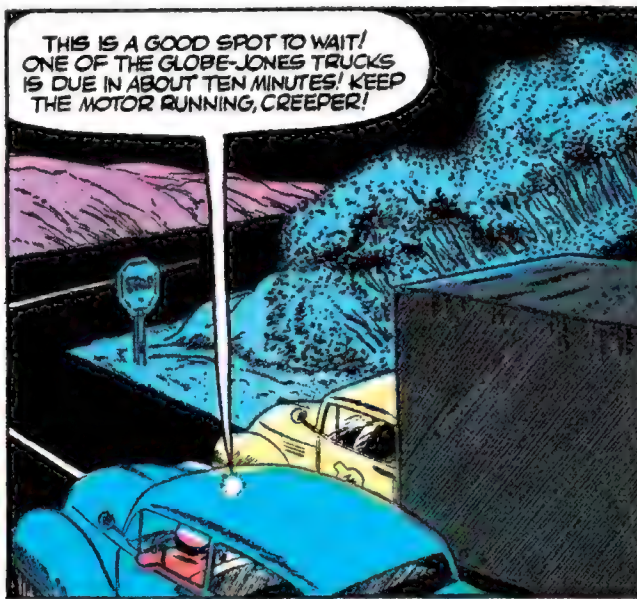
YEAH... SO WHAT?



SO I'M GOIN' AFTER WHAT'S **INSIDE** THOSE TRUCKS! ARE YOU GUYS INTERESTED?

HIJACKIN'! YEAH... THERE'S A LOT OF DOUGH IN IT! WE CAN MOVE OUT OF THIS NEIGHBORHOOD FOR GOOD! COUNT ME IN, KARL!

THAT'S HOW IT STARTED! KARL LUCAS QUIT HIS JOB AS A TRUCK DRIVER FOR THE GLOBE-JONES TRUCKING COMPANY! HE AND HIS HOODLUM PALS POOLED THEIR MONEY TO BUY AN OLD SEDAN AND TRUCK, AND THEY WERE READY FOR ACTION...



THIS IS A GOOD SPOT TO WAIT! ONE OF THE GLOBE-JONES TRUCKS IS DUE IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES! KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING, CREEPER!



SOON...

THERE IT IS NOW! LET'S GO, CREEPER... CUT OUT IN FRONT OF HIM!

STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE CAR IN FRONT OF HIM, THE DRIVER SWERVED AND JAMMED ON HIS BRAKES...



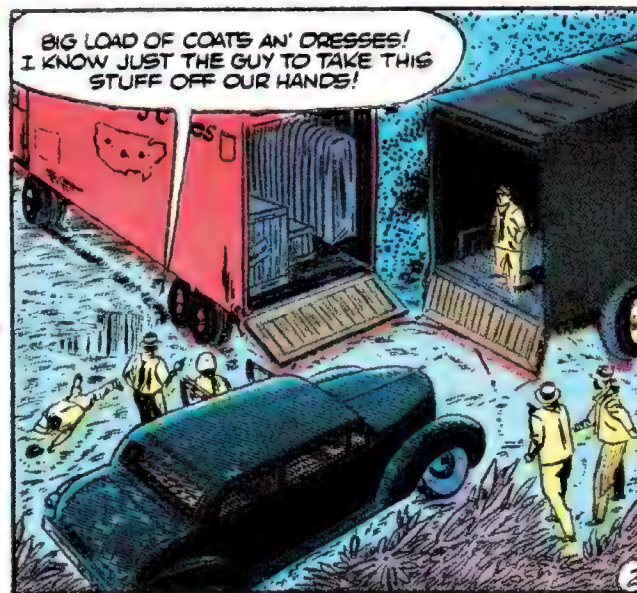
HEY! LOOK OUT, YOU CRAZY FOOL!

WEARING 'KERCHIEF MASKS TO AVOID IDENTIFICATION, KARL HELD THE DRIVER'S ATTENTION AS CREEPER MOVED BEHIND HIM! THEN...



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WHO ARE... **OHHH!**

DRIVING THE TRUCK OFF THE HIGHWAY WHERE THEY COULD WORK UNDISTURBED, KARL EXAMINED THE HAUL...



BIG LOAD OF COATS AN' DRESSES! I KNOW JUST THE GUY TO TAKE THIS STUFF OFF OUR HANDS!



TRANSFER EVERY LAST PIECE TO OUR TRUCK! DON'T LEAVE A STITCH BEHIND!

A SHORT TIME LATER...



NOW WE HEAD FOR THE 'FENCE' WHO HANDLES HOT CARGO! SHOULD BE TWO GRAND IN THIS FOR US!

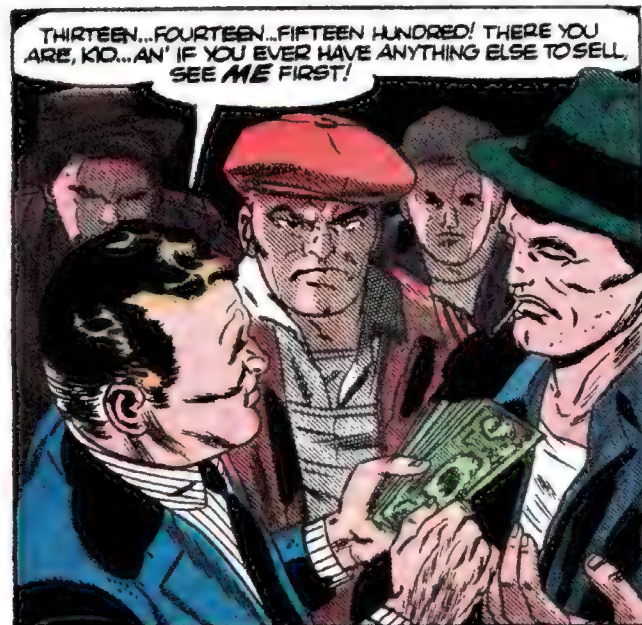
WHEN THE TRUCK DRIVER WAKES UP, WON'T HE BE SURPRISED TO FIND HIS TRUCK EMPTY, EH, KARL? HA! HA!

KARL LUCAS TOOK HIS LOOT TO A NOTORIOUS UNDERWORLD 'FENCE' WHO WOULD BUY ANY KIND OF STOLEN GOODS, PROVIDING HIS CLIENT WAS WILLING TO ACCEPT HIS PRICE...



FIFTEEN HUNDRED? IT'S WORTH FIVE TIMES MORE THAN THAT! HAVE A HEART, TONY!

NOT A CENT MORE KID! IT'S HOT STUFF AN' I GOTTA SHIP IT OUT WEST OR SOUTH MAYBE TO GET RID OF IT! I GOT MY EXPENSES!



THIRTEEN...FOURTEEN...FIFTEEN HUNDRED! THERE YOU ARE, KID...AN' IF YOU EVER HAVE ANYTHING ELSE TO SELL, SEE ME FIRST!

KARL AND HIS GANG RETURNED TO THE CHEAP APARTMENT THEY NOW SHARED ON THE WEST SIDE...



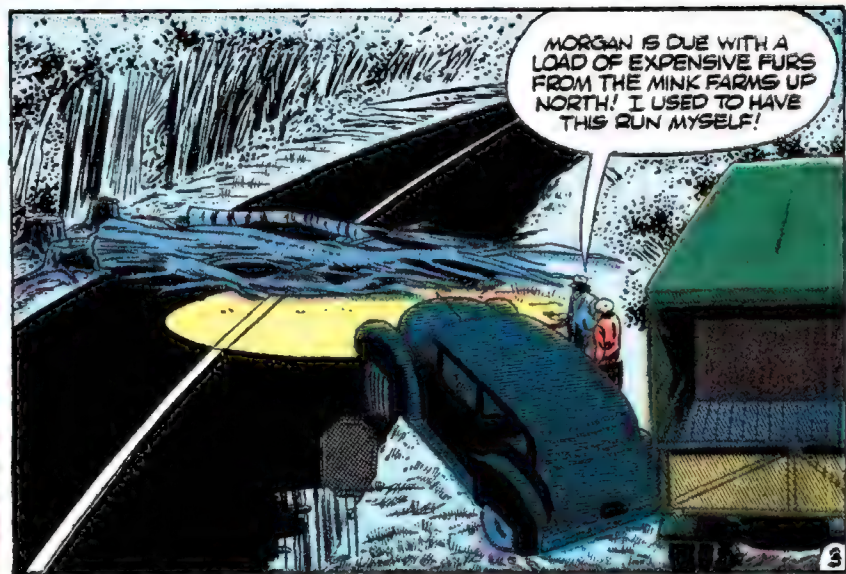
WELL, THIS AIN'T TOO BAD FOR A STARTER! THREE HUNDRED FOR EACH OF US!

PEANUTS! WHERE'S THE BIG DOUGH? AN' WHERE'S THE CLASSY LIVIN' YOU USED TO TALK ABOUT?



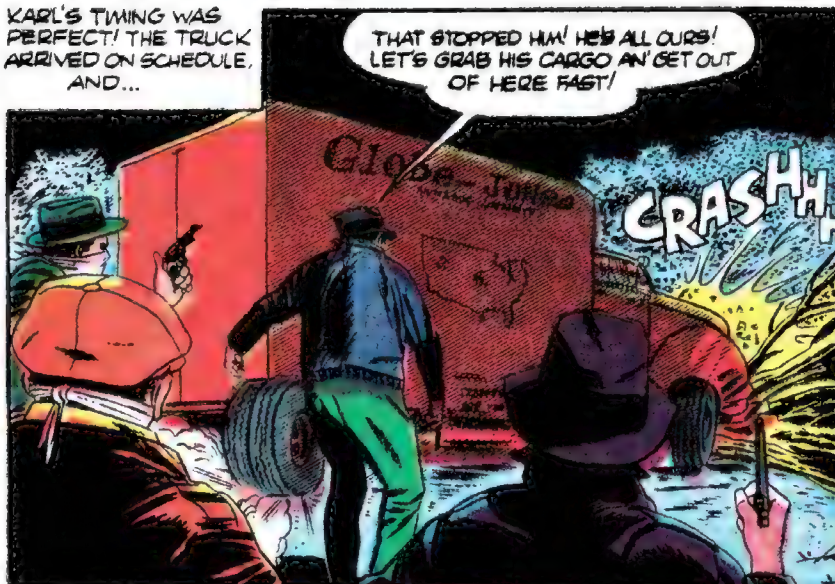
QUIT COMPLAININ', CREEPER! A FEW MORE GOOD HAULS AN' WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY UP! JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! IN FACT, I'VE GOT A JOB PLANNED ALREADY!

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT A DIFFERENT SPOT ON THE HIGHWAY FROM THEIR PREVIOUS HIJACKING JOB, THE HOODLUMS WAITED FOR THE GLOBE-JONES TRUCK TO REACH THE ROADBLOCK THEY HAD SET UP...



MORGAN IS DUE WITH A LOAD OF EXPENSIVE FURS FROM THE MINK FARMS UP NORTH! I USED TO HAVE THIS RUN MYSELF!

KARL'S TIMING WAS PERFECT! THE TRUCK ARRIVED ON SCHEDULE, AND...



THAT STOPPED HIM! HE'S ALL OURS! LET'S GRAB HIS CARGO AND GET OUT OF HERE FAST!

A BLOW RENDERED THE DRIVER UNCONSCIOUS AND AGAIN THE HOODLUMS WERE SUCCESSFUL IN TRANSFERRING THE FUR CARGO WITHOUT DETECTION! THEN THEY TOOK THEIR LOOT TO THE WAREHOUSE OF THE UNDERWORLD "FENCE"



LIKE I SAID, KID... I GOT EXPENSES! TWO GRAND IS ALL I CAN PAY!

OKAY, TONY... AT LEAST WE WON'T HAVE "HOT" FURS ON OUR HANDS!

LATER...



TWO GRAND! WHEN YOU DIVIDE IT AMONG US, THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT!

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, CREEPER! I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME! IN FACT, I GOT A BIG PAYOFF JOB IN MIND ALREADY!



DRUGS... ALREADY PROCESSED FOR USE IN DOCTORS' PRESCRIPTIONS! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE IN THE EUROPEAN MARKET! MAYBE WE'LL GET TEN GRAND OUT OF IT!

TEN GRAND? NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!



AND SO A WEEK LATER...

LET'S GO! THERE'S TEN GRAND WAITIN' FOR US IN THAT TRUCK!



BUT SOMETHING ELSE WAS WAITING FOR THE HIJACKERS IN THAT TRUCK! THE DRIVER AND A SPECIAL GUARD RIDING WITH HIM WERE PREPARED FOR THE HIJACKING ATTEMPT!

THEY'VE PUT A GUARD ON THEIR TRUCKS! THEY'RE READY FOR US! OPEN UP!

IT WAS A FURIOUS BATTLE, IN WHICH THE EXPOSED HIJACKERS WERE AT A DISADVANTAGE...



BAM BAM

OWWW! MY SHOULDER... I'M HIT!

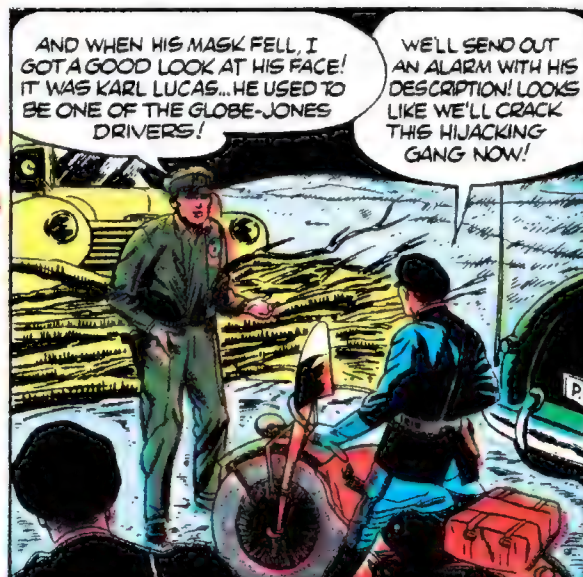
GET BACK TO THE CAR... QUICK!

AT THAT MOMENT, KARL LUCAS'S 'KERCHIEF MASK BECAME UNTIED AND FELL AWAY FROM HIS FACE!

THE HIJACKERS MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE, BUT THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE, JUST AS KARL FEARED.



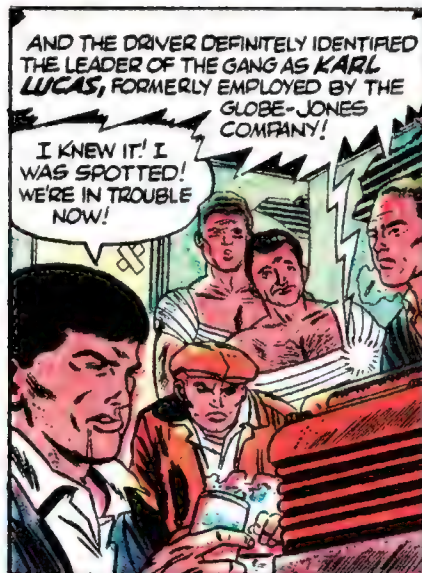
BLAST THE ROTTEN LUCK! THE DRIVER'S KEN TALBOT, AN' IF HE RECOGNIZES ME...! **SIRENS...** THE HIGHWAY POLICE PATROL MUST'VE HEARD THE SHOOTING!



AND WHEN HIS MASK FELL, I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE! IT WAS KARL LUCAS... HE USED TO BE ONE OF THE GLOBE-JONES DRIVERS!

WE'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM WITH HIS DESCRIPTION! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL CRACK THIS HIJACKING GANG NOW!

LATER THAT NIGHT, THE GANG OF HIJACKERS HEARD THE BAD NEWS...



AND THE DRIVER DEFINITELY IDENTIFIED THE LEADER OF THE GANG AS **KARL LUCAS**, FORMERLY EMPLOYED BY THE GLOBE-JONES COMPANY!

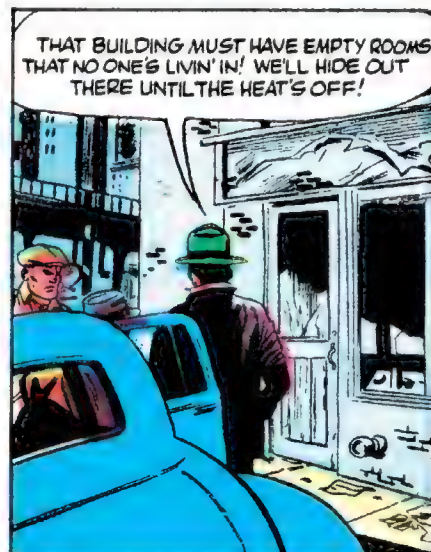
I KNEW IT! I WAS SPOTTED! WE'RE IN TROUBLE NOW!



YOU AN' YOUR BIG IDEAS! THE POLICE MAY HAVE THIS PLACE SPOTTED ALREADY!

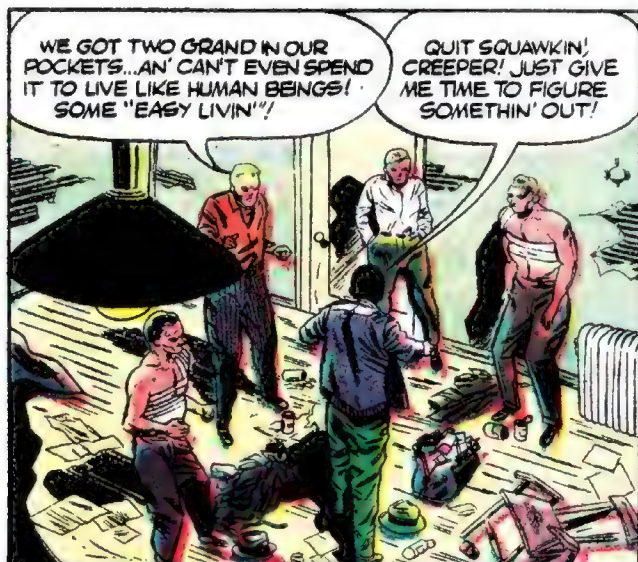
YEAH... WE GOTTA HOLE UP SOMEWHERE ELSE!

THE GANG FLED TO THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE CITY! IT WAS LIKE COMING BACK HOME AGAIN...



THAT BUILDING MUST HAVE EMPTY ROOMS THAT NO ONE'S LIVIN' IN! WE'LL HIDE OUT THERE UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF!

FOR DAYS, THE FIVE HOODLUMS HID OUT IN AN EMPTY ROOM! THEY LIVED ON CANNED FOOD WHICH ONE OF THEM SNEAKED OUT TO PURCHASE AT NIGHT...



WE GOT TWO GRAND IN OUR POCKETS... AN' CAN'T EVEN SPEND IT TO LIVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS! SOME "EASY LIVIN'!"

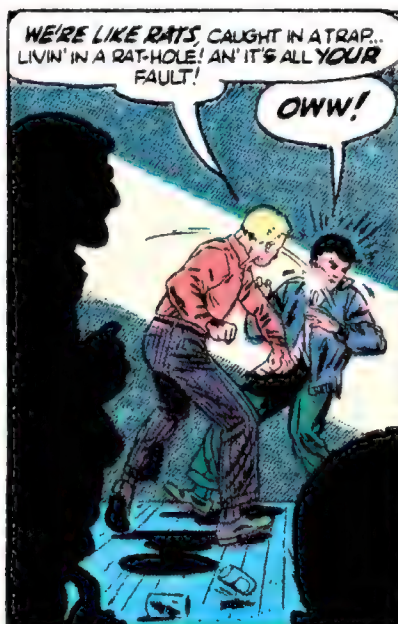
QUIT SQUAWKIN! CREEPER! JUST GIVE ME TIME TO FIGURE SOMETHIN' OUT!



THAT'S THE TROUBLE... **YOU** BEEN DOIN' **ALL** THE FIGURIN'! SO NOW WE CAN'T EVEN SHOW OUR FACES OUTDOORS... EATIN' OUTA CANS... SLEEPIN' ON THE FLOOR!



THERE GOES A LUCKY GUY! A STEADY JOB...GOIN' HOME TO HIS WIFE AN' KIDS... A WARM, COZY HOUSE... **HE'S** A MILLION TIMES BETTER OFF THAN **US!**



WE'RE LIKE RATS, CAUGHT IN A TRAP... LIVIN' IN A RAT-HOLE! AN' IT'S ALL **YOUR** FAULT!

OWW!

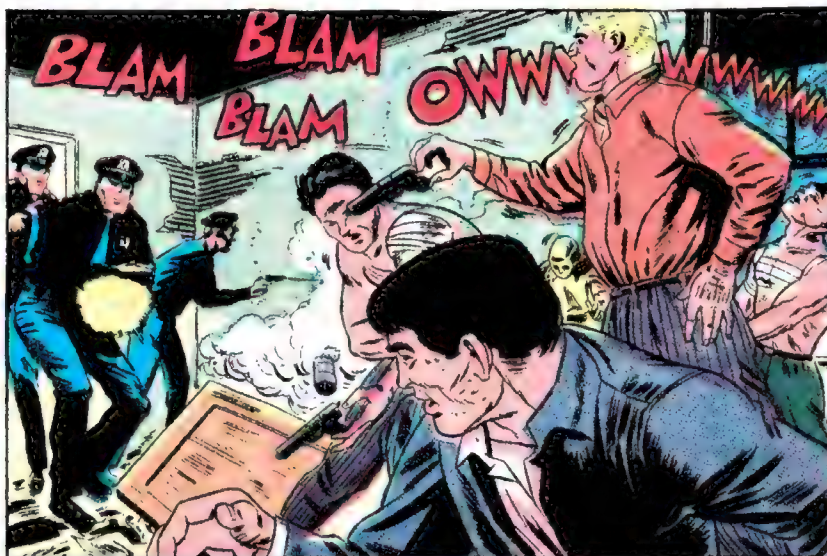


HEY! CUT OUT THE NOISE, CREEPER! POLICE CARS STOPPIN' OUT FRONT! MAYBE SOMEBODY SAW US AN' CALLED 'EM!



YOU BROUGHT US THIS TROUBLE! HIJACKING TRUCKS...BIG MONEY...LIVE IN CLASS! YEAH...YOU AN' YOUR BRAINY IDEAS! WE'RE GONNA

BUT BEFORE THE HOODLUMS COULD KILL THEIR OWN LEADER, THE POLICE BROKE IN, AND...



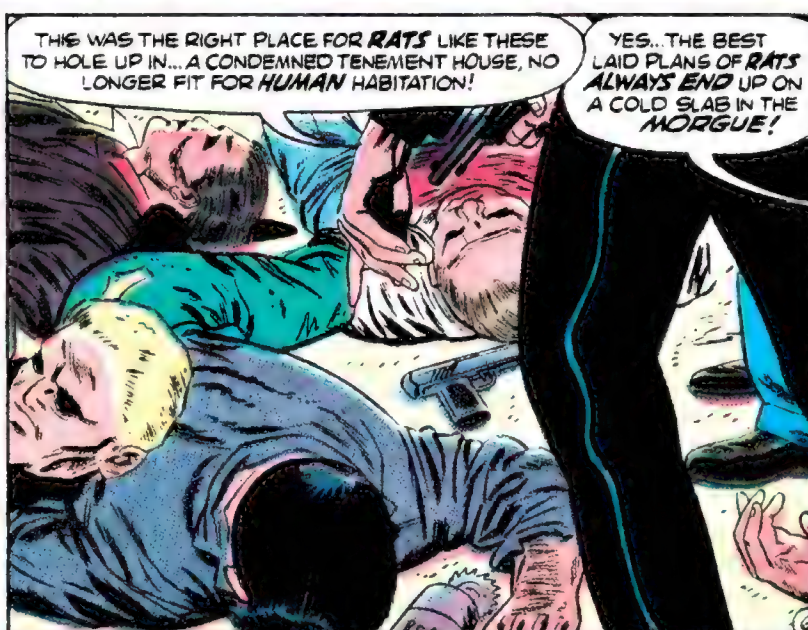
BLAM BLAM BLAM **OWW!** **WWW**

THE BOSS OF THE HIJACKERS WAS THE LAST TO DIE...



OHhhh!

BAM!

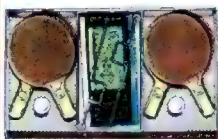


THIS WAS THE RIGHT PLACE FOR **RATS** LIKE THESE TO HOLE UP IN... A CONDEMNED TENEMENT HOUSE, NO LONGER FIT FOR **HUMAN** HABITATION!

YES...THE BEST LAID PLANS OF **RATS** ALWAYS END UP ON A COLD SLAB IN THE **MORGUE!**

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! **ATLAS**

THE END



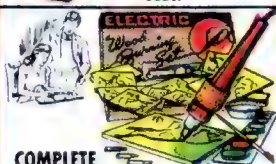
BIG 4-BAT TABLE TENNIS SET

Official size set with 4 Bats, 2 Balls, net, posts and rules of play. All you need for the game of Doubles or Singles.



GRALETT WRIST WATCH

For Boys and Girls
A guaranteed watch. Hand some Chromium case, unbreakable crystal, genuine leather strap. This attractive wrist watch is given without cost.



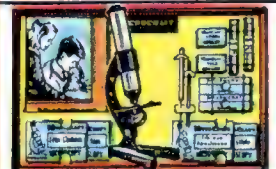
COMPLETE WOODBURNING SET

Woodburning Set contains 3 metal tips, 8 wood plaques, metallic foil, paints, brush. Guaranteed, with complete instructions.



Official-Size • Official-Weight BASKETBALL

Sturdy valve-type ball. For indoor or outdoor use.



Complete MICROSCOPE OUTFIT

A precision-built Microscope Outfit. Has 60 power optical lens, slide glass and specimens. Don't miss this great outfit.



AIR CHAMP RADIO KIT

A genuine crystal radio. Build it. Use it. Listen to your favorite radio program.



RANGER AXE 'n' KNIFE KIT

An all-purpose Axe 'n' Knife Kit in double leather belt sheath. Axe and knife made of tough carbon steel. Great kit for outdoors.



"JET SWISHER" A Ready-to-fly Jet Airplane

Nothing to build. Just attach wings, light fuse and away it goes. Flies 500 ft. high. Comes complete with engine and jet fuel



FULL SIZE UKULELE

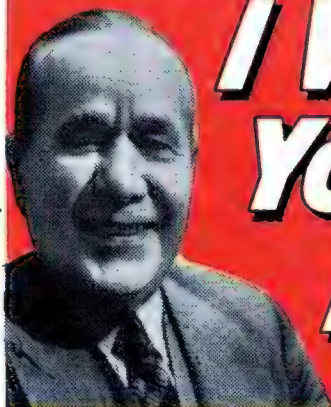
plus Arthur Godfrey's famous "push button" player. Both given with complete instruction and song booklet.

OVER 70 GREAT PRIZES TO CHOOSE FROM

Those shown here plus Walkie Talkie, Walking Doll, Two-Gun Holster Set, Pocket Watch, Simplex Typewriter, Football, Dresser Set, Daisy Training Rifle, Pearls, Knapsack, Roller Skates, Moccasin Kit, Pup Tent, Rhinestone Necklace, Sports Kit, Electric Jeep, Phonograph Records, Jr. Guitar, Printing Press, Shoulder Strap Bag, Boomerangs, Bird Clock, Umbrella, Camp "Cookit" Kit, Electric Games, many more.

Send Coupon for Free Prize Book

I'M "UNCLE" HARRY



I Will Send You PRIZES Like These

WITHOUT ONE CENT OF COST

I have been helping boys and girls get prizes and earn money for 36 years. Shown here are just a few of the wonderful Prizes you can get without a cent of cost for selling my famous Christmas Packs. Any of these prizes or your choice of over 50 others shown in my Free Prize Book are given for selling just one order of 24 Christmas Packs at 25c a pack. Many boys and girls sell the Packs in one day and get their prizes at once.

Hurry — Be First in Your Neighborhood

It's easy to sell these Christmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each Pack contains 4 Christmas Cards, 4 Envelopes and 32 Sparkling Christmas Seals—40 pieces for 25c—a big value. They're so gay and bright—they sell on sight. When sold, send me the money and choose your prize from my Free Prize Book. Or, keep \$2.00 in cash for each 24 pack order you sell.

Send No Money—I Trust You

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope to AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 6, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Read What Wiley Johnson (Age 9) Says:

"Boy, when I look at all the prizes I got... a sports kit, axe and knife set, cookit set, knapsack, kombo knife, flashlight and frontier rifle, I can hardly believe it. Everybody liked your cards; I sold six orders in less than two weeks."



Here is What Maude Scott Says:

"It is fun and easy to sell your Christmas Packs. Everyone really liked them and they sold fast. I have orders for more. The prizes... and the extra money came in handy, too."



Professional Type Junior Archery Set

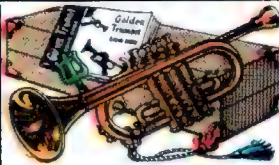


A great outfit that contains powerful 54-inch Bow, 4 feathered Arrows, Target face and complete instructions.

ACRO FLASH CAMERA with Film

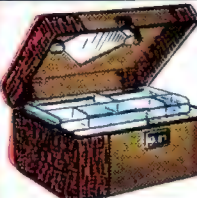


This swell outfit includes Camera, Flash Gun and free Film. Has Graf Lens. Takes pictures black and white or color. Makes beautiful enlargements.



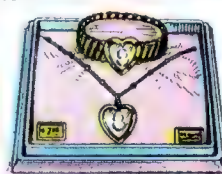
Here it is — THE GOLDEN TRUMPET

Heavy gold-plated, over 13" long. Play bugle calls, marches and songs without lessons. Case and instructions included.



PRETTY TRAVEL CASE

Overnight Case with removable tray. Has mirror, lock and key.



GOLD-PLATED LOCKET SET

Pretty necklace with matching expansion bracelet, both gold plated. Each locket opens and holds two photographs.

MAIL THIS—Send No Money

"Uncle" Harry Bard, AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
DEPT. 6, LANCASTER, PENNA.

Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 24 Christmas Packs. I will resell them at 25c each, send you the money and choose my prize.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

ATLAS

POLICE ACTION

NOV.
NO. 7

APPROVED
A.C.B.

COMPARABLE
to the
COMICS
CODE

POLICE STRIKE BACK AT GANGLAND!

POLICE ACTION

10c

SEE, I TOLD YA
NOT TO WORRY...
THIS PLACE IS
A CINCH TO
BREAK OUT OF!

WHEN CIRCUIT ON WALL
IS BROKEN...
THIS RED LIGHT WILL
GO ON.

NOW!

ON SALE
MONTHLY



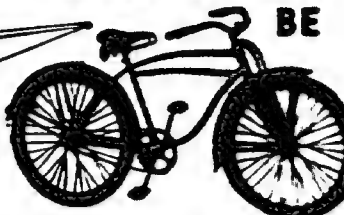
GIVEN - GIVEN - GIVEN

BE FIRST



ACT NOW

BE FIRST



BOYS GIRLS

WE ARE RELIABLE



LADIES MEN

1000 Shot Red Ryder Repeater Air Rifle with Tube of Shot, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Dolls, Radios, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE, used for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Our 60th year.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 148-6, TYRONE, PA.

OUR 60th YEAR



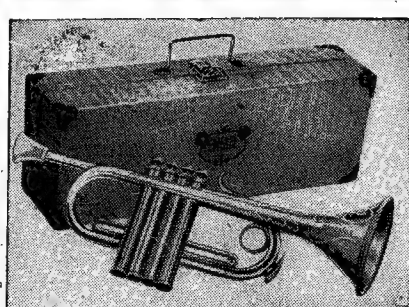
MAIL COUPON



OUR 60th YEAR

Be First Act Now



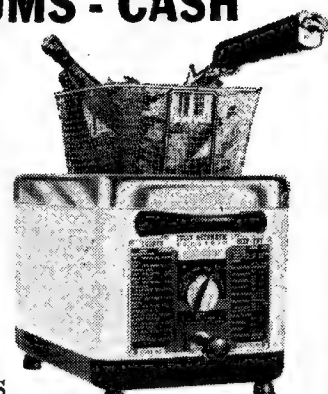


MAIL COUPON

GIVEN - PREMIUMS - CASH

Wrist Watches, School Boxes, Pen & Pencil Sets, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures suitable for framing with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 35 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked in our big catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. 60th year. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 148-7, Tyrone, Pa.

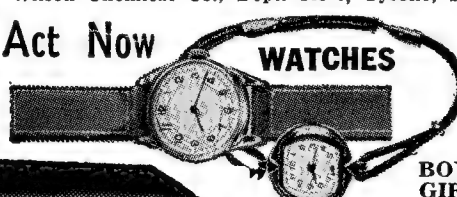
Act Now





BE FIRST ACT NOW

WATCHES



BOYS GIRLS

CASH - GIVEN - PREMIUMS

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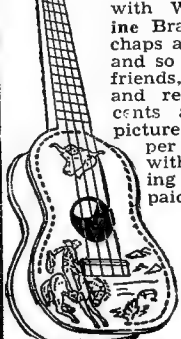
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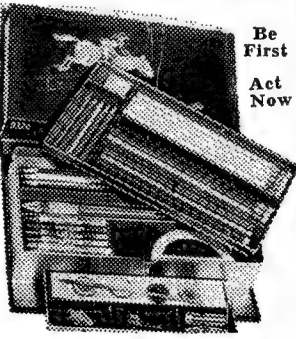


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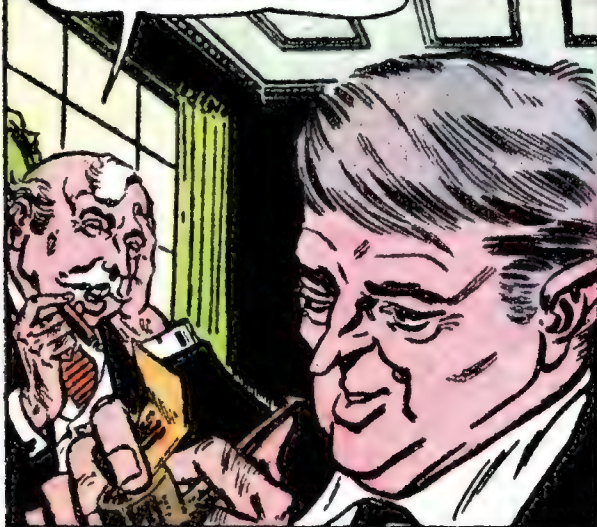
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HE HAD BEEN A TOP MAN IN THE GANG, BUT NOW THEY TOOK HIM TO MIDWESTERN STATE PEN, WHERE A NEW WARDEN HAD NEW IDEAS! THERE THE WARDEN TOOK A CHANCE WITH THE MIND THAT WAS TWISTED IN HATE AND CRIMINALITY! HE MADE THIS GANGSTER, THE PRISONER CONDEMNED TO A LIFETIME TERM, A...

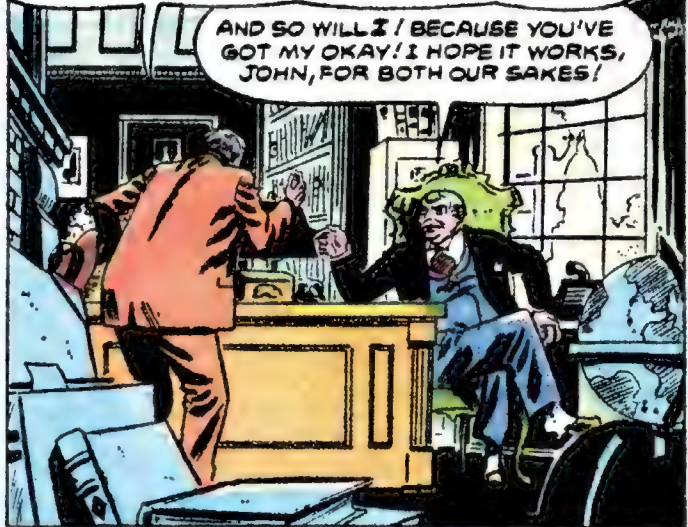
TRUSTY!



MIGGENS HAS A LONG RECORD! HE'S DONE EVERYTHING SHORT OF MURDER! YOU THINK THAT BY MAKING HIM A TRUSTY, YOU'LL MAKE HIM A MODEL PRISONER?



GOVERNOR, YOU MADE ME WARDEN OF MIDWESTERN STATE PEN BECAUSE YOU LIKED MY IDEAS! WELL, *THIS* IS ONE OF MY IDEAS AND I INSIST ON YOUR OKAY! IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, I'LL RESIGN!



AND SO WILL I! BECAUSE YOU'VE GOT MY OKAY! I HOPE IT WORKS, JOHN, FOR BOTH OUR SALES!

AND SO WARDEN JOHN CHANDLER TRIED A DARING AND UNPRECEDENTED EXPERIMENT...

MIKE MIGGENS! I ASKED TO SEE YOU, BECAUSE...

...BECAUSE YOU'RE THE BIG WHEEL AND YOU GIVE THE ORDERS! SO WHAT?



YOU'RE HERE FOR LIFE, MIGGENS, AND YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF TIME ON YOUR HANDS! I FOUND OUT YOU READ A LOT! YOU LIKE BOOKS! IS THAT RIGHT?

I REPEAT... SO WHAT?



WELL, THE LIBRARIAN JUST GOT A PAROLE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE HIS PLACE AS A TRUSTY?

A TRUSTY? ME? ARE YOU KIDDING?



NOT AT ALL! THE JOB'S YOURS, IF YOU WANT IT!

SURE! I'LL TAKE IT!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, MIGGENS... THAT I'M BEING A SAP! MAYBE I AM, BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA IT'LL WORK OUT! RIGHT, MIGGENS?

YEAH! IT'LL WORK OUT!



MIKE MIGGENS, OUT OF PRISON HAD BEEN THE TERROR OF RIVAL MOBS, HATRED OF EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING HAD BEEN HIS MOTTO, AS HE CUT A PATH IN CRIME AND VIOLENCE !



WARDEN CHANDLER KNEW ALL ABOUT THIS! AND HE KNEW ALL ABOUT MIKE'S TEN YEAR PRISON RECORD IN VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS TOO...



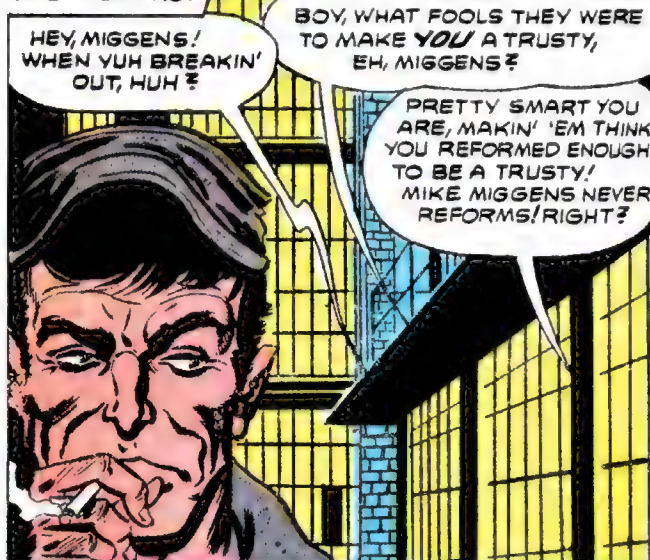
BUT HE NEVER GAVE UP! WITH CAREFUL SCHEMING AND DARING, HE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM EVERY PRISON IN WHICH THEY PUT HIM!



AND THIS WAS THE MAN THAT WARDEN JOHN CHANDLER, IN JUNE OF 1936, MADE A TRUSTY...



AS USUAL, THE PRISON GRAPEVINE SPREAD THE NEWS LIKE WILDFIRE!



HEY, MIGGENS! WHEN YUH BREAKIN' OUT, HUH?

BOY, WHAT FOOLS THEY WERE TO MAKE **YOU** A TRUSTY, EH, MIGGENS?

PRETTY SMART YOU ARE, MAKIN' 'EM THINK YOU REFORMED ENOUGH TO BE A TRUSTY! MIKE MIGGENS NEVER REFORMS! RIGHT?

THE WHOLE PRISON, CONVICTS AND GUARDS ALIKE THOUGHT THE WARDEN WAS WRONG IN MAKING MIKE A TRUSTY! THIS PRIVILEGE, HOWEVER EXTENDED ONLY AS FAR AS THE LIBRARY, AND IT SUDDENLY BECAME VERY POPULAR WITH THE CONVICTS...



TAKE ME WITH YUH WHEN YUH BREAK OUT, EH, PAL?

THIS OUGHTTA BE THE EASIEST CAPER YUH EVER PULLED!

THE DAYS PASSED AND NOTHING HAPPENED! EVERYONE EXPECTED MIKE TO MAKE HIS BREAK, BUT IT DIDN'T COME...



HE'S JUST BIDDING HIS TIME, JOHN! YOU BETTER BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING!

I'M NOT WORRIED, GOVERNOR!

BUT **WE** ARE, WARDEN! THE GUARDS DON'T LIKE THIS! WITH MIGGENS LOOSE, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN! AND THE MEN ARE GETTING BOLDER AND TOUGHER! THEY'RE LAUGHING AT US!



AS LONG AS MIKE DOESN'T TRY ANYTHING, HE'LL REMAIN A TRUSTY, NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE THINKS OF IT!

THEN, ONE WINTER DAY, THE PATIENCE OF THE CONVICTS WORE OUT...



LISTEN, MIKE, WHEN YUH GONNA BREAK OUT?

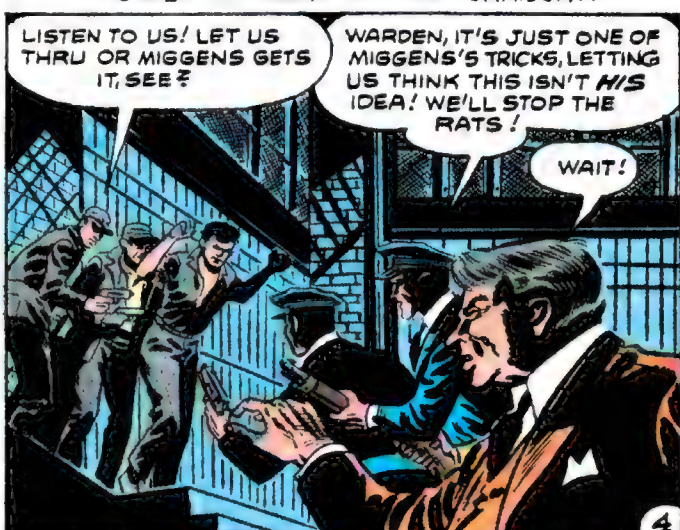
NEVER! WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME! I'VE SPENT ALL MY TIME ON THE OUTSIDE DODGING THE POLICE AND I'M TIRED OF IT! IF I GET OUT NOW, THEY MAY KILL ME THE NEXT TIME THEY CATCH UP WITH ME! BESIDES, THERE'S ANOTHER REASON...



I'LL TELL YUH THE **OTHER** REASON... YOU'RE YELLOW! YOU'VE GROWN SOFT IN YER OLD AGE! WELL, WE'RE BREAKIN' OUT, SEE? AND WE'RE USIN' **YOU** TO MAKE OUR GETAWAY!

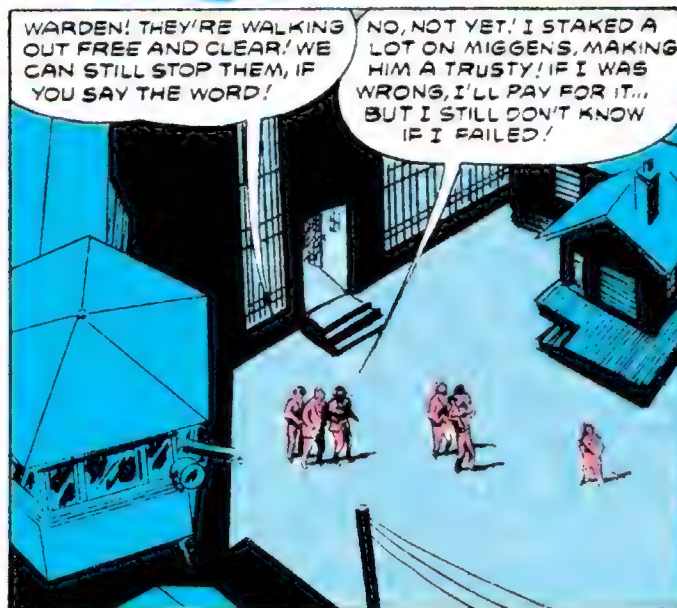
THEY WERE ON HIM LIKE A GANG OF WILDCATS! IN AN INSTANT, THEY HAD HIM BEFORE THEM AS A SHIELD AND PUSHED HIM AHEAD INTO THE CORRIDOR...



LISTEN TO US! LET US THRU OR MIGGENS GETS IT, SEE?

WARDEN, IT'S JUST ONE OF MIGGENS'S TRICKS, LETTING US THINK THIS ISN'T **HIS** IDEA! WE'LL STOP THE RATS!

WAIT!





NO, MIGGENS WASN'T FREED AS A RESULT OF WHAT HE DID... HIS RECORD WAS TOO BAD FOR THAT! BUT HE JUSTIFIED THE FAITH OF A PROGRESSIVE WARDEN IN THE TRUSTY SYSTEM... A SYSTEM THAT HAS REWARDED WORTHY CONVICTS WITH A POSITION OF TRUST!



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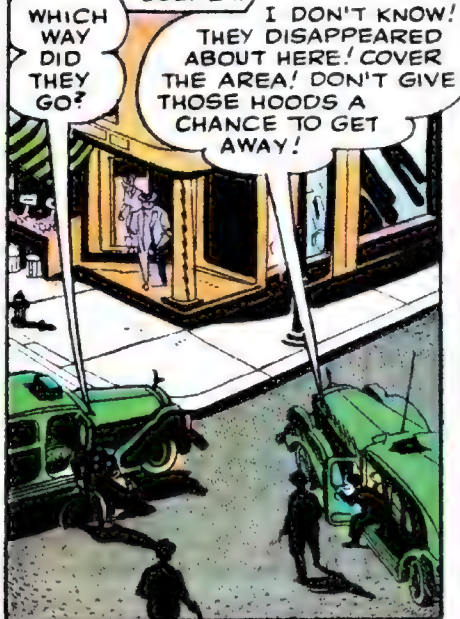
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HIDE-OUT!

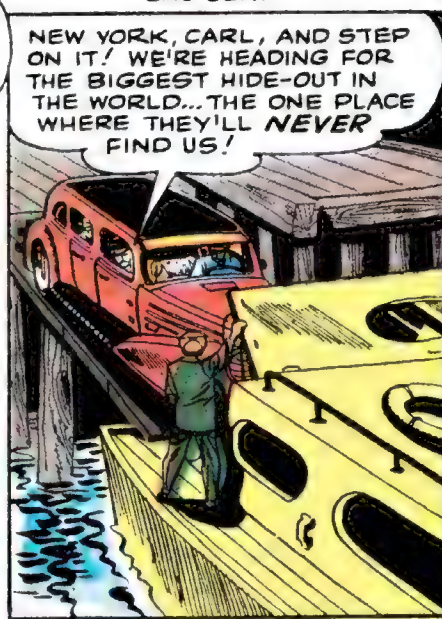


POLICE SIRENS SCREAMED! BRAKES SCREECHED! A SQUADRON OF POLICE CARS CONVERGED ON THE SCENE...



I DON'T KNOW! THEY DISAPPEARED ABOUT HERE! COVER THE AREA! DON'T GIVE THOSE HOODS A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

BUT ROCK DANNING HAD THIS GET-AWAY WELL PLANNED! THE CAR SPED INTO A CONVERTED CABIN CRUISER!



TWO HOURS LATER...



WE COVERED THE BRIDGES AND CUT OFF EVERY STREET LEADING FROM THIS AREA! WE LOOKED INTO EVERY SPOT WHERE A CAR COULD BE HIDDEN!

THEY GOT AWAY WITH OVER \$100,000 FROM THAT BANK! RECOGNIZE ANY OF 'EM?

I DID, SIR!

THAT HOOD WE GOT BACK AT THE BANK... I KNOW HIM! FRANK MUNN! WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER IN NEW YORK... AND IF HE WAS STILL HANGING OUT WITH THE SAME OLD CROWD, I KNOW WHO THE OTHER CROOKS ARE, TOO! I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEIR HIDE-OUT IS!



WELL, WHERE IS IT?

THERE IT IS...THE PLACE WHERE WE WERE BORN AND BROUGHT UP! THE ONE PLACE THEY FIGURE IS BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE IN...**MANHATTAN!**



YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, SIMMS!

I COULD GO OVER IN PLAIN CLOTHES... AND I COULD BRING THEM IN...WITH YOUR PERMISSION! I KNOW THEIR HANGOUTS AS WELL AS THEY DO!



YOU HAVE MY OKAY, SIMMS! YOU'RE HEREBY ASSIGNED TO SPECIAL DUTY! BRING IN THAT MOB!

MEANWHILE... WE'RE SPLITTING UP AND SCATTERING THE WAY WE PLANNED, GUYS! THE LOOT'S STASHED AWAY IN A HOLE WE DUG IN BRYANT PARK! AS SOON AS THE HEAT'S OFF, WE'LL DIG UP THE DOUGH AND BLOW! GOT THAT?



GOT IT, ROCK! LET'S GO!

EACH MAN LOST HIMSELF IN THE GREAT CONFUSION THAT WAS MANHATTAN! THE GREAT METROPOLIS WAS TRULY THE MELTING POT OF THE WORLD, AND IT WAS HERE THAT THE MOB VANISHED FROM THE SIGHT OF THE LAW, EACH IN HIS OWN WAY...

ROCK LOVED MOVIES! HE COULD WATCH THEM DAY AND NIGHT... AND HE DID!



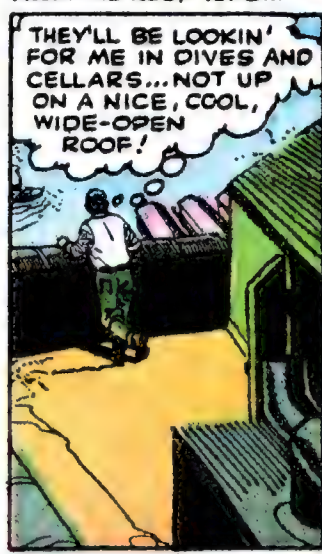
WALT POTTER WAS A FIGHT AND BASEBALL FAN, SO EVERY DAY FOUND HIM IN THE MIDST OF CROWDS...



PETE MADDOX LOVED DANCING! HIS HANGOUT WAS THE CROWDED DANCE HALLS...



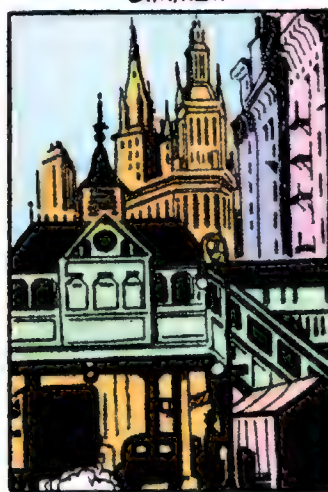
CARL LOVED TO WATCH THE BOATS ON THE EAST RIVER FROM THE ROOF TOPS...



BUTCH HUNG OUT ON THE WATER-FRONT, THE PLACE WHERE HE AND THE MOB HAD GROWN UP! THIS WAS THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD TO HIM...



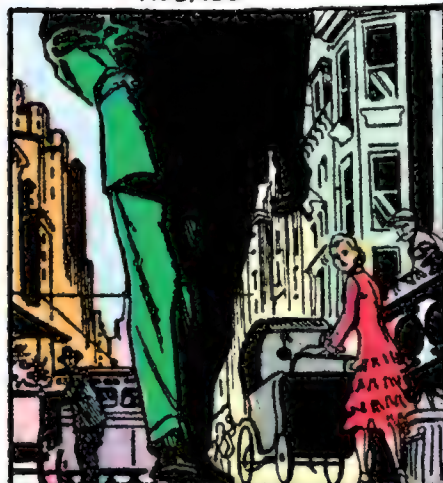
AND COMING TO GET THEM WAS ONE LONE MAN, A POLICEMAN NAMED BILL SIMMS...



ROCK... WALT... PETE... CARL AND BUTCH! I DIDN'T GET A GOOD LOOK AT THEM, BUT I'M SURE THEY'RE THE ONES WHO PULLED THAT JOB! IF THEY'RE IN NEW YORK WHERE WOULD EACH ONE OF THOSE MUGS SPEND HIS TIME? WHAT DID THEY DO WHEN WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER?



SO OFFICER SIMMS SEARCHED HIS MIND TO REMEMBER, AND WHILE HE WAS WAITING FOR THE THOUGHTS TO RETURN TO HIM, HE VISITED HIS OLD NEIGHBORHOOD, THE WEST SIDE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE...



THEY KNOW WHY I'M HERE! THEY'RE SCARED! THAT MEANS SOME OF THE MOB'S HERE!



THIS OFFICER OF THE LAW WENT ABOUT HIS DUTY IN THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL WAYS... LETTING HIMSELF BE SEEN EVERYWHERE...



AND WHILE OFFICER SIMMS SEARCHED FOR HIS QUARRY, IT WAS WATCHING HIM WITH FEAR...



IT'S SIMMS! HE'S AFTER ME! WELL I'M GONNA GET HIM FIRST! I ALWAYS WAS TOUGHER'N HIM, EVEN WHEN WE WERE KIDS!

BUT FEAR AND ANXIETY SPOILED THE GANGSTER'S AIM! AND THIS WAS WHAT OFFICER SIMMS WAS WAITING FOR...



I'LL GET HIM WITH THE NEXT SHOT!

BUT THERE WAS NO NEXT SHOT FOR BUTCH MILLER! THAT NEXT SHOT BELONGED TO OFFICER SIMMS AND HE DIDN'T WASTE IT!



KARACK!

BANG!

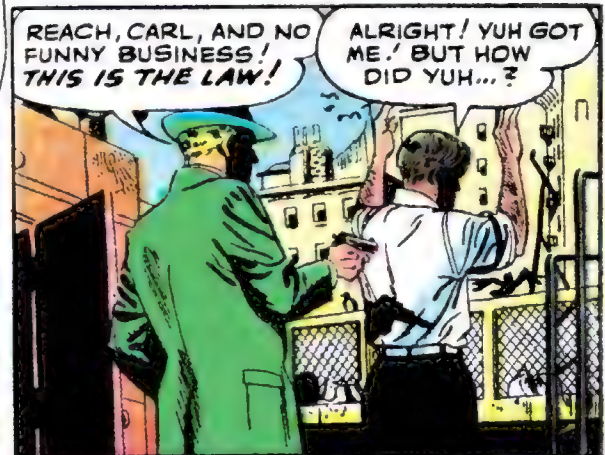
A FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE CITY MORGUE...



GOOD WORK, SIMMS! THE BANK GUARD IDENTIFIED BUTCH MILLER AS ONE OF THE STICK-UP MEN! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL! NOW THAT WE'RE SURE WHO THE OTHERS ARE, I'LL SEND OUT AN ALARM ON THEM!

AN ALARM WOULD ONLY SEND THEM SO DEEP INTO THE UNDERWORLD, WE'D NEVER DIG THEM UP! KEEP WHAT HAPPENED TO BUTCH OUT OF THE PAPERS AND I THINK I CAN GUARANTEE GETTING THE OTHERS!

ONCE MORE, SIMMS GOT HIS WAY! REMEMBERING THAT CARL WAS A PIGEON FANCIER, HE SEARCHED THE ROOFS OF THE CITY UNTIL...



REACH, CARL, AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS! THIS IS THE LAW!

ALRIGHT! YUH GOT ME! BUT HOW DID YUH...?



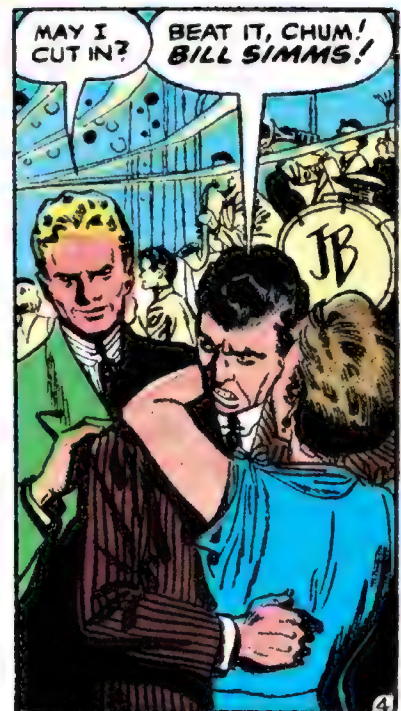
BILL SIMMS! SO IT'S YOU! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO'D KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR ME!

RIGHT! AND WHERE ARE THE OTHERS, CARL?

BUT CARL COULDN'T TELL ON HIS PALS! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE THEY WERE, EXCEPT THAT THEY WERE IN THE CITY! ONCE MORE SIMMS REMEMBERED AND SET OFF ON THE TRAIL...



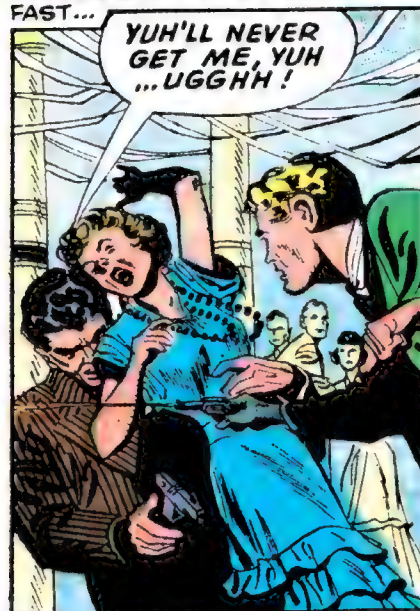
PETE MADDOX COULD NEVER KEEP AWAY FROM DANCE HALLS! SATURDAY'S A BIG NIGHT AND I'VE TOURED THEM ALL BUT STILL NO SIGN OF...OH-OH!



MAY I CUT IN?

BEAT IT, CHUM! BILL SIMMS!

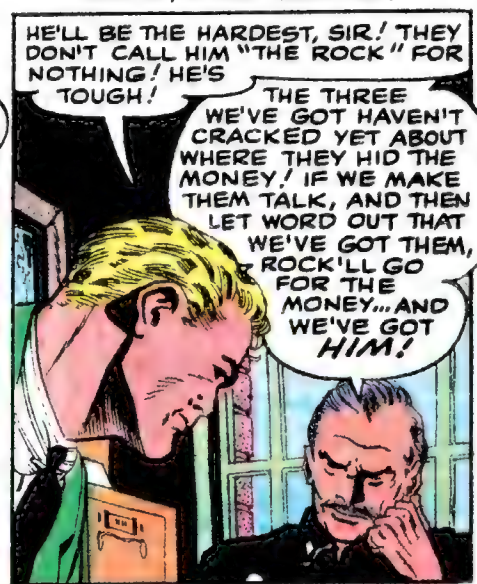
DESPERATE ACTION WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR PETE, BUT THE POLICE OFFICER'S AIM WAS TRUE AND FAST...



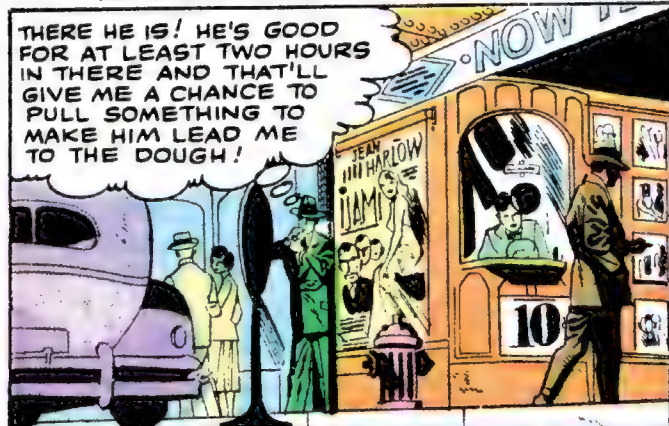
WHEN THE WOUNDED MADDOX HAD BEEN HOSPITALIZED UNDER POLICE GUARD, SIMMS MOVED QUICKLY! HE REMEMBERED WALT'S LOVE FOR SPORTS, SO HE HAUNTED THE BALL PARKS AND FIGHT ARENAS, UNTIL, ONE NIGHT...



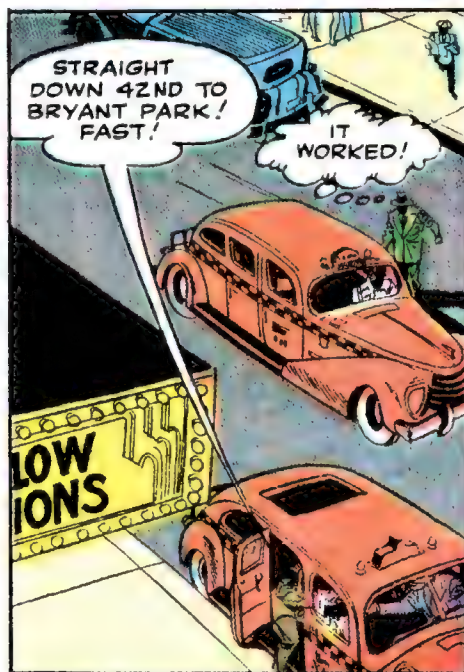
ONE DEAD, THREE CAPTURED... AND ONE TO GO... THE DEADLIEST AND MOST DANGEROUS OF THE MOB, THEIR LEADER, ROCK DANNING...



THE POLICE QUESTIONED WALT AND CARL ABOUT THE ROBBERY, BUT THEY WOULDN'T CONFESS! MEANWHILE SIMMS HAD REMEMBERED THAT ROCK WAS A MOVIE FAN! ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 28TH, HE SPOTTED THE GANG LEADER GOING INTO A MIDNIGHT MOVIE ON TIMES SQUARE!



AT 3:30 A.M....



BRYANT PARK WAS DESERTED, EXCEPT FOR A FEW SLEEPING TRAMPS! ROCK JUMPED OUT OF THE CAB AND HEADED STRAIGHT FOR A TREE IN THE CENTER OF THE PARK...



AH! HERE IT IS! A HUNDRED GRAND! I'LL GO TO SOUTH AMERICA!



"THE ROCK" DROPPED THE MONEY ALRIGHT, BUT HIS RIGHT HAND WAS BUSY IMMEDIATELY WITH A GUN!



TWO GUNS BARKED AT ONCE IN THE STILL OF THE NEW YORK NIGHT... BUT ONLY ONE BULLET HIT HOME!



YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, ROCK! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TURNED AGAINST YOUR PEOPLE! A LOT OF DECENT CITIZENS HAVE COME OUT OF OUR OLD NEIGHBORHOOD... BUT YOU AND YOUR MOB TRIED TO DISGRACE IT! COME ON, RAT!



AND SO OFFICER BILL SIMMS, WHO CAME OUT OF THE SLUMS, WENT BACK TO THEM TO DIG OUT THE RATS...



THE CITY CLOSED IN ON THE SCENE...THE VAST METROPOLIS THAT ROCK AND HIS MOB HAD PICKED AS A PRIZE HIDE-OUT, FORGETTING ONE THING...



...THAT THERE IS NO HIDE-OUT TO PROTECT THE CRIMINAL FROM THE ARM OF THE LAW!



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

BLACKMAIL!

WHENEVER Roger Livermore smiled he would show his perfect set of white teeth and stand erect. He reminded you of an ex-football star who had turned bond salesman. You would never suspect he was a private detective. Just now he was trying some of his charm on the private secretary in Philip Carolan's office.

"If you haven't done the town as yet I know some very nice places we can visit. There's one that serves Armenian food and another serves real Swedish stuff. Take your chance, baby."

The red-head with two big brown eyes refused to be impressed. It was her job to size up people and handle them accordingly. And she wasn't at a loss for words.

"My husband happens to be Joe Ritter, the boxer. I think he would object if I made dates with other men. In addition, Mr. Carolan is eagerly awaiting you. The big door to the right. And close it when you enter the room."

Roger knew when to take a "No" for an answer no matter how it was expressed. He whistled a short tune to himself and followed the directions the red-head had just given him. A stout, middle-aged man whose name was always on the financial section of the newspaper greeted him.

"I sent for you because they tell me you are the best private detective in the business. I have reason to believe that my son is being blackmailed by a very clever group of criminals. And

I want you to handle matters for me."

Saying this, Mr. Carolan opened the drawer of his desk and took out a small package. He handed it to Roger Livermore and then continued speaking.

"You have inside this package one hundred one-thousand dollar bills of non consecutive numbers. That is what the blackmailers asked to be delivered to them. You will go with my son, Louis, and see if you can end this nasty business. He is waiting for you in the next office. For your services you will receive five thousand dollars. That is all, Mr. Livermore."

The private detective was about to reply that one can't do business with blackmailers. The best thing was to call in the police and let them make an arrest. But his keen eyes spotted the fact that the switch on the inter-com was open. That meant the secretary outside was listening. He took the package and went into the next room. There a thin young man who looked like his father remarked to him.

"My car is downstairs and we can head at once for Cypress Shores. You are to meet the blackmailers there and deliver the money to them."

A half hour later an expensive car was speeding along route 25A to the shore. Not a word had passed between the two men. Finally the detective spoke.

"Any objection to telling me just what it is the blackmailers have up their sleeve? After all since I am responsible for this

money I would like to know something about the deal."

Young Louis Carolan, heir to his father's millions, kept his eye on the road ahead and then began to do some explaining.

"It's a clever set up they got. They use a girl by name of Joyce Hendricks as the bait. Pretty as a doll. Then you get invited to a week end party out at Cypress Shores. I guess they rented the house for the summer. Joyce made me fall for her. We had a party and I drank like a fish. A fellow passed some remarks. There was a fight. Then they told me I killed him by hitting him on the head with a bottle. And to prove it they showed me a 16mm. film they had taken of the entire fight. Clear as a professional job. And I don't think it was a fake because they got the body of the dead man down there. So you pay them the money and get the film from them."

They arrived at a house that looked as though it could have been a hotel. A butler announced them and they soon were in the living room. A man with a short cut beard and in a lounging gown greeted them. He looked at Louis Carolan's companion with keen eyes.

"My name is Roger Livermore," began the detective. "And if you know the name then you know I am a private detective. My job is to give you the blackmail money and end this entire affair. Can you run off the film for me?"

The man started to say something but swallowed the words

instead. He pressed a button on the table and a heavy set man entered. A few words were whispered and the heavy set man left the room. Roger started to search in his mind where he had seen that man before but let it go when a motion picture machine was brought into the room. The lights were turned out and the film projected on the wall. It showed exactly everything Louis had told him.

"This is about the rawest thing I have ever seen," said Roger in no uncertain words. "You get away with this only because people are afraid of publicity. And actually there isn't a thing you can do if I refuse to pay the money. You really wouldn't go to the police. If there was a crime you are all guilty of helping to conceal it. And the chances are you killed the fellow yourself. But blackmail is a crime and of that you are all guilty."

Louis Carolan became upset and looked startled. This was an unexpected turn of events. He looked straight at the blackmailer and then spoke.

"Look here, Mr. Krilov, I think I agree with Mr. Livermore. Suppose we don't pay, just what can you do? A blackmailer only exists because people are afraid. You told me I killed a man. Well if I did then turn me over to the police. If we paid you now you probably would demand more some time in the future. You probably got another print of that film somewhere."

Mr. Krilov didn't show he was scared. "O.K. with me. I'm going to call the police and turn you and the film over to them." He lifted the receiver from the hook and then Roger Livermore laughed.

"And don't forget all the things you will have to explain

to the police. How did you make such a clear film? Only if you had lights set up for the occasion. Which means you must have planned this entire thing. And if you got the body of a dead man, then *you* killed him. Go ahead and call the police. That's the only way to handle blackmailers."

The heavy set man entered



the room. He had heard all that had been spoken. He rushed up to the two and then demanded from Mr. Krilov what to do.

"Say the word and I'll batter them both to pulp. I never did like dicks. And they got the dough on them. We can get rid of the bodies by putting them in the speed boat and dumping them out at sea."

Krilov went for the gun in his desk at the same time that

his helper sent a smashing blow to Louis' jaw which floored the young man. Roger shoved the desk over with his right foot. He got his gun from his shoulder holster and it barked but once. Krilov yelled as the bullet went through his shoulder. Roger ducked a haymaker heading for his chin. He pulled the trigger again and the man slumped to the floor.

An hour after the police had taken charge of things Roger left the place with Louis. Two motorcycle officers were clearing the way for them as they headed back to town. They made the office just as the clock ticked out five. The pretty red head was leaving when Roger stopped her.

"Not so fast, baby. I recognized that husband of yours. And you must be the brains behind this blackmail outfit. Bet you fixed the key on the intercom so you could hear everything."

"I'll get you for this!" shouted a female wildcat. "You had to mess up everything."

Roger headed for the office to get his money and he turned around with a bit of parting advice as the officers took the red head and placed the bracelets around her wrists.

"The movie film was a dead give away, kid. So clear it had to be planned. The cops agreed with me on that. And your hubby confessed he killed the guy whose body you used for a prop. Bye, and I hope you enjoy the food they give you in jail."

THE END

9603

EMPIRE BUILDERS

JOE AND HIS DAD
ACT AND FEEL
LIKE
MILLIONAIRE
RAILROAD
OWNERS!

NOW HOW'S ABOUT
PUTTIN' IN THAT
NEW SIDING AT GRAND
JUNCTION?

GOOD IDEA!
FREIGHT
TRAFFIC IS
SURE BUILDIN'
UP...

GRAND JUNCTION. TOWERMAN
OF THE AUTOMATIC SWITCH TOWER
GOES BACK INSIDE AS LIONEL'S
'TEXAS SPECIAL' FLASHES BY!

WATCH IT, DAD!
I'M BRINGING
THE SECTION GANG
IN RIGHT AFTER
THIS TRAIN!

HERE THEY COME!

**BRAND NEW
SECTION GANG CAR!**

Runs on own power just
like Lionel locos. When
buffer plates at either end
strike an object, car re-
verses direction and little
"gandy dancers" face the
other way... **ONLY \$7.95**

OKAY, SON,
NEW SIDING'S
SET!

GOOD—
NOW LET'S HOOK
UP THIS REMOTE-
CONTROL SWITCH.

WATCH HER BACK
INTO THE SIDING!

LOOK AT
THOSE BIG
NEW LIONEL
FREIGHT CARS!

THAT NEW
FAIRBANKS-
MORSE DIESEL
IS SURE
SUMP'N', EH DAD!

YES, YOU'RE ALWAYS BUILDING
A BIGGER AND BETTER RAILROAD
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phonographs
except some spindle
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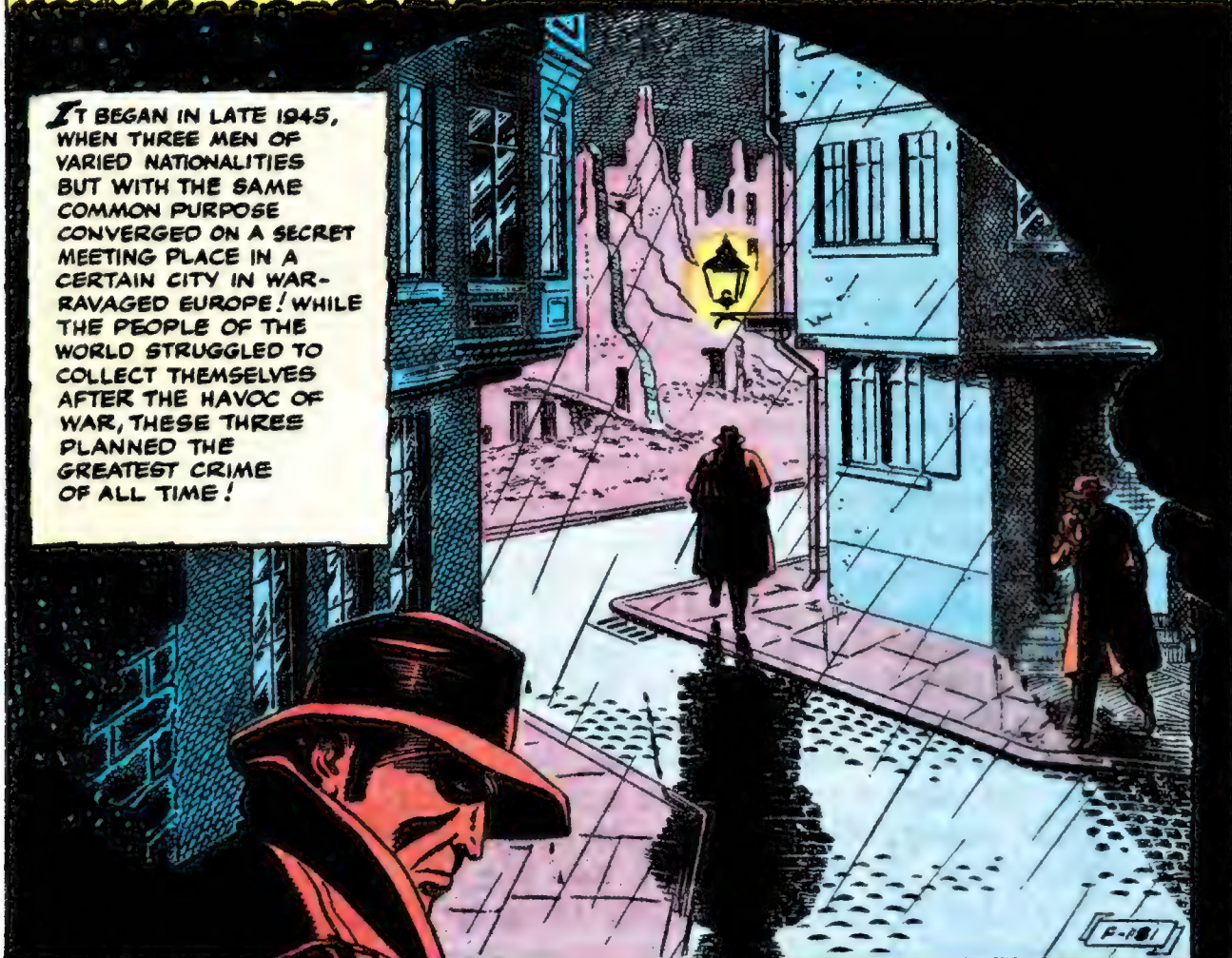
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2. The new 5 1/2" double-faced record of whistle, bells, railroad sound effects and Diesel horns.*
3. Lionel's special "Pop Persuader."

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IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE! IT COULDN'T BE DONE! AND YET... **THEY TRIED IT!** HERE IS THE STORY... EVERY WORD, EVERY INCIDENT, TRUE! HERE IS THE ASTOUNDING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENS WHEN LAWLESSNESS RUNS WILD! HERE IS THE STORY OF...

THE WORLD'S LARGEST THEFT!

IT BEGAN IN LATE 1945, WHEN THREE MEN OF VARIED NATIONALITIES BUT WITH THE SAME COMMON PURPOSE CONVERGED ON A SECRET MEETING PLACE IN A CERTAIN CITY IN WAR-RAVAGED EUROPE! WHILE THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD STRUGGLED TO COLLECT THEMSELVES AFTER THE HAVOC OF WAR, THESE THREE PLANNED THE GREATEST CRIME OF ALL TIME!



THE WAR HAD TEMPORARILY DISRUPTED THE ORGANIZATION OF THE EUROPEAN AND ASIATIC POLICE, AND SO THESE MEN WERE STILL AT LARGE AND FREE TO PLAN AND SCHEME AS THEY WISHED...

IT IS GOOD YOU ARE ALL HERE! WE WILL GO INSIDE BEFORE WE ARE SEEN!

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, IGNATZ! NOBODY IN THIS CITY KNOWS WHO WE ARE, AND THEY WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING IF THEY DID!



THE DOORS WERE LOCKED! THE WINDOW SHADES WERE DRAWN! WHAT THESE CRIMINALS WERE PLOTTING WAS NOT FOR THE EARS OF HONEST MEN! IGNATZ STOHL WAS THE OBVIOUS LEADER, A NAME AND A FACE KNOWN TO POLICE ALL OVER THE CONTINENT...

THE BIG MAN SAYS NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE AND DO THE JOB! HAVE YOU YOUR REPORTS READY?

EVERYTHING'S READY AT MY END!

I'VE GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL, TOO!





FINE! MU, YOURS IS THE BIGGEST JOB OF ALL, BECAUSE YOU KNOW THE TERRITORY BEST! IT'S YOUR TASK TO SOFTEN IT UP FOR THE REST TO MOVE IN!

IT'S BEING DONE RIGHT NOW!

HOW?

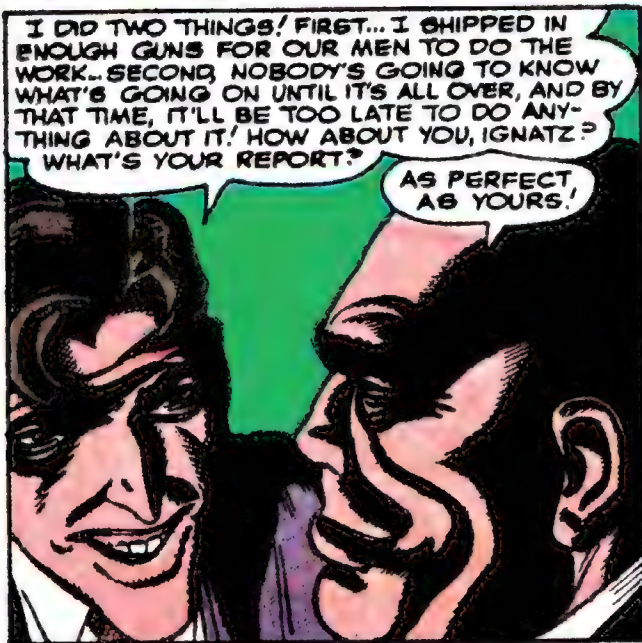


MY BOYS ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE! SOME OF MY MEN ARE RIGHT IN WITH THE GUARDS THEMSELVES! WHEN THE TIME COMES TO STRIKE, WE'LL HAVE THEIR PROTECTION PARALYZED!



THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES ARE SOFTENED UP! WE GOT THEM FIXED UP SO THEY THINK WHAT WE'RE DOING IS FOR THEIR OWN GOOD! THE REST WILL BE TOO SCARED OF US TO FIGHT BACK!

THAT'S THE WAY! HOW ABOUT YOU, KOLEK?



I DID TWO THINGS! FIRST... I SHIPPED IN ENOUGH GUNS FOR OUR MEN TO DO THE WORK... SECOND, NOBODY'S GOING TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON UNTIL IT'S ALL OVER, AND BY THAT TIME, IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! HOW ABOUT YOU, IGNATZ? WHAT'S YOUR REPORT?

AS PERFECT AS YOURS!



THE BIG MAN AND HIS BOYS ARE STANDING BY, READY TO MOVE IN IF WE FALTER! BESIDES, THEY'RE SENDING OVER THEIR MOST EXPERIENCED MEN TO HELP OUT! ALL THE EQUIPMENT WE USE WILL BE FROM THE BIG MAN! YES, WE'RE READY TO PULL THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE WORLD!

RIGHT! WE'RE WAITING FOR ONLY TWO THINGS... THE TIME AND THE PLACE!



THE PLACE IS HERE... IN THE NORTH... WHERE WE'LL BE CLOSE TO OUR FRIENDS... JUST IN CASE!



THE TIME IS... THE SECOND THAT MU GETS BACK TO THE TERRITORY! THEN, MU, YOU GIVE THE WORD! HIT... AND HIT HARD!

I UNDERSTAND!

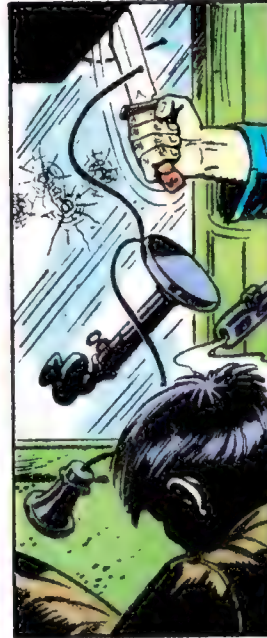
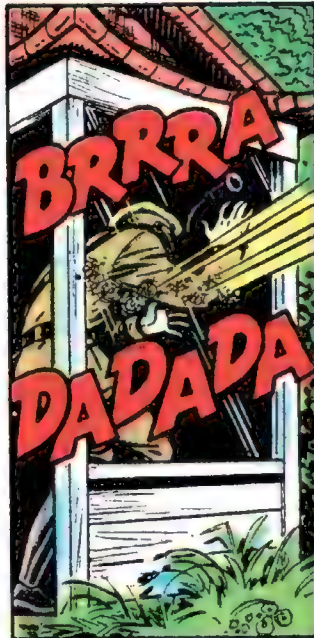
AND SO, THE PLAN WAS FULLY LAID FOR THE TOP CAPER OF ALL TIME BY THE LEADERS OF THE DEADLIEST GANG OF ALL TIME! A FEW MINUTES LATER, EACH WENT HIS SEPARATE WAY TO CARRY OUT HIS DUTIES AND THE WORLD'S BIGGEST THEFT WAS BEGUN...



THE MOB MOVED IN! WITHOUT WARNING, WHILE A COLD DAWN BROKE HAZILY OVER THE NORTHERN AREA OF THE PLACE TO BE TAKEN, THE GANG STRUCK...



THE MAIN BODY OF THE MOB RUSHED IN TO OVERWHELM THE WEAK RESISTANCE OF A STUNNED POLICE FORCE...



BUT THE POLICE AND ALL THEIR RESERVES WERE NOT ENOUGH TO COPE WITH THIS SAVAGE OUT-LAW ATTACK, AS MEMBERS OF THE GANG SPREAD UP FROM ALL SIDES... FROM THE VERY RANKS OF THE POLICE THEMSELVES...

THEY CAME OUT OF THE HILLS... THOUSANDS OF WELL-ARMED MOBSTERS... AND OUT OF THE SKIES IN SWIFT FIGHTER PLANES! YES, THIS WAS THE BIGGEST THEFT IN THE WORLD, THE BIGGEST OF ALL TIME... THE THEFT OF A NATION OF 3,858,900 SQUARE MILES AND OF 500,000,000 PEOPLE...



AND WHILE THE ARMED BANDITS DID THEIR NEFARIOUS KILLING, THEIR COHORTS HELPED IN THE SWINDLE BY THE USE OF **ANOTHER WEAPON... WORDS!**

LISTEN TO ME! YOU ARE HUNGRY AND STARVING! WHEN WE TAKE OVER, YOU SHALL HAVE FOOD AND DRINK... ALL YOU NEED, YOU **NEED US** TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



THERE IT IS... ALL THE FOOD YOU NEED! TAKE IT! IT'S YOURS! GO ON! TAKE IT!



BUT THE TAKING WAS NOT EASY FOR THE MOB! MANY OF THE PEOPLE WERE NOT FRIGHTENED BY THE BULLETS OR SWAYED BY THE PROMISES! MANY FOUGHT BACK BY EVERY MEANS AT THEIR COMMAND..



SOME DIED DURING THE BATTLES... AND SOME DIED AFTER THEM...



MEANWHILE, THE "BIG MAN" HAD HIS EAR TO THE EVENTS OF THE THEFT...



WELL, IGNATZ? HOW DOES IT GO?

VERY WELL... ONLY THEIR PILOTS ARE INEXPERIENCED, AND...

ENOUGH! BORIS! SEND FIVE SQUADRONS OF FIGHTER PLANES AND OUR BEST PILOTS TO HELP IN THE INCIDENT TO THE SOUTH!



DA!

AND, TO GUARANTEE THE HEIST, THE BIG MAN'S MOB JOINED IN...



BUT EVEN WITH ALL THIS HELP, THE MOB DIDN'T HAVE IT EASY! THE FIGHTING WENT ON FOR MONTHS, AS THE PEOPLE OF THE TERRITORY FOUGHT BACK FOR EVERY INCH OF THEIR LAND..



THE LAST OF THE DEFENDERS WAS DRIVEN OFF THE MAINLAND ONTO AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST..



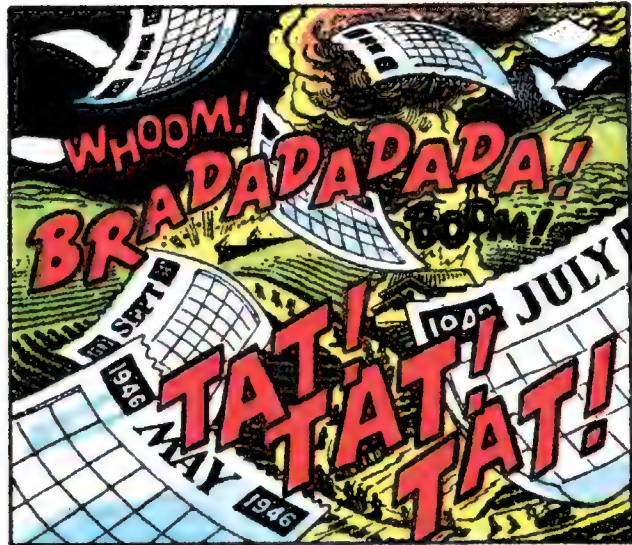
SO IT WAS DONE! BY FALSE PROMISES, BY SCHEMING AND BY BLOOD AND BULLETS, THE WORLD'S BIGGEST THEFT WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT! AND THE PEOPLE LIVED AND STILL LIVE UNDER A TYRANNY WHOSE VICIOUSNESS AND CRUELTY IS SECOND ONLY TO THAT OF ITS PARTNER TO THE NORTH!



FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER!



1946...1947...1948...1949...THE YEARS PASSED BY, AND MORE AND MORE LAND FELL UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE MURDERERS...THE THIEVES...THE MOB...



AND AT LAST, THE THEFT WAS COMPLETE! IN SEPTEMBER 1949, THE MOB SET UP THEIR OWN RULE..



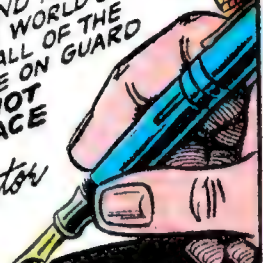
AND ON FEBRUARY 14, 1950, THE MOB SIGNED A FRIENDSHIP AND MUTUAL AID TREATY WITH THE BIG MAN AND HIS COHORTS...



EDITOR'S NOTE:

ALTHOUGH EVERY DETAIL OF THIS STORY IS TRUE, THE MANNER OF WRITING AND PRESENTING IT HAS BEEN CHANGED SO THAT WE CAN POINT UP THE GANGSTER TACTICS OF THE CHINESE REDS AND THE RUSSIAN REDS IN PULLING A SWINDLE AND A CRIME THAT WAS ONE OF THE WORST SEEN! A WORLD HAS EVER SEEN! CHINA, BIG, VAST AND POWERFUL, WAS THE STAKE IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST THEFT! AND ALL OF THE FREE WORLD MUST BE ON GUARD SO THAT IT CANNOT HAPPEN ANYPLACE ELSE!

The Editor



THE END

HIS ROBBERY VICTIMS SAW HIS FACE... THEY KNEW WHO HE WAS... AND YET NOBODY COULD PUT THE CROOK BEHIND BARS, BECAUSE HE ALWAYS HAD...

The Perfect Alibi!

IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT! IT'S FIVE MINUTES PAST ELEVEN! THE CALENDAR IN FOWLER'S WEST-COAST STORE SAYS IT'S MAY 14, 1926! OLD MAN FOWLER ISN'T SAYING ANYTHING! HE WAS TOLD TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT...

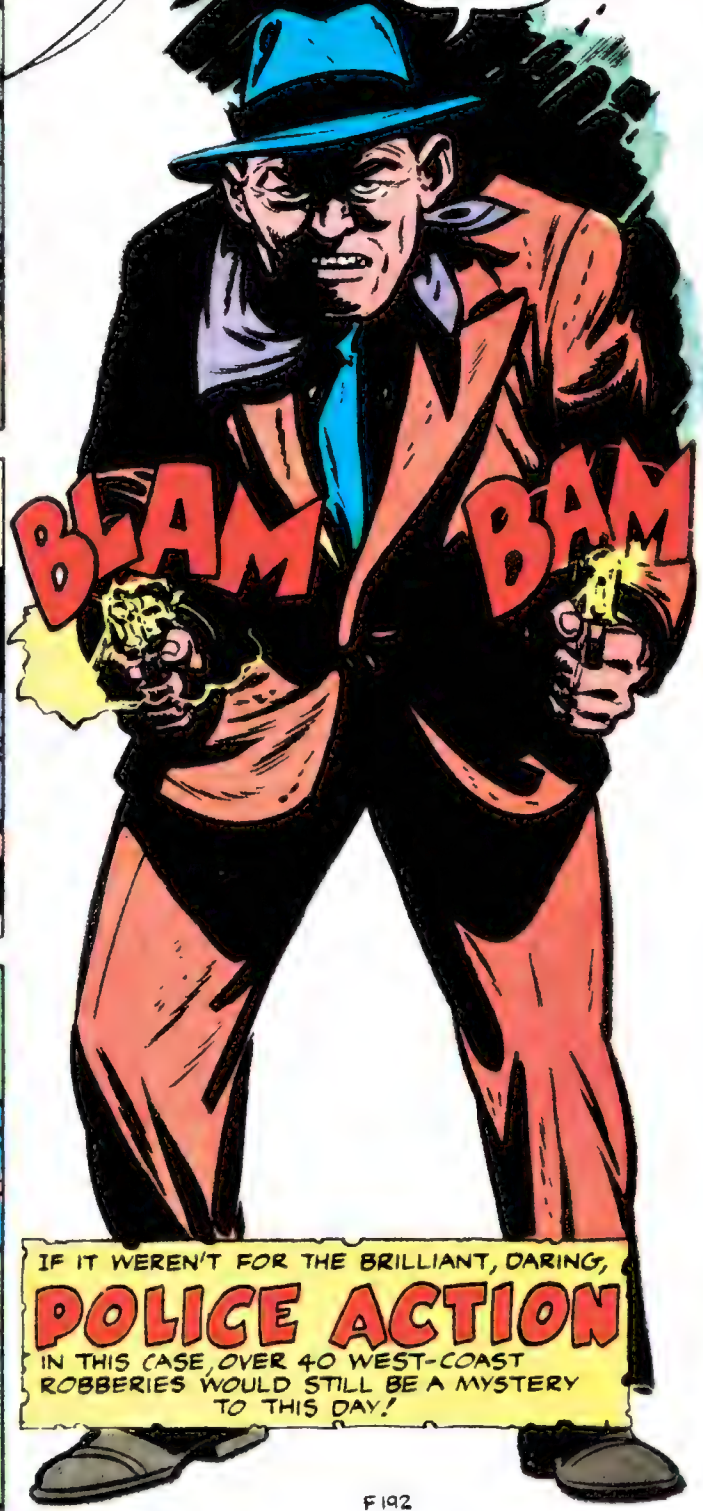


FOWLER DOES AS HE'S TOLD! THE BANDIT KEEPS HIS EYES ON THE OLD MAN! NEITHER ONE SEES THE SHADOW COMING UP QUIETLY BEHIND THE CROOK...

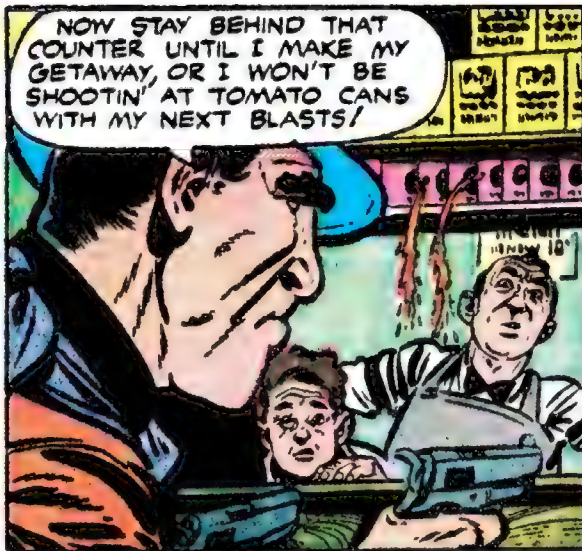


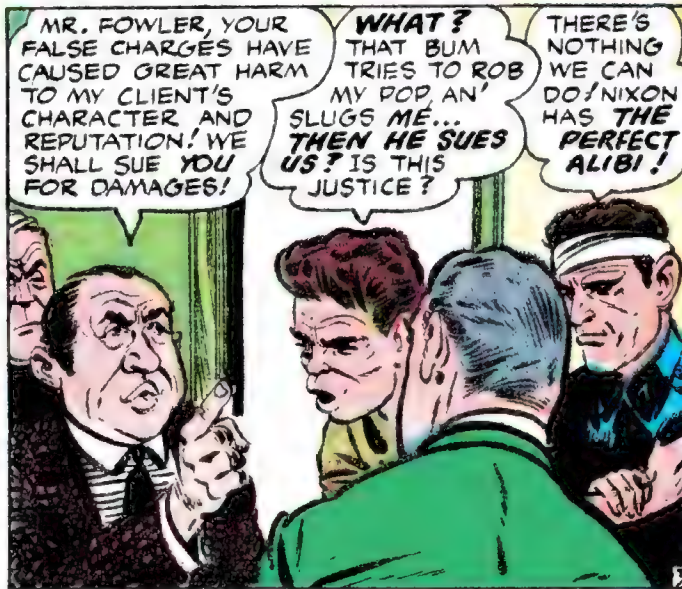
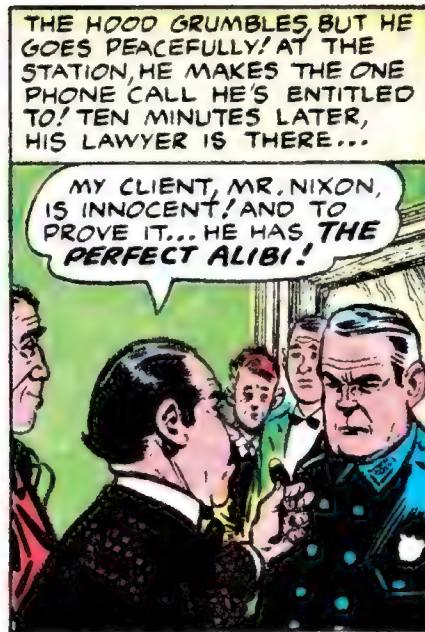
HOLY SMOKES, POP... IT'S MORTY NIXON... ONE OF YOUR NEW CUSTOMERS!

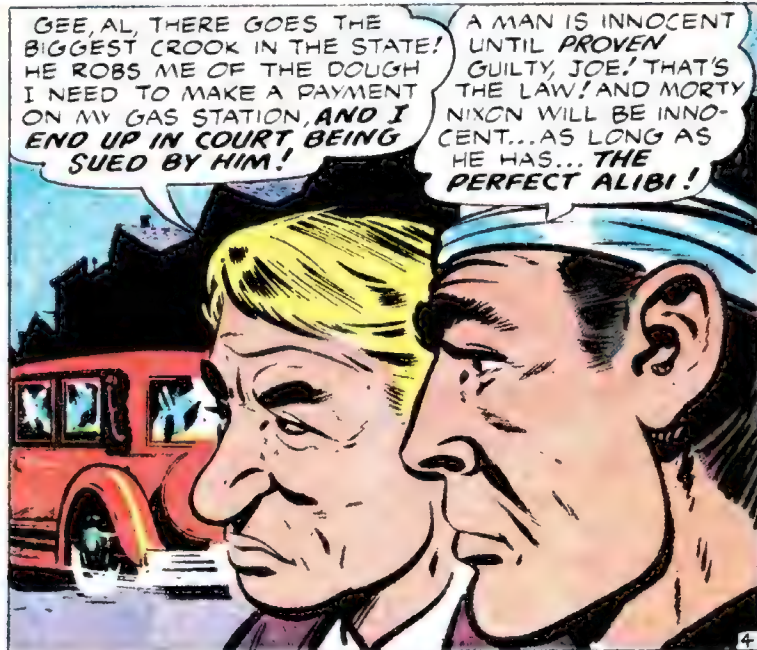
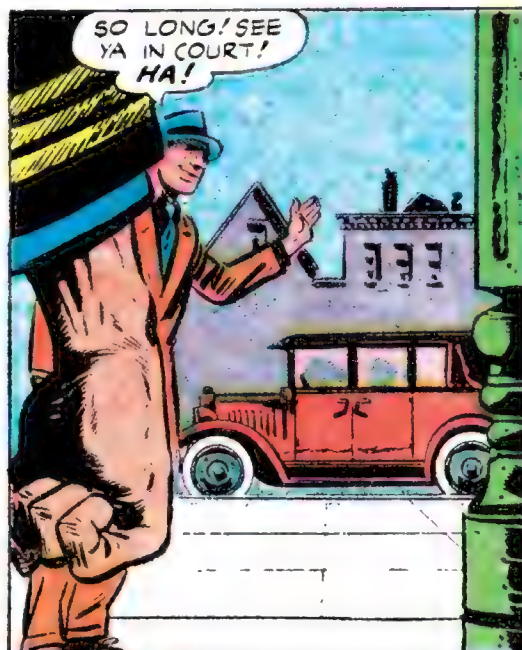
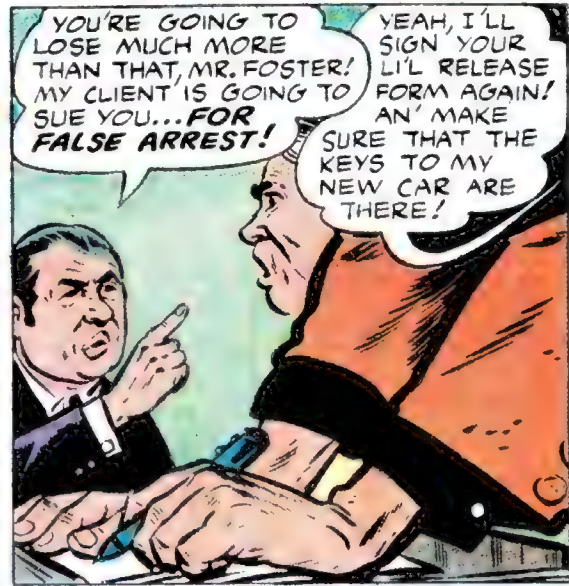
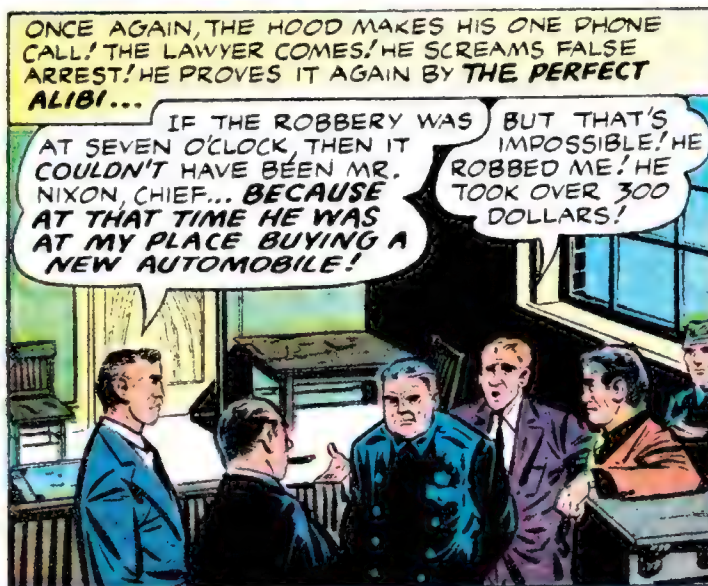
GO AHEAD, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT MY FACE! BUT IT WON'T DO YA ANY GOOD! THE POLICE'LL NEVER PIN THIS OR ANY OTHER CAPER ON ME! I GOT THE **PERFECT ALIBI!**

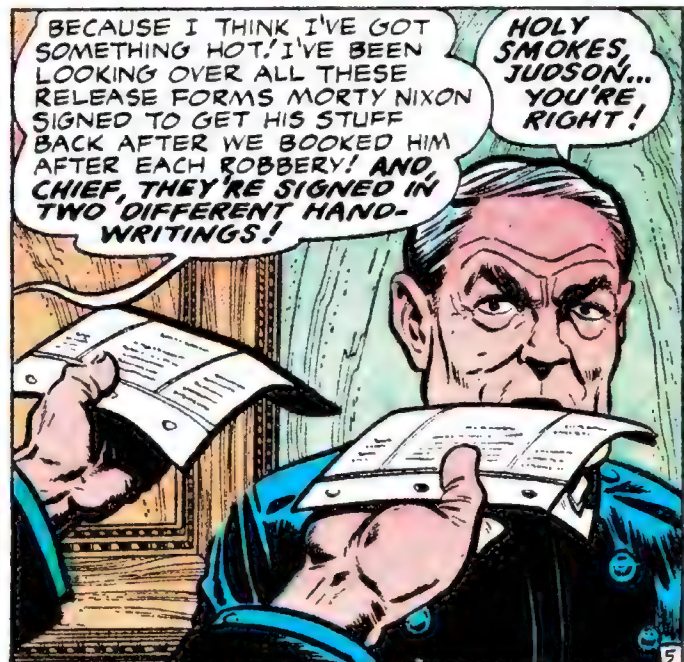
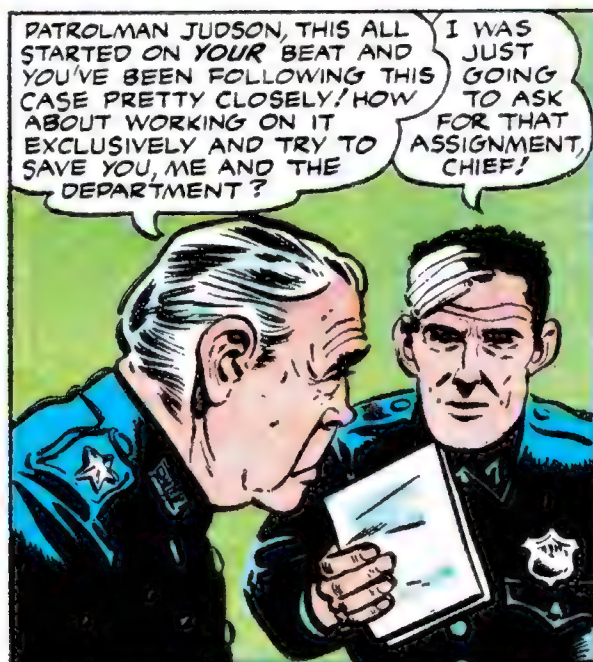
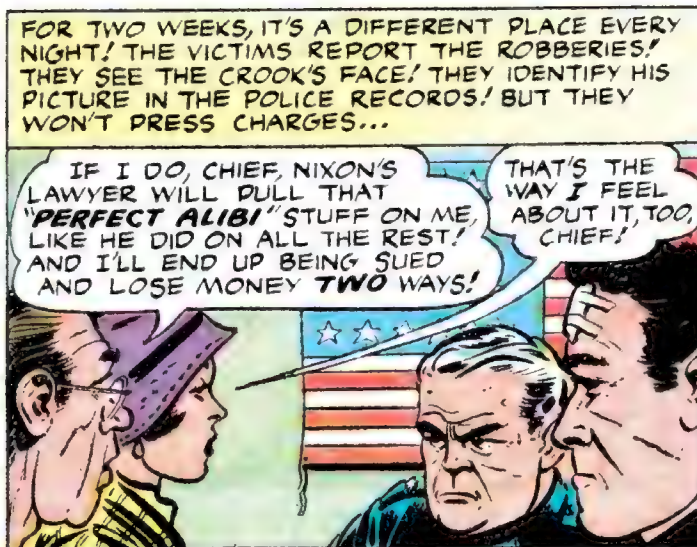


IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE BRILLIANT, DARING, **POLICE ACTION** IN THIS CASE, OVER 40 WEST-COAST ROBBERIES WOULD STILL BE A MYSTERY TO THIS DAY!









THE CHIEF OF POLICE AND PATROLMAN JUDSON GET INTO ACTION! THEY HEAD FOR NIXON'S HANGOUT, CASEY'S CAFE...

THERE'S HIS NEW CAR, JUDSON! HE MUST BE INSIDE!

LET ME SEARCH THE CAR BEFORE WE GO IN, CHIEF!

PATROLMAN JUDSON SPENDS A FEW MINUTES AT NIXON'S CAR... THEN THE TWO OFFICERS GO INTO CASEY'S...

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, NIXON! YOU'RE GOING DOWN TO THE STATION... AND THIS TIME YOU'RE NOT COMING BACK!

WE'RE WISE TO YOUR "PERFECT ALIBI," NIXON! WHERE'S YOUR DOUBLE?

SOMEBODY PAGIN' ME?

MEET MY TWIN BROTHER... AND HIS TOMMY GUN! DROP YOUR RODS OR HE'LL DROP YOU!

HOW'D YOU FINALLY FIGURE WE WERE TWINS AN' TOOK TURNS AT THE PULLIN' THE CAPERS AND PLAYIN' ALIBI HERE IN CASEY'S?

BY THE RELEASE FORMS YOU TWO SIGNED AT THE POLICE STATION!

THE SIGNATURE WAS DIFFERENT... BECAUSE ONE OF YOU IS RIGHT-HANDED... AND THE OTHER IS LEFT-HANDED!

YEAH, THAT'S WHY WE ALWAYS USED TWO GUNS, SO THE DIFFERENCE WOULDN'T BE NOTICED! BUT THAT INFO AIN'T GONNA DO YOU ANY GOOD CAUSE WE'RE LEAVIN' WITH YOUR GUNS AND OUR NEW CAR!

LET'S GO AFTER THEM, JUDSON!

NO, CHIEF! WAIT... NOT NOW!

SUDDENLY, AN EXPLOSION FROM THE OUTSIDE SHATTERED CASEY'S WINDOWS...

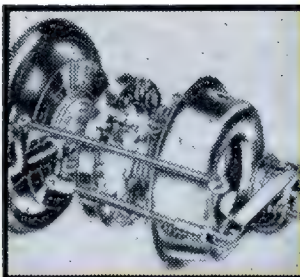
KABLOOM

BUT, JUDSON HOW...?

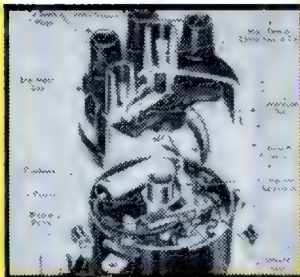
I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING MIGHT GO WRONG WITH OUR PINCH SO WHEN I FRISKED THE CAR AND FOUND DYNAMITE, I WIRED ONE STICK WITH A DETONATING CAP TO THE FRAMEWORK OF THE CAR FOR GROUND AND ANOTHER WIRE TO A SPARK PLUG! AND WHEN THEY STEPPED ON THE STARTER... BOOM!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL POLICE ACTION... PLUS POLICE BRAINS!

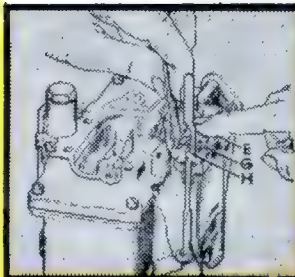
TOGETHER, CHIEF, THEY SPELL THE END FOR "THE PERFECT ALIBI!"



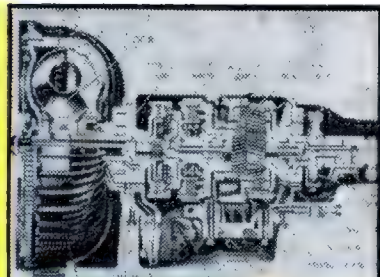
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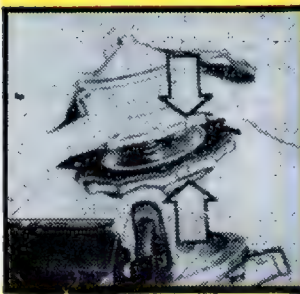


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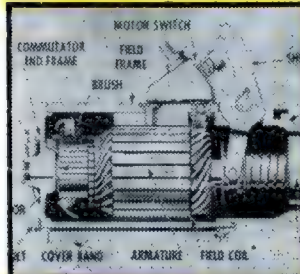


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STARRING:
JIM HUDSON, PATROLMAN

TONY PASCARELLA

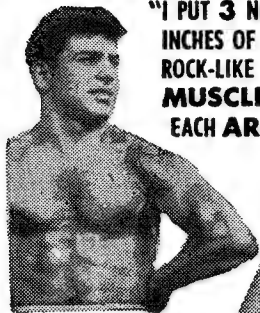
BEFORE "Here's me—a bag-of-bones weakling before I mailed the coupon."



AFTER

"I ADDED 3 NEW INCHES TO MY CHEST."

"I PUT 3 NEW INCHES OF ROCK-LIKE MUSCLE ON EACH ARM!"



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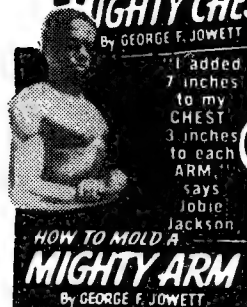


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Mail coupon to get

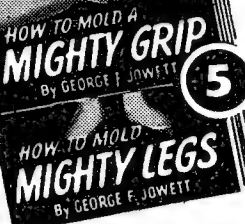
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THEM!



2

3



4

5

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
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WOW! What an AMAZING HE-MAN TONY IS NOW!

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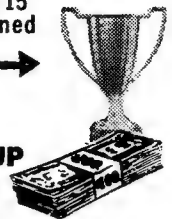
Gain or Lose Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll ADD INCHES of shapely MUSCLES to your skinny ARMS and CHEST... see your fat melt away to a HARD, SOLID body in fighting trim. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain in LOOKS, SIZE, STAMINA, SEX APPEAL... you'll be "top kick" in SPORTS, BUSINESS, in anything you tackle!

GET STARTED NOW! MAIL COUPON

Stop WISHING! You can do it. Mail NOW the ALL-FREE coupon below as I did. Get ALL 5 BOOKS FREE (millions sold for \$1.00) while limited offer lasts. Learn HOW you can WIN \$100 and a big 15" silver cup as a Jowett trained CHAMPION!

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SILVER CHAMPION CUP
and \$100 IN CASH
as I just did!**



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POLICE BADGE #479



THIS IS METROPOLITAN CITY, U.S.A.! IT'S A PLACE OF BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE OF ALL KINDS! MOST OF THEM ARE DECENT, FINE CITIZENS, DOING THEIR JOBS AND TAKING CARE OF THEIR FAMILIES! BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS THE CROOKS, THE HUMAN WOLVES WHO PREY UPON DECENT PEOPLE! MY JOB IS TO PROTECT THE GOOD PEOPLE... I'M A POLICEMAN, OFFICER JIM HUDSON BADGE #479, 23 RD PRECINCT!

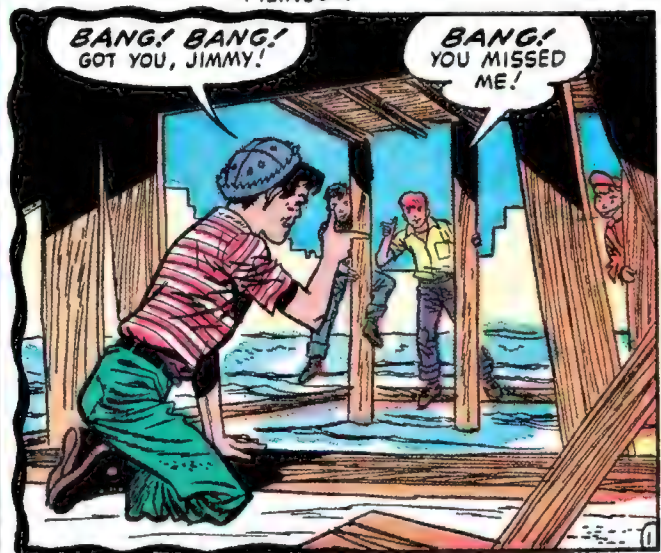
"ROOKIE COP!"

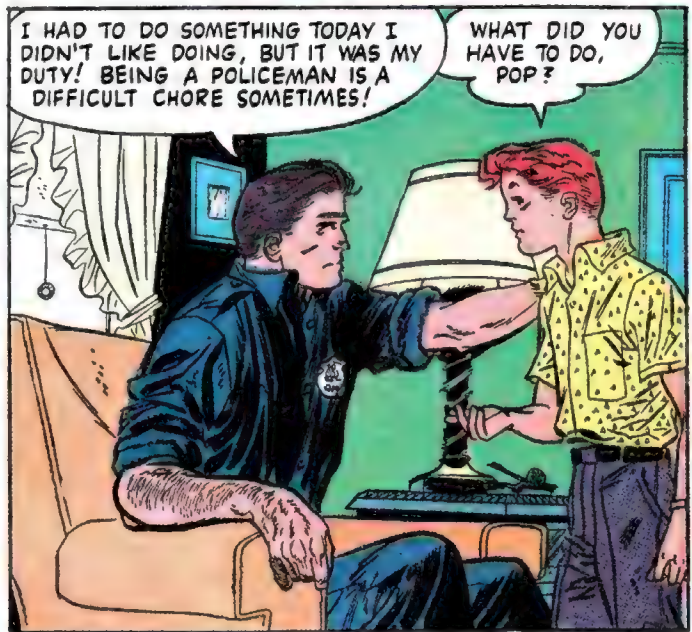
POLICE BADGE #1



THIS IS MY BEAT, FROM THE DOCKS TO 30TH STREET! IT'S A NIGHT BEAT! ROOKIES LIKE ME ARE ALWAYS GIVEN THE NIGHT BEATS...

A LOT CAN HAPPEN DOWN HERE! I WAS BORN AND RAISED IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD! IT DOESN'T SEEM SUCH A LONG TIME AGO SINCE I WAS A KID PLAYING AMONG THE DOCK PILINGS...

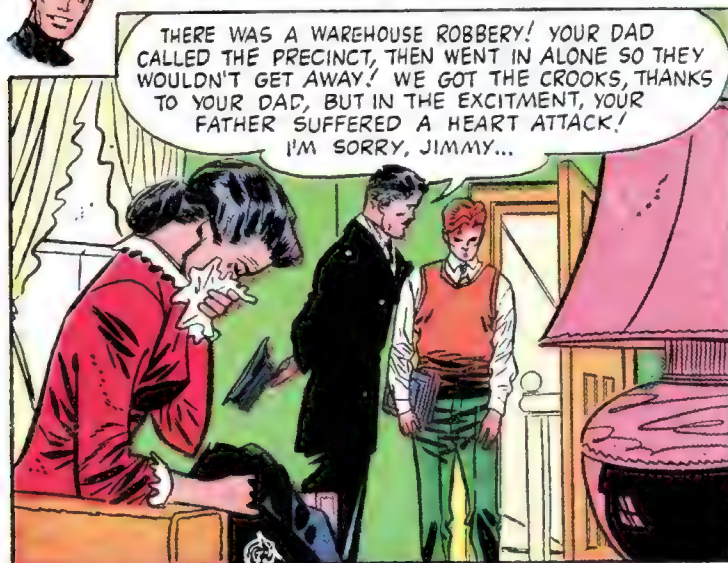






THERE WAS A DAY I'LL NEVER FORGET! I WAS IN HIGH SCHOOL THEN! I CAME HOME! MY MOTHER WAS CRYING AND CAPTAIN BRADY WAS THERE...

I THINK IT WAS THEN THAT MY DESIRE TO FOLLOW IN MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS AND CARRY ON THE WORK HE LOVED BECAME DEFINITE!



THERE WAS A WAREHOUSE ROBBERY! YOUR DAD CALLED THE PRECINCT, THEN WENT IN ALONE SO THEY WOULDN'T GET AWAY! WE GOT THE CROOKS, THANKS TO YOUR DAD, BUT IN THE EXCITEMENT, YOUR FATHER SUFFERED A HEART ATTACK! I'M SORRY, JIMMY...



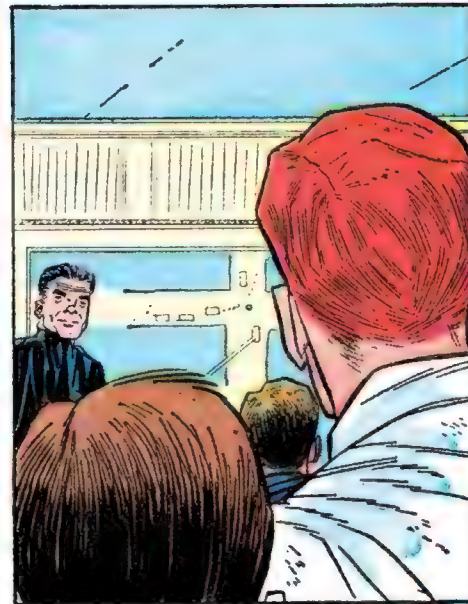
I STUDIED HARD AND EVENTUALLY ENROLLED IN THE POLICE ACADEMY! THINGS HAD CHANGED SINCE MY DAD'S TIME...

WE HAD CLASSES IN FIRST AID...

... AND TRAFFIC PROCEDURE ...



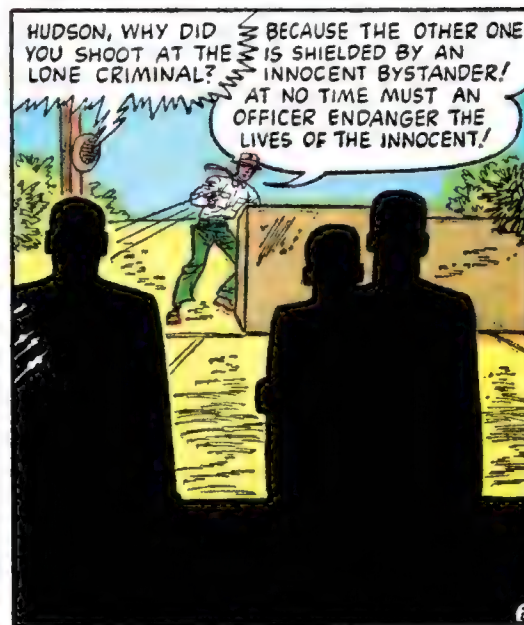
NAME! JIM HUDSON!



WE STUDIED LAWS AND INTERPRETATION...

WE HAD TO BE EXPERTS IN HANDLING THE POLICE SERVICE REVOLVER, A SMITH AND WESSON .38 ...

AND WE HAD TO KNOW *WHEN* TO SHOOT!

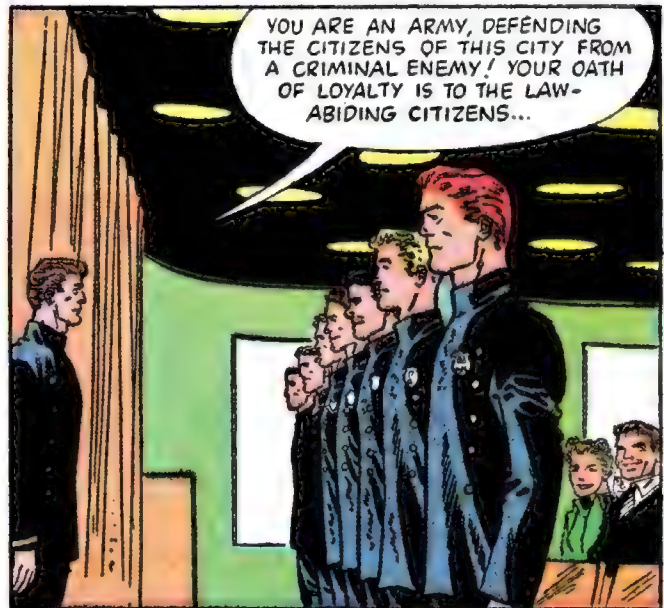


HUDSON, WHY DID YOU SHOOT AT THE LONE CRIMINAL? BECAUSE THE OTHER ONE IS SHIELDED BY AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER! AT NO TIME MUST AN OFFICER ENDANGER THE LIVES OF THE INNOCENT!

WE LEARNED JUDO AND BODY CONTACT DEFENSE!



FINALLY CAME THE DAY OF GRADUATION!



I WAS ASSIGNED TO PRECINCT 23, MY FATHER'S OLD PRECINCT IN THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD! I WAS SWORN IN AND GIVEN **BADGE #79!**





ASSAULT AND ROBBERY! I SAW HIM RUNNING TOWARD THE DOCKS AND SHOT! THINK I WINGED HIM, BUT I LOST HIM!



I'LL CALL IN AND GET AN AMBULANCE! WATCH YOURSELF, JIM! WHOEVER PULLED THIS IS ARMED!

I RAN TOWARD THE DOCKS! IN THE DISTANCE, I COULD HEAR THE SIREN OF A SQUAD CAR ALREADY ALERTED AND COMING FAST!



I KNOW THESE DOCKS! NOW WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE?



IF HE STAYED ON THE DOCKS, BARNEY WOULD'VE SEEN HIM! HE COULD ONLY HAVE GONE DOWN HERE!



PROBABLY HAD A ROWBOAT TIED UP UNDER HERE AND GOT AWAY! WAIT! THE OLD HIDE-OUT WE USED TO USE WHEN WE WERE KIDS! IT'S A LONG CHANCE, BUT...



DON'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP! DROP THAT GUN!



ERNIE MUNDO!

JIM HUDSON! TURN OFF THE FLASH, WILL YUH? YOU'RE GONNA GIVE ME A BREAK, AIN'T YUH? JUST TURN AROUND AN' FORGET YUH SAW ME!



I'M A POLICE-MAN NOW, ERNIE!

SURE, SURE! BUT LOOK, NOBODY'LL KNOW! I'M WOUNDED, JIM! GIVE ME A CHANCE! WE USED TO BE PALS...



I TOOK AN OATH, ERNIE! MY JOB IS TO PROTECT PEOPLE AGAINST CRIMINALS! DROP YOUR GUN, ERNIE, I'M TAKING YOU IN!

NO, JIM!



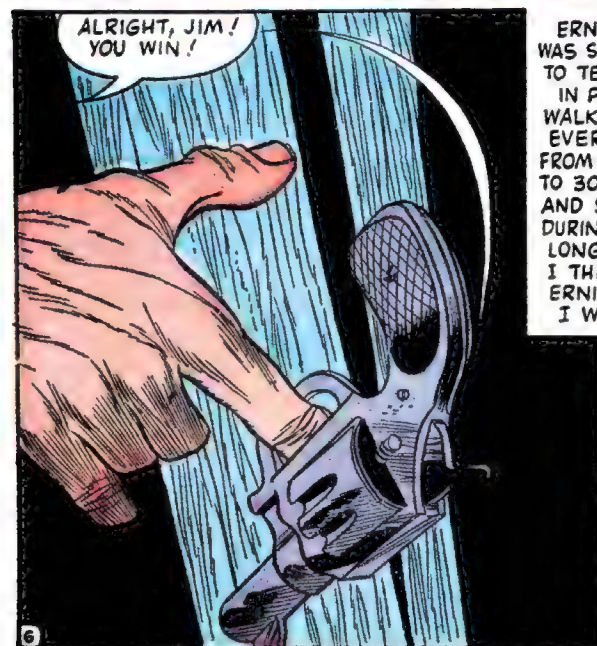
IF YUH SHOOT I'LL GET YOU TOO, EVEN THOUGH YOU GET ME!

THAT'S THE KIND OF CHANCE I GAMBLER ON TAKING WHEN I PINNED ON THIS BADGE! DROP YOUR GUN, ERNIE! I'M COMING FOR YOU!



KEEP BACK!

DROP THE GUN, ERNIE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



ALRIGHT, JIM! YOU WIN!

ERNIE MUNDO WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON! I WALK MY BEAT EVERY NIGHT, FROM THE DOCKS TO 30TH STREET, AND SOMETIMES DURING THOSE LONG NIGHTS, I THINK OF ERNIE, AND I WONDER...



HOW COULD HE HAVE GONE SO WRONG? WE GREW UP IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD, PLAYED TOGETHER! HOW COULD HE HAVE GONE THE WAY HE DID?

I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER! I'M JUST A ROOKIE POUNDING A BEAT, TRAINED TO COMBAT CRIME! YES... THAT'S MY JOB, AND I'M PROUD OF THE BADGE I WEAR!



THE END



POLICE BADGE #479

"NIGHT RAIN!"

IT WAS RAINING HARD! I WAS CROSSING THE 30TH STREET BRIDGE ON MY NIGHT BEAT WHEN I HEARD THE CAR RACING ACROSS!





TAKE IT EASY!
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?
I'LL HELP
YOU...

LET ME GO!
THEY'LL BE
BACK! GOT TO
GET OFF THE
BRIDGE!

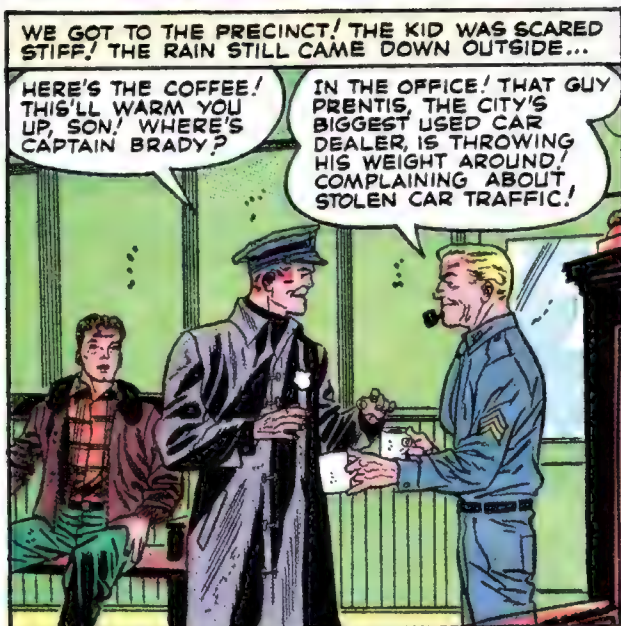


ALL RIGHT, WE'LL GET OFF
THE BRIDGE... AND DOWN
TO THE PRECINCT! YOU'VE
GOT A LOT TO TELL ME,
KID!



WE'RE HOLDING
THE KID! I'M
BRINGING HIM
IN!

STOP SHIVERING,
KID! WE'RE NOT
GOING TO HURT
YOU!



WE GOT TO THE PRECINCT! THE KID WAS SCARED
STIFF! THE RAIN STILL CAME DOWN OUTSIDE...

HERE'S THE COFFEE!
THIS'LL WARM YOU
UP, SON! WHERE'S
CAPTAIN BRADY?

IN THE OFFICE! THAT GUY
PRENTIS, THE CITY'S
BIGGEST USED CAR
DEALER, IS THROWING
HIS WEIGHT AROUND!
COMPLAINING ABOUT
STOLEN CAR TRAFFIC!



STOLEN
CARS?

YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT
STOLEN CARS, KID? WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

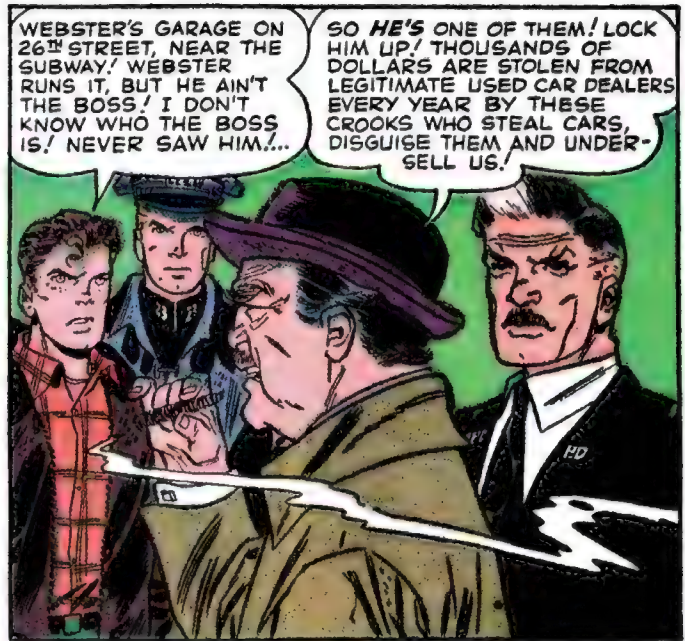
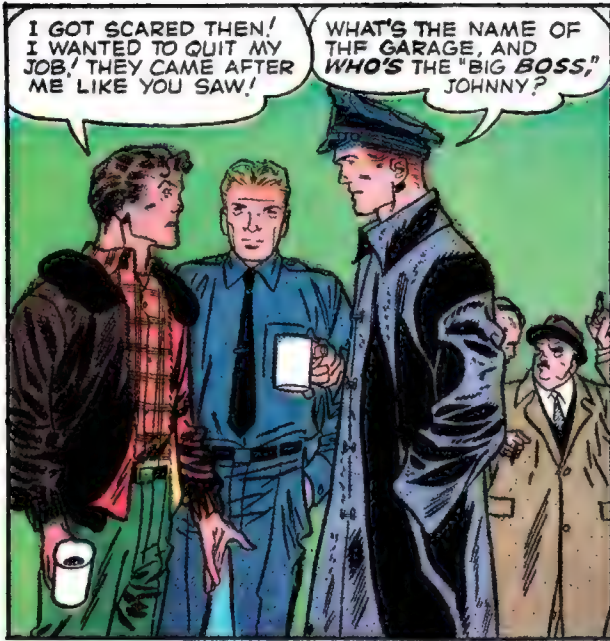


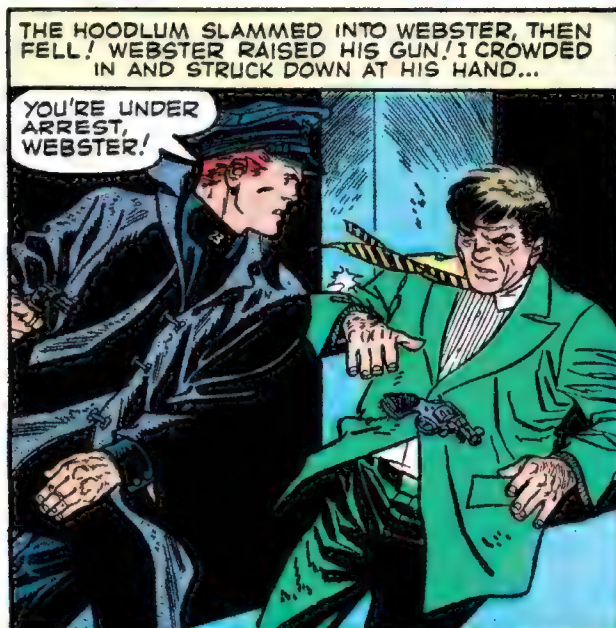
JOHNNY CRAITH! THEY
PROBABLY SAW ME WITH
YOU! NOW I AIN'T GOT A
CHANCE! THEY'LL THINK
I TALKED!

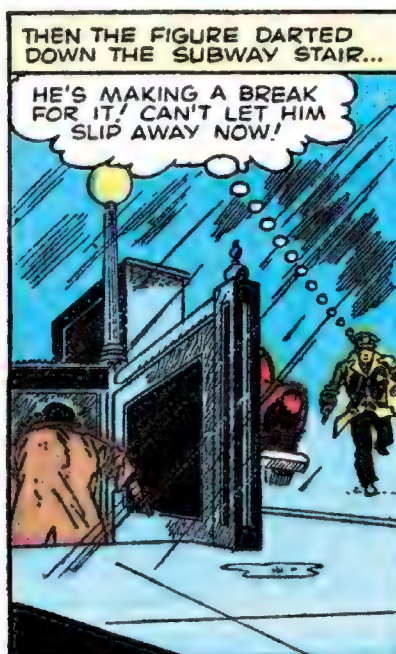
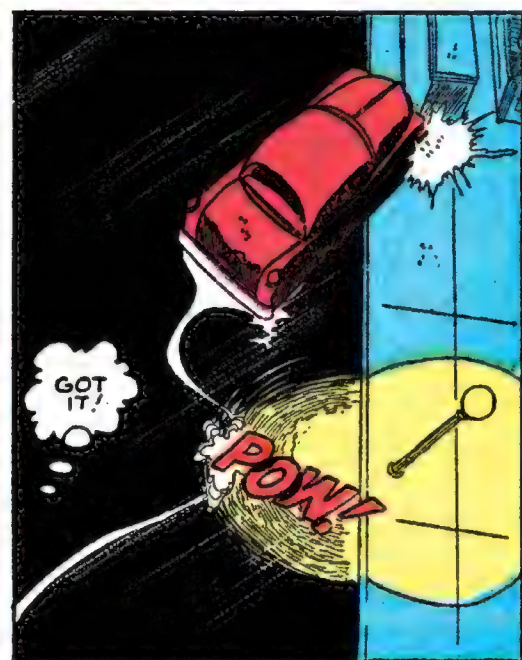
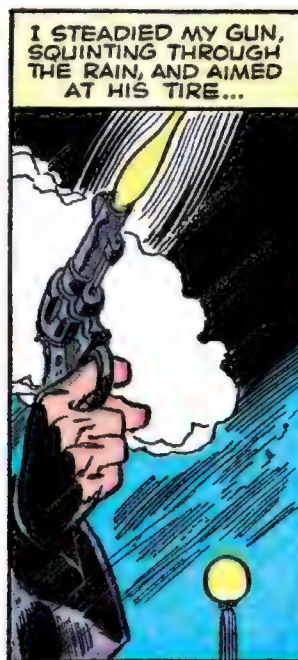
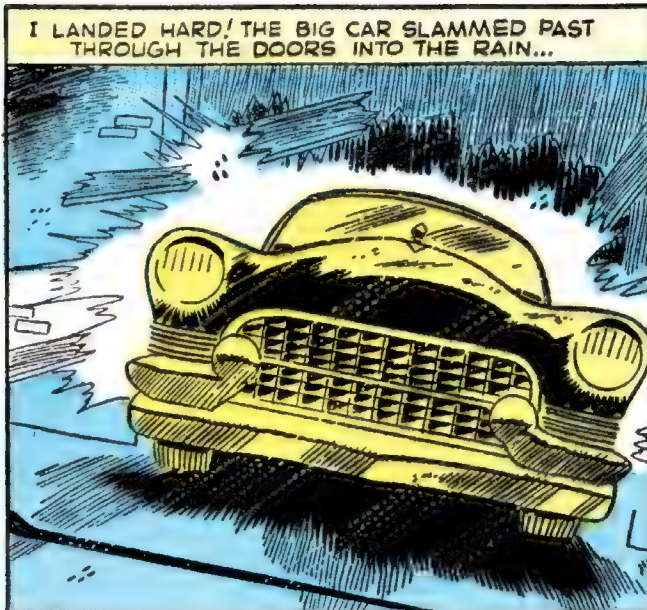
THAT WOULD BE THE
SMART THING TO DO,
JOHNNY! WE CAN
PROTECT YOU! I'LL
DO ALL I CAN TO
HELP YOU!



YEAH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!
I WORKED FOR THIS GARAGE,
SPRAYING STOLEN CARS! I
DIDN'T *KNOW* THEY WERE
STOLEN! THEN I HEARD THEM
TALKING ONE DAY...







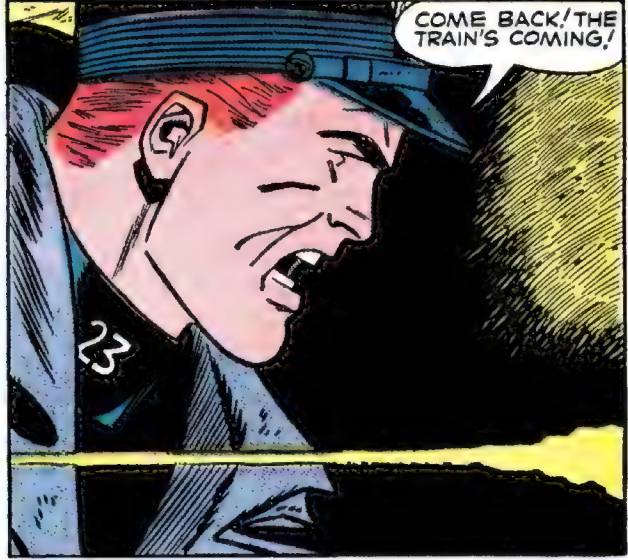
I LEFT THE PLATFORM! THE TRACKS RAN BEFORE ME INTO DARKNESS, AND AHEAD I SAW HIS VAGUE FIGURE...

HEY, GET OUT OF THERE! THE EXPRESS IS DUE THROUGH HERE ANY SECOND!



THE GROUND BEGAN TO TREMBLE, THE TRACKS QUIVERED! THE SHADOW AHEAD TURNED AND FIRED TOWARD ME...

COME BACK! THE TRAIN'S COMING!



HE RAN AGAIN! SUDDENLY HE TRIPPED! I RUSHED FORWARD AND LEAPED...



THE TRAIN CAME RUSHING TOWARD US...



THERE WAS AN INDENTATION THERE! WE FLATTENED AGAINST IT AS THE TRAIN RUSHED BY, AND I SAW WHO HE WAS!

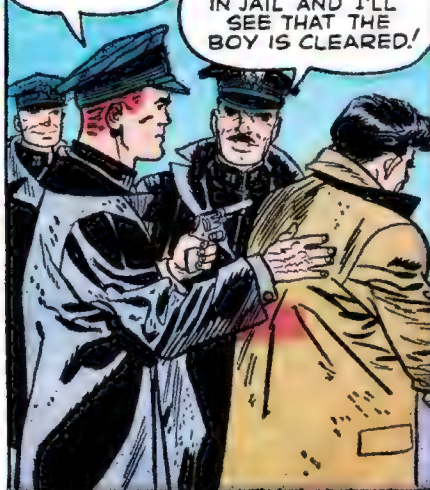
SO, MR. PRENTIS, YOU'RE THE BIG BOSS OF THE STOLEN CAR RACKET! A NICE COVER UP YOU HAD!



I CLIMBED OUT OF THE SUBWAY AND HANDED MY CAPTIVE OVER TO CAPTAIN BRADY...

ABOUT THAT KID, JOHNNY, CAPTAIN?

DON'T WORRY! HIS EVIDENCE WILL PUT THESE CROOKS IN JAIL AND I'LL SEE THAT THE BOY IS CLEARED!



I WENT BACK TO MY BEAT! THE DAWN CAME UP AND THE RAIN STOPPED! THE CITY SEEMED NEW, WASHED BY THE NIGHT RAIN! I WIPED MY BADGE DRY... BADGE 479! I HAD ANOTHER HOUR TO GO...



ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

the WARNING

ROYCE KELVIN eased his way up the high stone fence and chuckled when he saw the wire embedded a full inch in the flat top and running along a half inch under the surface of the rock. Once he threw a leg over that wire, he knew, the very minute electric charge that all human bodies carried would be picked up by the sensitive wire and magnified until it eventually set off an alarm that would rouse the whole neighborhood.

And Royce Kelvin didn't want the whole wealthy neighborhood to know that he was breaking into the Carstairs Mansion tonight to pull one of the greatest jewel robberies of all time. He most certainly did not! He had spent far too much time, far too much money and work on this proposition to have it fall apart on so simple a mistake!

So he very carefully drew the rubber sheet he was carrying over the top of the immense stone fence. Then, with the insulating material safely between him and the delicate wire, he squirmed over the fence and dropped lightly down the opposite side, being careful to pull the sheet down after him.

He folded it carefully and placed it in a hip pocket. He'd need it again on the way out. But so far, so good!

It had cost him a lot of mon-

ey, spread carefully in the right places, to wrangle himself an invitation to the Carstairs' garden party last week. But it had been worth it, completely worth it!

He had gotten what he'd come after: information from Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs themselves about the protective measures they used to safeguard their fabulous collection of precious stones.

First, he'd hung around his host and plied him with drink. Then, by alternately flattering and arguing with him, by insisting that *anybody* could make off with the collection, he'd excited the drunken man into telling him most of the ways the Carstairs collection was protected.

Mrs. Carstairs had been even easier. She was a slightly silly and very talkative woman. Royce had argued with her in exactly the same way as with her husband. And, in order to prove to him that he was wrong, that the Carstairs knew how to take proper care of their wealth, she'd told him the rest of the protective devices.

The sensitive wire in the fence had been one of them. It was one of the very latest inventions of a European criminologist. Yet he'd been able to pass it without hardly a second thought — just because he'd known about it in advance!

Royce Kelvin had never been caught. And he intended to keep his record perfect! Though the job tonight would be one of the biggest hauls he'd ever made, it would be one of the simplest too.

The next obstacle would be the photo-electric barrier. Mr. Carstairs had told him about that one — in detail — after Royce had insisted that anyone who wanted to could climb into the garden and break into the house. So Royce was prepared for the knee-high beam of light which circled the enormous garden from statue to carefully placed statue.

If you walked through the beams of light at any point, thus breaking them, you'd set off an alarm that would bring the police roaring down from the neighboring village.

"Now, I wouldn't want to do that," Royce Kelvin grinned as he delicately leaped over the almost invisible light beams. "The village police might get a little nosy about what I was doing here!"

He crouched for a moment after his jump, just to make absolutely certain that he hadn't disturbed anyone. He'd found out from Mrs. Carstairs that they didn't keep dogs because the animals tended to wander into the photo-electric cells and set off the alarms. Well, that made just one less thing to wor-

ry about as far as Royce was concerned!

No, not the sign of anybody awakened. The great house was dark and still. He had carefully chosen a moonless night for this caper: no point in taking any chances of being observed by accident.

He glanced at his watch. Two-fifteen. The night watchman on duty wouldn't be making his rounds until two-thirty. That would give him plenty of time to get past the remaining obstacles, open the safe and make off with the loot!

He strode confidently toward the house, almost laughing out loud as he recalled how he'd said to Mrs. Carstairs:

"But surely you don't mean to tell me that you trust all those emeralds and priceless diamonds to mere mechanical devices? Why they can go wrong, become defective, not function for many different reasons. If I were in your place, I'd have *human* guards, too."

"Well, we do have human guards too," the silly old woman had told him anxiously. "There's a man making the rounds of the house every twenty minutes all night. Let me see, one-forty, two-ten, two-thirty—that's his schedule. Every twenty minutes. I should think that would be safe enough."

Royce had nodded dubiously and wandered over to argue with her husband about the safe. In the course of the discussion, the drunken man had pulled aside a false panel in the

wall and shown the safe to him.

Once he knew where it was located, Royce knew he wouldn't have any trouble opening it. It was a simple one basically, and he could maneuver its tumblers with his eyes shut. He was an expert locksmith.

And he could see in the dark better than a cat.

The important thing that he'd had to ascertain was that there were no further barriers. And



he'd made doubly and triply sure of that by shuttling between Mr. and Mrs. Carstairs arguing and disputing with them until he was absolutely positive, from all his vast knowledge of human nature, that there were no other protective devices.

He jimmied the ground-floor window open efficiently and slipped inside the library silent-

ly on his gum-soled shoes. He stalked confidently across the dark room and slid aside the false panel that obscured the wall safe. He rubbed his sensitive fingers together once, just for luck, and applied them to the circular dial.

In a moment, the door swung open. Royce sighed with pleasure and reached inside for the tiny treasure. "Nothing like a well-planned job!" he whispered.

A gun muzzle jammed into his back. "Mister, you better plan on reachin' high in the air," a rough voice behind him growled.

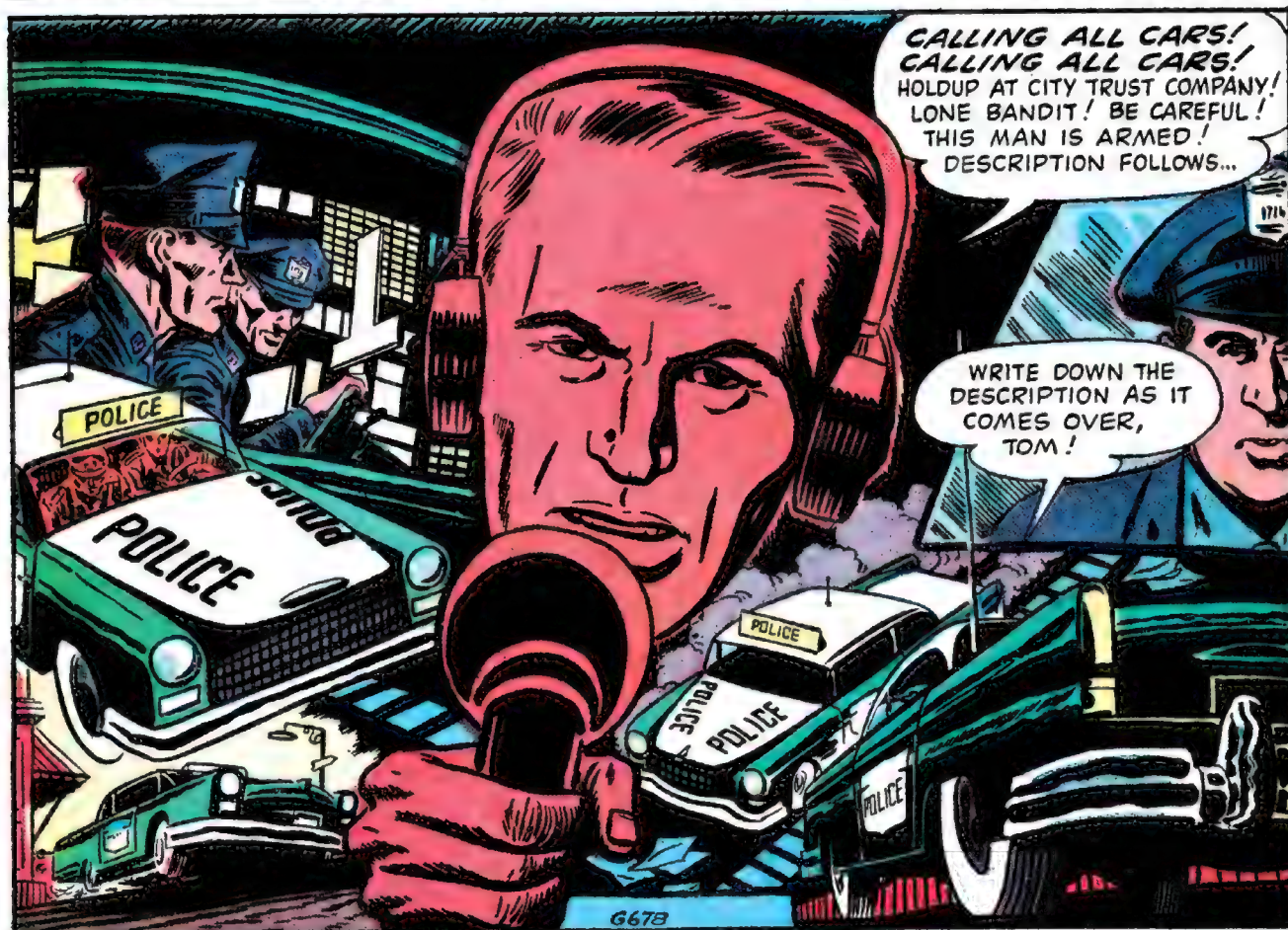
Royce Kelvin raised his trembling hands. "I d-don't understand this at all," he quavered. "Did the Carstairs lie to me about the way the jewels were protected? They actually had more than—"

"So you're the feller that was arguin' with them last week about the guards and stuff?" Royce heard the man behind him laugh richly. "That's a real good one on you, mister! No, they didn't lie to you, but you made 'em so nervous, you see, the way you kept lookin' as if they weren't takin' good enough care of their property, that *after* you left they talked it over and decided to hire another guard just to set in the library all night and keep an eye on the safe. You might say that *you* talked 'em into it!"

THE END 9558

FROM THE MOMENT THE URGENT CALL CAME INTO POLICE HEADQUARTERS TO THE TIME THE ALARM WENT OUT TO THE POLICE PATROL CARS, LESS THAN TWO MINUTES HAD PASSED! WITH TYPICAL POLICE EFFICIENCY, THE GEARS OF THE LAW ENFORCEMENT MACHINERY BEGAN TO MOVE...

CALLING ALL CARS



JUST FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE ALERT WENT OUT, A SINGLE HOLDUP MAN HAD ENTERED THE CITY TRUST COMPANY, AND...

ALRIGHT... FILL IT UP... FAST!
NO TRICKS FROM ANYONE
AN' THERE WON'T BE
ANY TROUBLE!

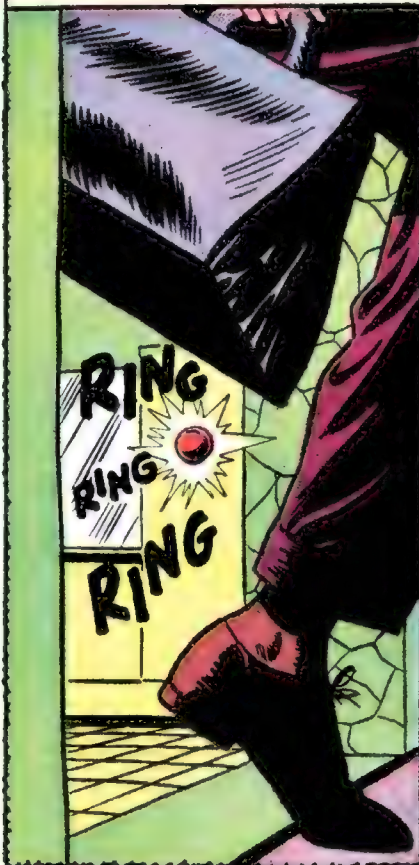


AS THE TELLER FILLED THE BAG OF THE GUNMAN, THE THUG'S HANDKERCHIEF SLIPPED FROM HIS FACE...

HUH? MY MASK
FELL! I GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!



AS THE BANK ROBBER FLED, THE BANK TELLER PUSHED THE ALARM BUTTON...



POLICE HEADQUARTERS! HOLD-UP AT CITY TRUST COMPANY... PINE STREET! LESS THAN A MINUTE AGO... HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR! I GOT A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE...



AND SO THE CALL WENT OUT, AND THE POLICE RUSHED INTO ACTION!

THE THIEF IS IN THAT SEDAN, OFFICER! HE HAD TROUBLE STARTING HIS CAR... BUT THERE HE GOES NOW!

THANKS! AFTER HIM, MIKE!



AND SO THE RACE BEGAN, DOWN THE BUSY BOULEVARD IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY...

DON'T LET HIM OUT OF YOUR SIGHT, MIKE!



CAR ELEVEN... CALLING HEAD-QUARTERS! AM PURSUING BANDIT OF CITY TRUST ROBBERY ALONG HEMSTEAD BOULEVARD, HEADING NORTH! CAR IS BLACK SEDAN... TWO DOORS... MODEL 1950... REQUEST ALL ARTERIES LEADING OUT OF BOULEVARD AREA BE ROAD-BLOCKED!



OKAY, CAR ELEVEN... PROCEED AS YOU ARE... **CALLING ALL CARS!** CONVERGE ON AREA OF HEMSTEAD BOULEVARD... DESCRIPTION OF BANK ROBBER'S CAR AS FOLLOWS...



IT WAS LIKE PLANNING AN ATTACK ON THE BATTLEFIELD! THE ENEMY WAS LOCATED AND HIS AREA OF OPERATION WAS BEING GRADUALLY NARROWED DOWN, AND THE HUNTERS WERE CLOSING IN...



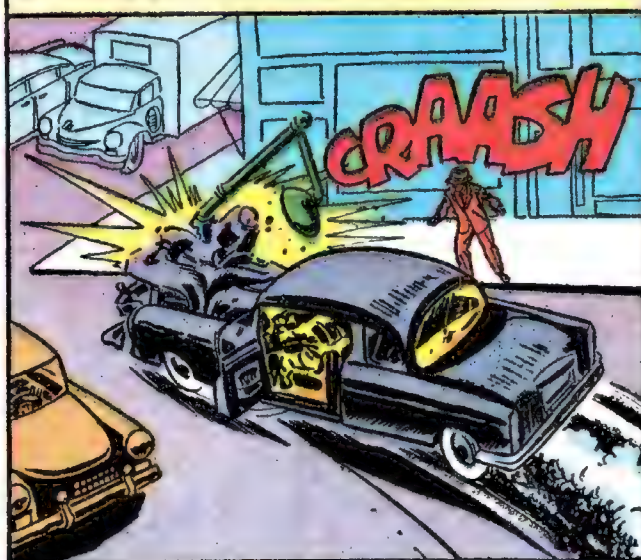
MEANWHILE, THE SOUNDS OF PURSUIT BECAME CLEARER, AS THE POLICE SIRENS WAILED THEIR WARNING CRY...



A POLICE CAR! GOTTA DITCH THIS HEAP! GOTTA TRY MAKING IT ON FOOT!



IN HIS NERVOUS FEAR, THE BANDIT LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR AND SWERVED OVER THE CURB...



HEY...THERE'S OUR PIGEON! HE'S CRACKED UP!



HE'S AS GOOD AS NABBED NOW!

NOTIFY HEADQUARTERS ABOUT THIS, MIKE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



RIGHT, LARRY! AND BE CAREFUL! HE'S ARMED!



THESE OLD BUILDINGS GO THRU TO THE NEXT STREET! I'LL SLIP ACROSS AND SNEAK AWAY FROM THIS PART OF TOWN!



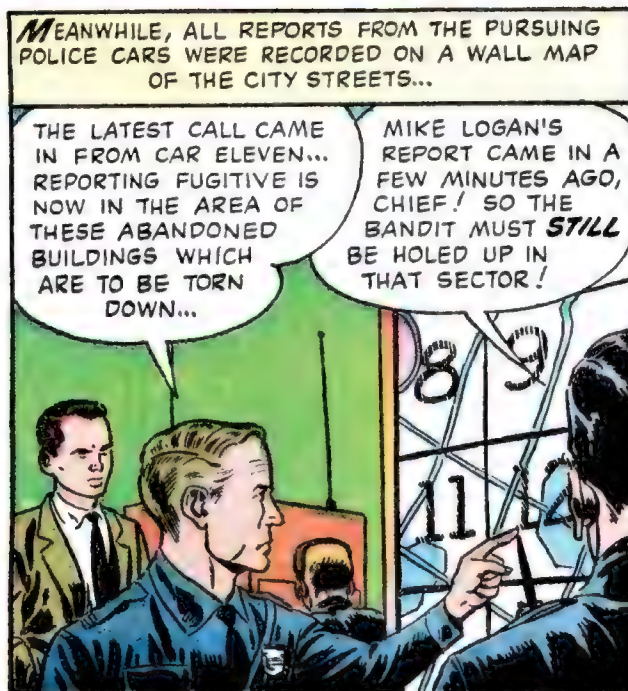
THIS BUILDING'S BEEN CONDEMNED AND IS TO BE DEMOLISHED! THERE'S NO ONE IN THERE WHO CAN STOP THAT THUG!



THE POLICE OFFICER HOPED TO STOP THE BANDIT BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED FROM VIEW OVER THE SIDE OF THE ROOF, BUT HE WAS SECONDS TOO LATE!



SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW, I GOTTA GET DOWN TO THE NEXT STREET BEFORE THE POLICE OVERRUN THE AREA!



MEANWHILE, ALL REPORTS FROM THE PURSUING POLICE CARS WERE RECORDED ON A WALL MAP OF THE CITY STREETS...

THE LATEST CALL CAME IN FROM CAR ELEVEN... REPORTING FUGITIVE IS NOW IN THE AREA OF THESE ABANDONED BUILDINGS WHICH ARE TO BE TORN DOWN...

MIKE LOGAN'S REPORT CAME IN A FEW MINUTES AGO, CHIEF! SO THE BANDIT MUST **STILL** BE HOLED UP IN THAT SECTOR!



WE'LL HAVE TO CLOSE OUR NET OVER THE ENTIRE AREA! ORDER ALL CARS TO CONCENTRATE ON ALL FOUR STREETS WHICH BORDER THIS AREA!

RIGHT, SIR!

MEANWHILE, POLICE OFFICER LARRY CRANDALL HAD FIGURED OUT THE BANDIT'S PLAN OF ESCAPE...

STAY HERE, MIKE, IN CASE HE BACK-TRACKS THIS WAY! BUT I THINK HE'S HEADING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS TO THE NEXT STREET!



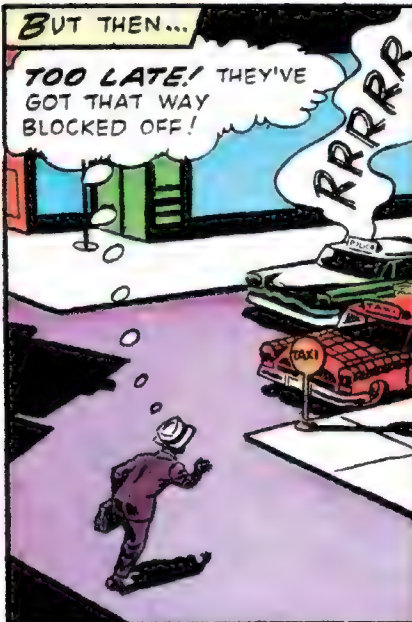
HAVING FLED ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS OF THE OLD BUILDINGS, THE THIEF MADE HIS WAY DOWN A FIRE ESCAPE TO A DESERTED STREET, WHERE ONLY ONE VEHICLE WAS IN SIGHT... A TAXI...

I'M IN LUCK! I'LL HAVE HIM DRIVE ME THRU THE PATROLLED STREETS TO THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN...



BUT THEN...

TOO LATE! THEY'VE GOT THAT WAY BLOCKED OFF!



IT'S THE GUY WHO CHASED ME IN THE ALLEY!



IT'S ALL HERE! HE HAD THE TEN THOUSAND IN HIS HANDS FOR JUST **ONE HOUR!**

YES... AND FOR **THAT**, HE'LL SPEND AT LEAST **TEN YEARS** IN PRISON! HE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED... HE **NEVER** HAD A CHANCE!



AND SO THE BANDIT WAS APPREHENDED IN RECORD TIME, TRIED AND SENTENCED TO A LONG PRISON TERM! WE PAY TRIBUTE TO THE EFFICIENCY OF THE POLICE PATROL SYSTEM AND RAPID RADIO INTER-COMMUNICATION, AND TO THE GREAT COURAGE OF OUR POLICE AND OTHER LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS!



FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER!



POLICE BADGE #479



I POUND MY BEAT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS! GENERALLY IT'S QUIET AND NOTHING HAPPENS! BUT IN THIS CONCRETE JUNGLE THAT IS METROPOLITAN CITY, IT'S AT NIGHT WHEN THE CRIMINALS COME OUT OF THEIR LAIRS TO COMMIT THEIR CRIMES UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS! IT WAS 12:10, ON A HOT NIGHT IN JUNE, WHEN THE OLD MAN CALLED AND A SHOT RANG OUT OF THE NIGHT!

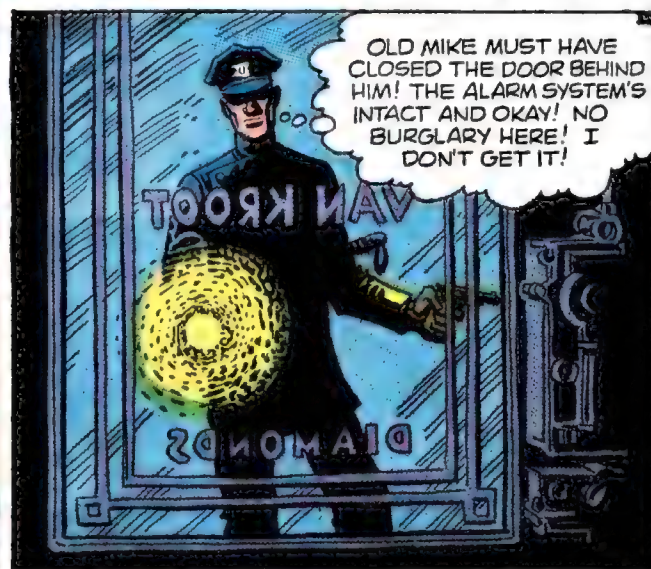


I RAPPED ON THE SIDEWALK WITH MY NIGHTSTICK, SIGNALING MY PARTNER, PATROLMEN BARNEY SIMMS..





I RAN AROUND THE CORNER! VAN KROOT'S WAS DARK!

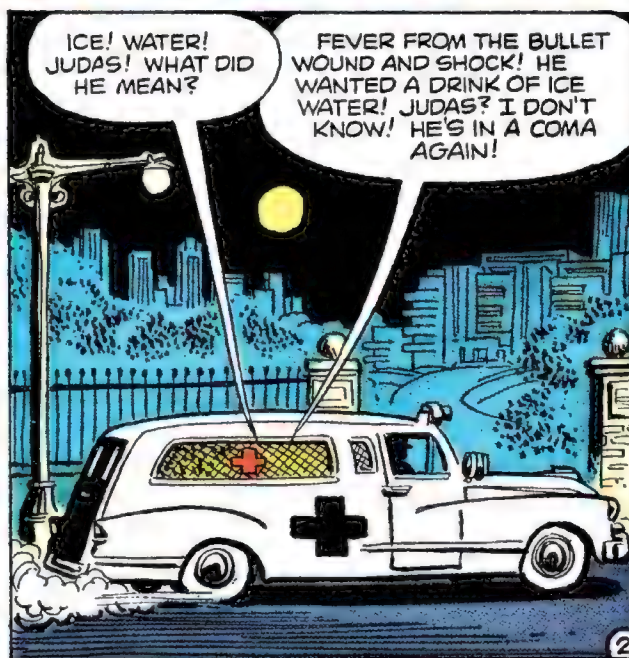


I WENT BACK TO BARNEY AND THE OLD MAN...

IT WAS A DIAMOND, A BEAUTIFUL AND VALUABLE STONE!



WE LIFTED MIKE INTO THE AMBULANCE! THE SIREN SCREAMED AS WE RACED THROUGH THE DARK STREETS! MIKE STIRRED AND OPENED HIS EYES...



MIKE WAS PUT IN A ROOM IN THE MERCY HOSPITAL! I LEFT AND CHECKED IN AT THE PRECINCT..



JIM...THIS IS MR. VAN KROOT! HE'S IDENTIFIED THE DIAMOND AS ONE OF HIS! WE CHECKED HIS PLACE! NO BURGLARY! ONLY THIS STONE IS MISSING!



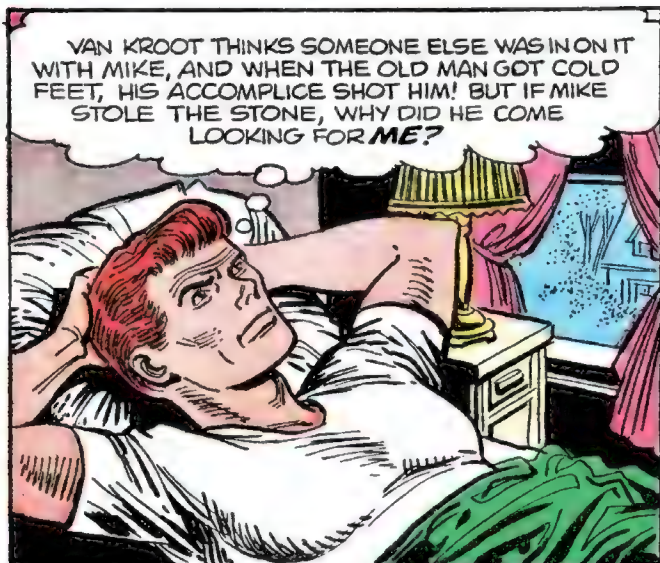
MIKE WAS ONE OF THE BEST DIAMOND CUTTERS IN THE BUSINESS, UNTIL HIS HANDS BECAME TOO OLD! I GAVE HIM A JOB AND HE STEALS FROM ME! I WON'T PREFER CHARGES! I PITY HIM!

THE WHOLE EPISODE STUCK IN MY MIND! I CHECKED OUT IN THE MORNING AND WENT HOME..



MORNING, MOM! YOUR BED'S ALL READY, SON!

I COULDN'T SLEEP! THERE WAS NO SENSE TO WHAT HAD HAPPENED...



VAN KROOT THINKS SOMEONE ELSE WAS IN ON IT WITH MIKE, AND WHEN THE OLD MAN GOT COLD FEET, HIS ACCOMPLICE SHOT HIM! BUT IF MIKE STOLE THE STONE, WHY DID HE COME LOOKING FOR ME?

THAT NIGHT I CHECKED WITH THE HOSPITAL! MIKE WAS STILL IN A COMA! I WENT ON DUTY, THOUGHTS CHASING AROUND IN MY HEAD! THEN A SHOT RANG OUT IN THE NIGHT'S SILENCE!



THAT SHOT CAME FROM THE DIAMOND MART DISTRICT!

I RACED FOUR BLOCKS AND TURNED INTO MARKET STREET WHERE THE JEWEL MERCHANT BUILDINGS WERE! THE STREET WAS QUIET...



NOTHING! I BETTER CHECK EVERY DOOR, EVERY ALARM SYSTEM!

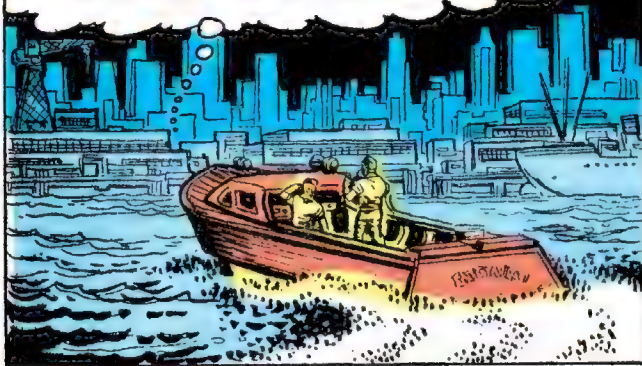
I CHECKED THOROUGHLY! NOTHING! THEN A THOUGHT STRUCK ME...



MAYBE THE SHOT WAS JUST A RUSE TO PULL ME OVER HERE! LET'S SEE... 1:20! I'D BE ON THE DOCKS ABOUT NOW...

I HURRIED BACK TO THE DOCKS! THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE! THEY LAY BARE AND EMPTY UNDER THE MOON! THEN I HEARD IT...

A MOTORBOAT! SEEMS TO BE HEADING THIS WAY FROM THE MAIN DOCKS WHERE THE BIG OCEAN LINERS TIE UP!



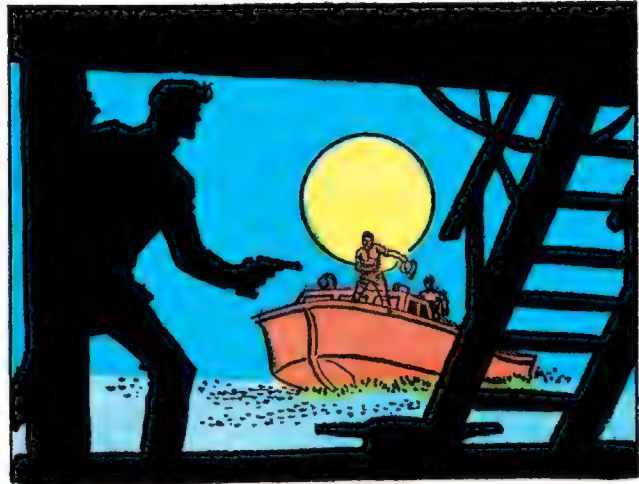
THE BULLET JUST MISSED ME! I HEARD THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS RETREATING FROM THE BUILDINGS THAT Faced THE DOCKS!



I SWUNG UNDER THE DOCK INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE PILING! THE MOTORBOAT HAD CUT ITS MOTOR AND WAS GLIDING TOWARD ME...



THEY'RE NOT LURING ME AWAY THIS TIME! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE AT THE DOCKS! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KEEP ME FROM SEEING SOMETHING!



PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

POLICE!



OHH!



DROP IT! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

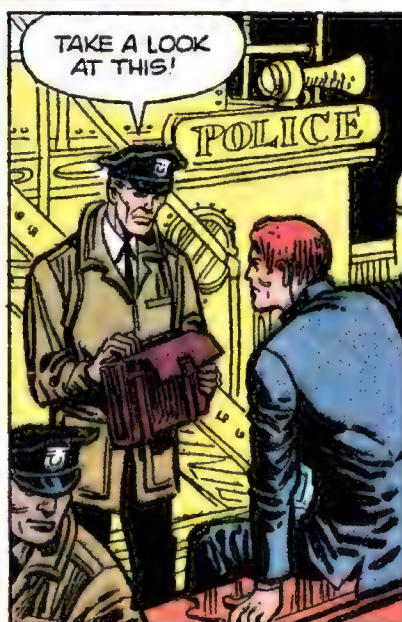
NEIN! YOU DON'T TAKE ME!

WE LOST OUR FOOTING AND PLUNGED OVER THE SIDE!



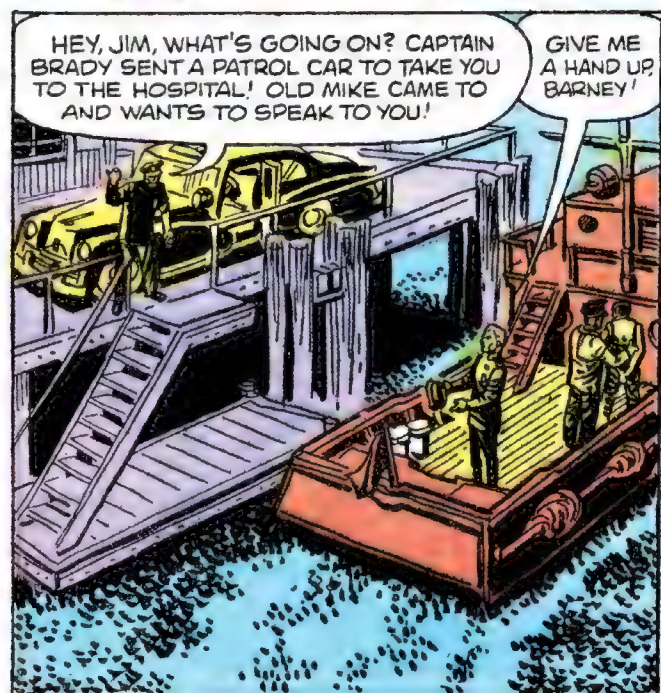
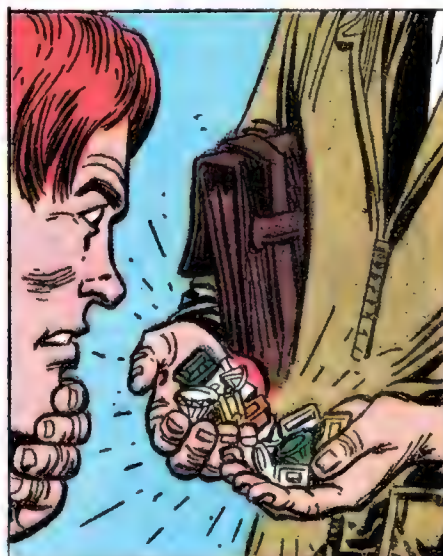
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

OVER HERE! PULL ME IN!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

IN THE BRIEFCASE WERE THIRTY DIAMONDS OF VARIOUS SIZES!



HEY, JIM, WHAT'S GOING ON? CAPTAIN BRADY SENT A PATROL CAR TO TAKE YOU TO THE HOSPITAL! OLD MIKE CAME TO AND WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU!

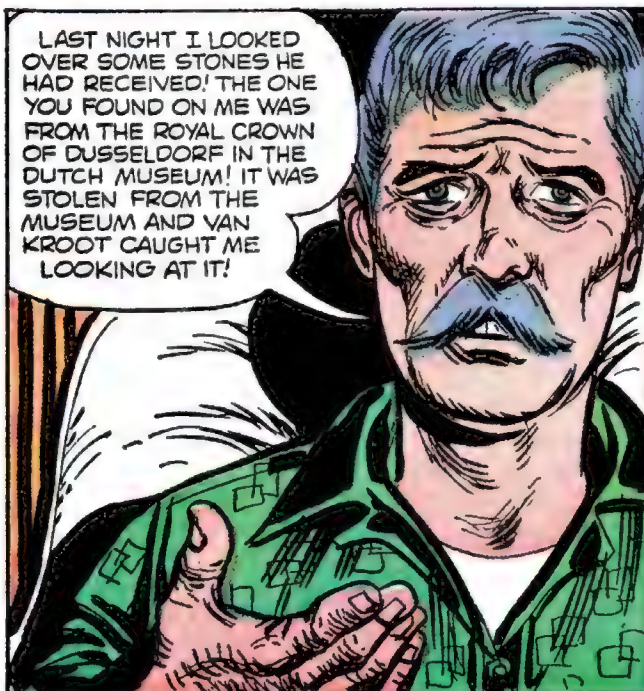
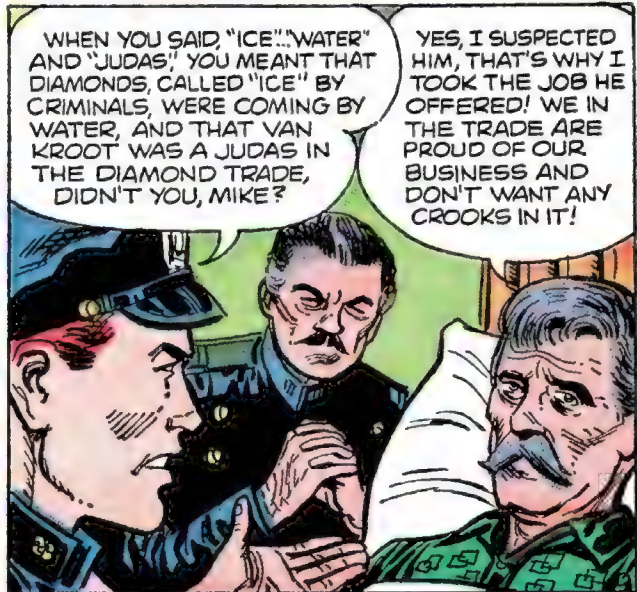
GIVE ME A HAND UP, BARNEY!



BY THE WAY...VAN KROOT'S ON HIS WAY UP THERE TOO!

VAN KROOT? QUICK! GET THERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO GET ME TO THE HOSPITAL! I DON'T WONDER THAT THE NURSE ON NIGHT DUTY SHOUTED WHEN SHE SAW ME, SOAKING WET, RUSHING DOWN THE CORRIDOR TO MIKE'S ROOM!



VAN KROOT WAS TAKEN IN TO BE BOOKED! THE CASE AGAINST HIM WAS COMPLETE! I MADE OUT MY REPORT AT THE PRECINCT! THE SKY WAS LIGHTENING WHEN I'D FINISHED...



FOR THE BEST IN TRUE CRIME CASES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER!





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Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, FREE Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of money-making line.

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DICK AYERS (1924-2014): One of the most celebrated of Marvel's creators, Ayers broke in at Magazine Enterprises in 1948 on *Funnyman*, *Ghost Rider*, and other features. As a freelancer in 1949, he penciled a single seven-page crime story for Timely, but no one has been able to identify which story it was. As Timely became Atlas, his first work there was the pre-Code horror story "Ghouls Rush In" in *Adventures Into Terror* #9 (Apr/52). Inked from 1952 to 1954 by Ernie Bache, Ayers became one of the most prolific of the Atlas artists, drawing nearly 600 stories in all genres, featuring characters such as The Human Torch, Buzz Brand, Wyatt Earp, and Rawhide Kid. He replaced Christopher Rule as Jack Kirby's primary inker on innumerable monster stories, Westerns, and finally the early Marvel super-hero launch, where his weighty inks gave *Fantastic Four* its definitive look. Ayers also drew *Giant-Man* and the *Wasp* in *Tales to Astonish*, replaced Kirby on *Two-Gun Kid*, and took command of the art on a long run of *Sgt. Fury and his Howling Commandos*. Working for nearly every publisher throughout the 1950s and 1960s, Ayers spent the 1970s and 1980s primarily at DC and Archie, contributed to Bill Black's AC Comics in the 1990s, and published a three-volume graphic-novel autobiography in the early new millennium.

MANNIE BANKS (?-?) penciled and inked primarily for Marvel/Atlas, as well as for Harwell Publications, Lev Gleason, and Story Comics, in the early 1950s. Atlas work consisted of seven stories in 1954, in *Police Action*, *Astonishing*, *Journey Into Mystery*, *Justice Comics*, *Marvel Tales*, and *Uncanny Tales*. Not much else is known about his career or biography.

VIC CARRABOTTA (1929-2022): A New York native, Carrabotta broke into the industry in 1952 at Atlas, sent to Stan Lee on the recommendation of Jack Kirby, who couldn't use him at Mainline. Carrabotta's first story, "The House on the Hill" in *Astonishing* #13 (May/52), led to nearly a hundred stories in horror/fantasy and war titles through 1956. Carrabotta later worked for the Walt Disney Company and in commercial art.

TONY DIPRETA (1921-2010) entered the comics field as a colorist for Quality Comics in 1939 and went on to pencil and ink filler and back-up material for *Dollman* and other Quality titles in the early 1940s. His Golden Age work as a penciler/inker extended to several comics publishers, including Hillman Periodicals (*Airboy*, *Captain Skinny McGinty*), Lev Gleason (*Daredevil*, *Crime Does Not Pay*), Holyoke Publications (*Mighty Mite*), Timely/Marvel (*Ziggy Pig and Silly Seal*), and others, sometimes through the L.B. Cole Studio. In the 1950s, he drew approximately 150 stories in nearly every Atlas fantasy/suspense and crime title, including *Astonishing*, *Police Action*, *Mystery Tales*, *Mystic*, *Strange Tales*, *Uncanny Tales*, *Spellbound*, *Crime Can't Win* and others. He also took over *Homer the Happy Ghost* from Dan DeCarlo in 1957. He had assisted on the *Mickey Finn* (1949-1959) and *Tim Tyler's Luck* (1939) newspaper strips, and took over the *Joe Palooka* strip from 1959 to its end in 1984 and the *Rex Morgan* strip from 1983 to DiPreta's retirement in 2000.

BOB FORGIONE (1929-1994) was an assistant to Jerry Robinson in 1948 (as was Steve Ditko in the early 1950s Robinson studio), absorbing Robinson's influence and becoming the primary inker on Robinson's Atlas stories. Forgione, both solo and inked by Jack Abel, drew nearly 160 stories for Atlas in all genres, including *Speed Carter*, *Spaceman*, and *Iron Mike McGraw* in *Marines in Battle*. His last two stories were published in *Tales to Astonish* #26 and #27 in 1959.

JOHN FORTE (1918-1966) began drawing pen-and-ink covers for pulp magazines *Comet* and *Future Fiction* in 1940, and comic books like Marvel/Timely's *The Destroyer* and Dell's *War Heroes* in 1942, then went into the war himself that same year. Returning in 1945, he illustrated pulp stories as well as covers, and drew the early Black comics hero Voodah (McCombs, 1946), before joining the Iger studio in 1947, producing material for Fox and Fiction House comics. In the 1950s, he kept busy on a variety of comic-book genres for Marvel/Atlas, ACG, Charlton, Avon, DC, Lev Gleason, and others. His Atlas work appeared in nearly every title, including *Journey Into Mystery*, *Marvel Tales*, *Astonishing*, *Spellbound*, *My Own Romance* and *Strange Tales*. At DC in the 1960s, he became a regular artist on *Superman* and *Legion of Super-Heroes*, as well as romance titles and others.

ED GOLDFARB (?-?) drew comics in the early 1950s for Marvel/Atlas, Avon Comics, Trojan, Youthful Magazines, St. John Publishing, and Story Comics, but not much else is known. Atlas credits include 13 stories between 1952 and 1954: *Actual Confessions*, *Adventures Into Terror*, *Suspense*, *Mystic*, *Mystery Tales*, *Police Action*, *Spellbound*, *Journey Into Mystery*, and *Strange Tales*.

ED MOLINE (1908-1975): After an early apprenticeship at Centaur in 1940 and a stint drawing pulp illustrations for Martin Goodman's Western pulps in the late 1940s (supplanting L.F. Bjorklund), Moline's main comic-book credits consisted of 40 stories he drew for Atlas from 1951 to 1954, including an eight-issue run on *Texas Kid* and *Flash Foster* in *Young Men*.

SEYMOUR MOSKOWITZ (?-?) was a regular Atlas artist in the 1950s, working on 16 stories in 1954 and 1955 (five inking Joe Kubert) on a range of titles, including *Police Action*, *Adventures Into Weird Worlds*, *Menace*, *Journey Into Mystery*, *Uncanny Tales*, *War Comics*, *Marines in Battle*, *Marvel Tales*, *Strange Tales*, and *Kid Colt Outlaw*. He also drew *A Study in Scarlet* and *Hing of the Rhyber Rifles* for Gilberton's Classics Illustrated line in 1953. For Charlton, he drew *Haunted*, *Space Adventures*, and other titles in the early to mid-1950s. Little is known of the artist beyond his credits.

GEORGE OLESEN (1924-2013) was credited with drawing the *Phantom* newspaper strip from 1994 to 2005 (both dailies and Sunday strips, but he left the Sunday strips in 2000). He had been a ghost artist on the strip, however, since 1962. He penciled and inked a story ("The Slave of Evil") for EC's *Weird Science* #9 in 1951 and went on to draw for several comic-book publishers in the 1950s, including Hillman Periodicals, Ziff-Davis Comics, Marvel/Atlas, Toby Press, and St. John Publishing. At Atlas, he worked on *Police Action* and a handful of various horror (*Mystery Tales*) and romance (*My Own Romance*) comics in 1953 and 1954.

ART PEDDY (1916-2002), an alumnus of the Eisner and Iger studio of the late 1930s, worked all over the Golden Age at Fawcett, Fiction House, Fox, Harvey (*Human Meteor*), Hillman (*Airboy*), Orbit, Quality (*Dollman*, *Phantom Lady*), and DC. Peddy shared a studio with Bernard Sachs in the 1940s and 1950s, and a late 1950s incarnation added Jack Abel, Ross Andru, and Mike Esposito. For Atlas, Peddy penciled about fifty stories between 1952 and 1956, primarily in the horror/fantasy titles, and was the debut artist on *Jann of the Jungle* in *Jungle Tales*. Peddy moved into commercial art in the 1970s.



BOB POWELL (1916-1967): One of the most celebrated and prolific artists of the 1940s and 1950s, Bob Powell (Stanley Robert Pawlowski) broke into the industry at the Eisner and Iger shop, where his work turned up in Fiction House [*Sheena* in *Jumbo Comics*] Fox [*Wonder Comics*, *Mystery Men Comics*], Harvey, Quality, and elsewhere. After a tenure working on *The Spirit* and a tour of duty in the war, he dove into four years at Street & Smith, churning out stories in nearly every title they published, including *Shadow Comics*, *Red Dragon*, and *Nick Carter*. From here forward, the Powell “studio” (Powell, Howard Nostrand, George Seifringer and Marty Epp) freelanced throughout the 1950s on genre comics for Charlton, Fawcett, Harvey, Hillman, Magazine Enterprises, Quality, St. John, and Ziff-Davis. Powell freelanced at Timely/Atlas starting in 1949. (Contrary to online databases and websites, we have found no identifiable Powell artwork at Timely prior to 1949.) He produced around 150 stories through 1957, primarily in the horror/fantasy and war titles. Atlas character features included two Atlas hero-revival Sub-Mariner stories and a run on *Combat Casey*. In the early 1960s, Powell became art director at *Sick* magazine and contributed a bit to Marvel’s Silver Age revival on *Giant-Man*, *Daredevil* layouts, *The Human Torch* (in *Strange Tales*) and *The Incredible Hulk* (in *Tales to Astonish*).

PAUL REINMAN (1910-1988) Perhaps best known as a frequent inker of Jack Kirby’s Silver Age work, Reinman immigrated to the U.S. from Worms, Germany in 1934 and broke into the comics field in 1940. He did work for MLJ and Timely, including Timely’s *All Winners Comics* and *Human Torch Comics*. Moving to DC-predecessor All-American Publications, he drew stories featuring the original Green Lantern and Wonder Woman and drew the Atom from 1947 to 1949. Reinman drew the *Tarzan* daily newspaper strip from 1949 to 1950 and the strip *Merry Chase*, also in 1950. Freelancing for Atlas, Reinman contributed to all genres, including religious-themed comics such as *Bible Tales for Young Folk*, but his most notable work came in the Atlas war comics of 1952-53. “Atrocity Story” in *Battlefield #2* (1952) showed how Reinman’s strong, unsparing imagery could carry a story, as panel after panel of war atrocities play out in front of the reader. As Atlas became Marvel, his inking proved to be a good fit with Kirby’s muscular dynamism (*The Incredible Hulk*, *The Avengers* and *X-Men*). In the 1970s, he drew *Ha-zar #1* and did coloring work for Marvel, as well as contributing art to Tower Comics and Gold Key.

ROBERT Q. SALE (1924-1962) was an artist who worked primarily on Atlas war, mystery, and horror titles in the 1950s. He got his start in 1944 on the Lev Gleason-published *Daredevil*, *Crime Does Not Pay*, and *The Claw*. He wrote and drew *Candid Charlie* for Novelty Comics from 1946 to 1948, as well as crime comics for D.S. Publishing from 1948 to 1951. From 1947 to 1949, he worked at Lloyd Jacquet’s Funnies Inc. shop, which packaged comics for Hillman and others. His Atlas work included a four-year run on *Combat Casey* (with writer Hank Chapman), *Strange Tales*, *Man Comics*, *Mystery Tales*, *Suspense*, and innumerable, violent pre-Code war and horror/mystery stories between 1951 and 1957.

CARL WESSLER (1913-1989) was an animator and comics writer and artist, whose career(s) ran from 1932 to 1985 and encompassed everything from ACG funny-animal stories to EC and Warren horror scripts. He worked on cartoon shorts for the Fleischer Studios through the 1930s, shifting to comics in the 1940s. Official credits for early comics are hard to come by, especially for writers, but it’s known that he worked as a writer and artist on titles like *Ha Ha* and *Hoppy*

Hare for ACG and *Barneyard Comics*, and *Supermouse* for Better Publications. Although he drew some comics for Timely in the 1940s, the bulk of his Marvel work was as a scripter for Atlas in the 1950s, where he wrote more than 700 stories (160 of them crime scripts from 1951-1953), in *Amazing Detective Cases*, *Police Action*, *Mystic*, *Astonishing*, *World of Fantasy*, *Tales of Justice*, and more. He was Atlas’ go-to writer for crime stories and was part of the Atlas editorial staff. In 1953 and 1954, he wrote for EC’s *Crime Suspensstories*, *Tales From the Crypt*, and other titles. He also wrote scripts for Harvey’s *Caspar*, *Richie Rich* and others in the 1950s and 1960s. In the 1970s and 1980s, he primarily wrote for DC (*Ghosts*, *G.I. Combat*) and Warren (*Creepy*).



From public executions in the Middle Ages to the penny dreadfuls of the nineteenth century to the true-crime boom of today, audiences have been fascinated by the spectacle of crime and punishment. Going against the current of crime-comics censorship in the 1950s, Atlas doubled down on its police-themed output, publishing some of the most hard-boiled, action-packed stories of mobsters, killers and G-Men to appear in comics form, reaching its peak, with this run of *Police Action* #1-7, plus the only issue of *Police Badge* #479.

With art by such Atlas legends as Joe Maneely, Gene Colan, Bob Powell, Werner Roth, *Phantom* artist George Oleson, Carl Burgos, Dick Ayers, Jay Scott Pike, Paul Reinman, and Don Heck, these brutal, exciting capers include:

THE RAT HOLE • RIOT SQUAD • THE SPECIALISTS • TOUGH GUY • MOB VIOLENCE
ROAD BLOCK • HIRED HOOD • THE PERFECT CRIME • AND MANY MORE

Unseen since their publication, these pages have been scanned from the original comic books, restored, and packaged along with an authoritative background history by Atlas expert Dr. Michael J. Vassallo.

